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JEST AND EARNEST.

VOL. I.

JEST AND EARNEST.

A Collection of Essays and Reviews.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE Essays and Reviews contained in these volumes were intended for publication earlier in the year. They were withheld for a while, owing to a terrible family bereavement, to which it is needless to refer at any greater length. Written almost without exception during short snatches of leisure, and as a relaxation from far more serious work, they will be found, for the most part, to bear a merry face, and it may be, to treat grave subjects in a more playful way than is usual in writing of the same kind. If any reader should wonder at this, let him forgive the fault when he remembers that the toilsome life that some of us have led is only bearable when lightened by such sudden outbursts from the unfailing spring of animal spirits. Most of all is this true when we make our troubles lighter by laughing at ourselves. Of this relief an example will be found in the Essay called "Wildbad and its Water,"

the writing of which, together with the sympathy of dear friends, so beguiled the dulness of a stay at that well-known bath, as to turn it, in the mind's eye, into a very charming place.

In the two sketches or squibs written in 1850 and 1851, after the manner of Herodotus, mirth was made of some statesmen for whom the writer has always felt great respect. This too must be forgiven, if any one should feel hurt after so long time at such freedom of speech; on the principle that where no harm is meant, no offence should be taken, and that, in politics at least, it is only possible to raise a hearty laugh against a very great man.

It remains to be said that these fugitive pieces are reprinted with the permission of the proprietors of the Journal and periodicals in which they were first published. They now reappear just as they were originally written, though the writer well knows that the world has not stood still either in politics or literature during the last twenty years.

November 7th, 1872.

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A FORTNIGHT IN FAROE.*

(1864.)

THE time will soon come when we shall all be flitting; when the London season will begin to flag, and its joys to pall on our jaded taste. In May it is a beautiful girl, in June a full-grown man, in July a palsied gray-beard, scarce able to make a valid disposition of its goods and land, in August it will be dead and buried. We who have laughed at its many quips and cranks a month back will have wept and even cursed over its bier, and then that great greed for travel and wandering will come over us, and even the best of us will loathe the town and long for the country. Well, whither shall we go! "Of course abroad," say our wives and daughters, who think that "Paterfamilias" has the purse of Fortunatus safely lodged at his banker's.

* 1. "A Fortnight in Faroe, from unpublished Journals," V.V.
2. "Faroernes Fuglefauna med Bemœrkninger om Fuglefangsten af Sysselmand H. C. Müller." Kjobenhavn, 1863.

Abroad of course; but let him propose Boulogne or Dieppe—we would not be in the bed of that father of a family, no! not for a single night. There is, however, much to be said for Dieppe, it being always understood that you do not reach it *viâ* Brighton. The horrors of that "middle passage" no tongue can tell, no pen write, no pencil portray. Let it be enough to say that there the voyage is always long, the sea short and chopping, the boat slow but lively, the steward nowhere, and sea-sickness rampant except when it leans over the side. When you get to Dieppe it is pleasant enough and dear enough out of all conscience. You Paterfamilias, being a man of pure and cleanly life, will bathe, but you will bathe under the eye of the police, bathe with your nether-man hidden from the vulgar gaze by what the French call "proper costume," bathe in batches, the men in one batch and the women in the other. Above all things beware of following the example of an Englishman who rashly went into his box to bathe, attended by his faithful Newfoundland dog. Neptune, the dog and not the sea, we grieve to write it, was unmuzzled, in itself a crime of the deepest dye in France. The master having divested himself of all his garments, till he stood shivering like Adam before the Fall, rashly opened the door and peeped out; in an

instant, Neptune rushed in, caught the bathing robe in his mouth and tore away along the sands. His master still more rashly rushed after him to save the garment. Groans and execrations rose all along the beach, the police came up, and Neptune and his master were taken to the guard-house, the master for being in a state closely resembling that of the ancient Picts without their woad, and the dog for being without a muzzle. Need we say that both were heavily fined, and that both left Dieppe by the next steamer? But barring such accidents. Dieppe is not a bad place. True, it is rather dearer than Paris, and perhaps the ladies who flock thither dress rather better and more often in the twenty-four hours than they do in the French capital. No! we should not say it would cost more to take your wife and daughters to Dieppe in August and September, than it would to live in Belgravia during May and June; but then you have Fortunatus' purse at your banker's, so pay the bill like a husband and a father and let us have no meanness. Besides, is there not the boat from Dieppe to Brighton, and can you not run backwards and forwards to the city and make money there, while your wives and daughters bathe under the eye of the whole society, *y comprise la police*, on the sands at the mouth of the Somme?

And here a serious question arises, as it has often arisen to many a father of a family—

"Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."

Is it needful to take your wife and daughters abroad with you? We are bold even to ask such a question; and on the whole, unless we wrote under this sweet anonymous mask, we should not dare to do so. The fate of Actæon, of Orpheus, and all those unhappy wights who have fared so ill at women's hands, would be light matched against ours. In a meeting of wives and daughters there would not be a morsel of us left in five minutes, and yet we dare to ask, Is it needful to take your wives and daughters abroad at all? Are they fit for it? does it do them any good? are you or they the better for it? do they learn anything? "Wretch!" shrieks the indignant wife and mother. "Can we not speak French; that is to say, not I but the girls, at least they have been taught, and though they have never tried no doubt they can; and if they can't what does it matter? So that is settled." Settled indeed in woman's wise, but in sorrow we utter it, the British woman of all classes, except the highest, and with many exceptions even there, is not voluble or even audible in any tongue

but her own. The difference between the mothers and their daughters is about this—the mothers never open their mouths, except to say "wee" or "yah," and do not pretend to speak; but the daughters do open their mouths, and yet no one understands them. Whether their French be of Stratteford-at-the-Bow, or their German the choicest *Kauderwälsch* we dare not say, but the effect on the natives is that of great amazement. They are "astonied" like Daniel; though, if they are *garçons* or *kellner*, not "for the space of one hour"—no foreign waiter could afford to lose so much time. After staring a minute or so the said *garçons* and *kellner* answer in very fair English. The same farce is repeated by the daughters at every stage of the journey with the same results; and so their French and German turns out to be like that of the Irishman who thought he was master of French, because he could utter "*Parlez-vous Français?*" and when the answer was "*Oui, Monsieur,*" he went on, "Then will yer lind me the loan of a gridiron." As for the unhappy father of a family himself, who three or four times a day assists at the burial of the French of the household,—lucky man if when his boys come home from Eton, he does not find them as ignorant of Horace and Xenophon,—as for this woful man, we are bound to say that he often cuts a

better figure abroad than the rest of his following. He sometimes knows a little French. He can wade through a few plain phrases in that tongue, though he cannot swim. Sometimes too he is not quite at sea in German; and though he makes sad blunders, still with all his floundering, putting his foot in it, as the saying is, at every step he makes abroad,—though he orders "*jambes de mouton*" for his dinner, utterly ignoring "*gigots*,"—still we say he is often a good fellow and good company; and so it is that we mean to take him with us on his foreign travels, and are ungallant enough to leave his wife and daughters at home. They will we know be ready to scratch out our eyes; but our comfort is that they do not know us, that they will be much happier down in Devonshire at pleasant Ilfracombe, or at Weymouth with its many bills beside that enormous Bill of Portland; or Eastbourne, which is so healthy that none of the residents ever die either of marsh fever or scarlatina, though such accidents sometimes happen to "visitors;" or Scarborough, where like Dieppe you bathe before all the world, but unlike Dieppe you must do so in the condition of Adam and Eve in Paradise—Scarborough where a man must bathe nude, and yet dare not swim out lest he should be carried out by the tide; Scarborough, ever haunted by

excursionists who often sleep in bathing-machines, and where if you are going to have an early dip on Monday morning, you will probably find an excursionist man and his wife, or perhaps two wandering bachelors, sound asleep in your machine. To each and all of these charming places our friend's family are heartily welcome, but as for him we mean to take him with us and show him foreign parts.

To do him justice he is at first rather unwilling to trust himself with us. How can he, a man of middle age, leave wife and children at the dull sea-side? What will the Smiths say who live over the way? Smith never leaves his wife; why should he? Then who will look after the children, take care that they do not get into scrapes, see that the boys bathe before breakfast, and do not eat more than forty unripe pears every day, who will save them if they fall overboard out fishing? Our answer is, Let Smith be good enough to mind his own business. No doubt he has good reasons for never leaving his wife, as good perhaps as you have for leaving yours just this once. We have heard that Smith when younger was a sad dog, kept late hours, was always at his club, had two latch-keys, for he was always telling Mrs. Smith that he kept the spare one to lend it to a friend in case he lost his own; often stayed at the Great Saurian

Society till three o'clock in the morning; was an original member of "The Anthropomorphic," which only opens at one o'clock in the morning, one of their great days being one A.M. on Monday. All which fables the unhappy Mrs. Smith believed till her eyes were opened. Now Smith never leaves her. So much for Smith. As for the children, it is no insult to you to say that your wife can look after them much better than you can. Did you ever see a cock looking after his wife's chickens? No, nor ever will. Small care takes a tom-cat for his offspring, and yet the world rolls on from day to day, and children, chickens, and kittens, all grow up together under their mothers' eye. As for saving them when they fall overboard, we do not believe you can swim, and as for jumping overboard we know good swimmers who would think twice before doing such a rash, cold-blooded thing. Certain it is, we would rather trust a mother who could not swim to jump overboard after her children, than a father who could. So let us have no nonsense; you will be better for leaving them, and they will do very well without you; come along, *præbe te hominem*, don't be ever dangling at your wife's apron-string. And so our friend is parted from house and home, and stands ready to go with us whithersoever we please.

We said we would give him a complete change, and so we will. We don't know whether he is a good sailor. He says he is, but seeing is believing, and there are many good sailors on the sunny side of Pall-Mall, or in bonnie Princes Street, whose heart and head fail them ere they reach the Nore, or are well past the Bass. He can ride—in Rotten-Row; he can swim—at Brill's bath at Brighton, or Portobello. So we will take him, as the summer is hot, and he wants cooling after a town-life, to the North. We would take him to Denmark, and so on to Norway, show him Hamburg, that most dissolute of cities, where Smith once was; Kiel, that key of the Baltic for which Prussia is making a lock, or a deadlock, in Sleswig; Copenhagen, that city of palaces, the Queen of the Sound, the centre of so much literary life and such warm honest hearts; Christiania that would be a capital; Bergen reeking with tar, where the air is full of "ancient and fish-like smells," and where each hardy fisherman, who clutches your hand in his iron gripe, is sure to drop it covered with fish-scales; Drontheim with its noble cathedral,—yes! Norway, with all its firths and fells, we would have shown him, up to Hammerfest and the North Cape. He says he can throw a fly. He should have had a chance, though it is late in the year; still there is an after-season in

Norway; and then too he might have gone up on the Fjeld after rein-deer, and crept along on his belly like the accursed serpent, over the snow and stones for a weary while, and slept like a cony in holes and crannies of the rocks, and had glorious fun, and borne great cold and hunger for hours and days, and at last seen the deer; and just as "*we*" were raising our breech-loader to bring down a stag, up our friend would have started and scared away the deer; and there as we two were alone in the fell with only an uncouth Norse Bonde for our guide, grim thoughts that killing a man at such provocation was no murder, would have crossed our minds, and we should have hardly withheld ourselves from discharging that ball through his stupid carcass; but we would have repented when we thought of his wife and children down at the sea-side, and reflected that after all the guide would have been witness against us; and as, to conceal the dark deed of vengeance, it would be necessary to slay the guide too, the guiltless with the guilty, our hand would have been stayed, and we would have contented ourselves with sending him down from the Fjeld with the guide, and so stalked our game alone till nightfall, and yet never again seen the noble quarry.

All this he should have seen, and why not? Because between us and Copenhagen lies that

ravaging German host, whose heart is set on robbing the King of Denmark of his own; and because we will not go to Denmark at all unless we can go by Hamburg, Kiel, and the Danish Islands, sailing over that lovely summer sea between chalk cliffs and tall beechen groves. We will not go thither at all, if we have to sail round the Skaw. No, we shake our clenched fists with a malison on the king and kaiser who have revived a hideous German *Faustrecht* in this our nineteenth century, and pass by on the other side.

And yet we will take him North after all. He shall go to Iceland. "To Iceland," says the easy-going man; "why should I go to Iceland, and how can I go to Iceland? I don't know the way." Why you should go to Iceland will be best answered when you come back full of the wonders of that island. Reserve your reasons, and utter them with your raptures on your return. For the rest let me remark that so long as you are there you will never see a newspaper, never have a letter, and scarcely see bread. Think of that. No news, either public or private, and no indigestion, for that is the meaning of baker's bread. If your shares fall in the City you will not care, for you will not know it; equally ignorant will you be and equally heedless of the death of your best

friend. In Iceland you will realise, and in Iceland alone, the truth of the line—

"Where ignorance is bliss," &c.

and when with this is coupled want of bread, and therefore of new bread, and therefore of indigestion, you will see at once that Iceland is the true place for such a careworn, share-ridden, dyspeptic fellow as yourself. Cease therefore to ask, "Why should I go to Iceland?" "How shall I go?" is a wiser question. Five or six times in the year a steamer leaves Copenhagen for Iceland, calling at Grangemouth by the way. As you are no true Scot, you don't know where Grangemouth is. But out of compassion, we will tell you that Grangemouth is a thriving town in Stirlingshire, on the Firth of Forth, close to the Carron Iron-Works, and at the mouth of the Forth and Clyde Canal. If after this explanation you are not enlightened as to your geographical darkness, you must go to the Geographical Society or some professor in that branch of learning, from us you shall learn nothing more.

Well, to make a long story short, behold my friend and me at Euston Square, booked by the limited mail to Edinburgh, on what ought to be a mild summer night in July, but which, as the year is supposed to be past, we may abuse as

one of the greatest impostures ever palmed off on the British public under the pretence of summer. On the platform lies our baggage; tents, packsaddles, and boxes, to hang on either side of a pony's back, equally weighted; for, besides the want of bread so satisfactorily explained above, there are no roads or carriages in Iceland, and all travelling is there performed on horseback. Food too of different kinds you must take with you, and guns and rods, the means of getting food as well, for as the island is a good deal bigger than Ireland, is in a state of nature, and nature, bountiful though she may be in other lands, only finds her guests in Iceland in hot and cold water, the said guests must shift for themselves in divers ways, and so have renewed opportunities of finding that change of scene which we are anxious to provide for our friend.

Now the train is off, and we get down to "Auld Reekie" without much to attract attention, except the wonderful selfishness of a well-known London banker, who, snugly seated in a warm corner of the carriage, with his back to the engine, insists on having both windows open on this bitter night, when, as we have said, summer had set in with its usual severity. On the seat opposite to him sits a delicate lady, and it is with some difficulty, and not without one or two pointed observations, that we actually

prevail on this son of Plutus to allow one window to be closed. Once too in the night, when all slept, he stealthily lets down the pane, but he was foiled by the sensitiveness of our friend, who wakes up at the draught and indignantly draws up the window, while our banker pretends the sleep of innocence. In Edinburgh we have of course a warm welcome from our friends, buy ourselves Mackintoshes and long sea-boots, and so go on to Grangemouth, where we find the good ship *Arcturus* awaiting us.

It always blows in Edinburgh. It has blown there ever since the boyhood of Sydney Smith, and we believe it always will blow there. What would be a mighty rushing wind elsewhere is but a gentle breeze under the Calton Hill. The wind too is generally Kingsley's "wind of God" from the east "airt." It blows north-east as we reach Edinburgh and so it blows as we depart. The trees in the Princes Street Gardens wave to and fro a fitful farewell to us as we glide by in the train. In Edinburgh we think nothing of the wind. At Grangemouth we look about us and see the little harbour fretted into pock-marks by the bitter blast, while far away beyond the narrow ribbon, woven out of the waters of the Grange Burn, the Carron, and the Canal, which winds towards the Forth, we see the Firth angry and gurly with the gusts which smite it

on the face. This will be no cheerful night beyond the Isle of May, but the brave Captain Andresen has his steam up, and as the sun sets we steam softly down to the Firth. This way of going to sea out of a tiny river is most insidious. It is something like sea-bathing, only there you can draw back your foot, here you cannot. Once off you must stand by the ship so long as she stands by you. First you crawl along by help of warp and hawser, that is like just feeling the water with one foot; then a little farther on you meet your first wave, that is when you have got knee-deep. Farther on you feel as though you were on a swing, only you know you are in a ship, that is when the water is breast-high. Last comes a pitch followed by a roll, the screw thumps, the ship's sides creak and groan, the crockery rattles, basons get adrift in berths. It is all over, you are out of your depth. "Steward, Steward, Humane Society, to the rescue, bring the drags, a fire-escape, brandy-and-water, anything, only let me get on shore!" Such will be the ejaculations of our friend in about six hours, if the captain with this north-easter right in his teeth does not anchor at Inchkeith or under the May for the night. As for ourselves we are old sailors, we have been everywhere, traversed vast oceans, been sorely tossed on mighty inland seas, been in headlong tideways. Were we liars

we should add that we had sculled ourselves through Corryvreccan in a Thames wagerboat; but we are not liars, and only assert that we have been everywhere in all weathers, in every kind of craft, and since we were sucklings never either sea-sick or land-sick. For us then the reader need have no sympathy on this wild night; we have our supper, take our toddy, make friends with our fellow-passengers, such as cared to show, and having out-talked and out-drunken even a Glasgow bailie, who never rises from his liquor under seven tumblers, we turn in and are asleep in a moment. Towards dawn we are aroused by some inarticulate outpourings of our friend whose time has come. But what has come over the ship? she is straining and pulling like a greyhound in a leash, evidently making great efforts to get on and yet not moving. "Are we ashore?" groans our friend, who would give a handful of those shares in the City if he could follow the ship's example, and set his forefoot on dry-land. "Not ashore, but at anchor till the tide turns and day breaks," and we recommend all who have never tried the sensation to do so, and then tell us if they like it. It feels like toiling up stairs, and then suddenly tumbling down backwards, the bumps and thumps which your head and elbows get from the ends and sides of your berth complete the illusion. Per-

haps, too, it is like the sensation of being buried alive, and then having your body snatched and thrust into a cart without springs, and hurried off along a very rutty ill-paved road to a medical school—we say perhaps, because we have never been buried alive, and never dissected; but we have been in a coffin, for are not all berths on board ship coffins? and reader, when you are sea-sick, do you not look like a corpse, and do not the steward and the stewardess look like body-snatchers, watching for the moment of dissolution to strip your corpse and cast it overboard? That was our friend's feeling; as for us we rose as usual, descended from the narrow lair, which with the forethought of an old sailor we had chosen over his aching head, and with the hunger of a lion refreshed by sleep, strode on deck, crying out for coffee. Before it comes we see at once where we are, what sailors call snug under the lee of the Isle of May, but tossing like a cork in the swell which reaches us even there. On the northern side of the Firth lie the North Carrs showing their ugly reef above the waves, the resting-place of many a good ship. Far away on the south side are the Bass and Tantallon, and all the pleasant homes in East Lothian, where our friends are warm asleep in their beds, while we are the sport of winds and waves. Just as we get our coffee the tide turns,

and the captain gets up his anchor and is off. But it is slow work in such a sea and wind, and so we creep along till in the afternoon we are off Aberdeen, and at sunset lie-to off Peterhead. Here the Bailie and a geologist of our party have a warm dispute as to the formation of trap, the one declaring it to be igneous rock protruded by fire, the other aqueous deposit bubbling up like starch from the bottom of the sea. Bless that Bailie's lungs and head. We never met his like for wind and whisky. At midnight as the gale freshens our bold captain will stand it no longer, and resolves to push on. "No good waiting till perhaps it gets worse." All this time, mind you, our friend, for whose especial pleasure we have undertaken this journey, and who was such a good sailor on land, lies like an alligator in a pool without uttering anything save now and then a short grunt. In the steward's tongue, which is strangely monosyllabic and occasionally pictorial, every grunt means brandy-and-water and a biscuit, and so he keeps body and soul together. Again we have a jolly night with the Bailie and one or two Icelanders whose *ilia* are as hard as those of the reapers in Horace. Again we turn in in peace and charity with all men. We forgive our debtors and wish our creditors would forgive us. We sleep, nay, perhaps we snore, but as no one

ever believes that he snores, and no man ever heard himself snore, how can we be sure of that fact? Next morning we are off the Orkneys, and are still more tossed from the swell that rushes with the flood-tide through the Pentland Firth. On and on we crawl the livelong day, and at sunset are off North Ronaldshay just in time to see Robert Stevenson's lighthouse lit, and to mark the ugly reefs which fringe that perilous isle. Now we are in the open Atlantic with nothing on the western board between us and Spain or America. The wind is still northerly, inclined to Nor-Nor-West, about the worst we can have. Again we are tossed and buffeted by the waves, but the ship is a famous sea-boat. Why are all famous sea-boats slow sailers? We make all speed and crawl along like a tortoise for Faroe. On our way we sight the Fair Isle and Foula, an outlier of Shetland, which looks like a great back-tooth with its triple fangs turned upside down. "We have forgotten our friend?" Nothing of the kind. How can we forge one for whom we have come all this way? Sooner would we forget ourselves. But what can we do for him? Can we turn ourselves into a dolphin and swim back with him? If we could he is no Arion, and besides he is so weak that he would slip off and we should be guilty

of aiding and abetting in a murder before the fact. Can we bring back his appetite? Can we force him to swallow pease-soup, boiled mutton, or roast pork? Alas! he is beyond all these dainties. Shall we address him as the consoling mate did another passenger, "Well, sir, if you are going to die, pray make your will before you go, and don't forget your friends!" Shall we tell him, as an Icelander did another passenger in like case, who had looked over the side shortly after swallowing a glass of rum, "Now you will know that rum is a bad thing for sea-sickness." No! we did none of these things. We neither tried to feed him with pork nor to console him, for in sea-sickness the heart knoweth its own bitterness and hugs a secret sorrow of its own. Give a sea-sick man a hard biscuit, a little brandy-and-water every now and then, and then leave him like a vestal virgin who has forgotten herself alone in his vault, and above all things, if you have coaxed him into coming to sea with you, keep out of the glance of his angry eye, and the reach of his nerveless arm, lest the mere sight of you should revive him and he should pluck up strength to hurl his glass of brandy and water or his ship-biscuit at your head and brain you, if you have any brains, on the spot. So, for divers good reasons and not from any hard-heartedness or want of friend-

ship, we leave our friend to himself and make ourselves as happy as we can.

"At length the wished-for morrow." Land! the Faroes are in sight on the morning of the fourth day. In a few hours we shall be at Thorshaven. Ho! every man of you bestir yourselves. Ye that shave, clutch your razors. Ye men that do not, wash and sponge your beards, laugh and be merry, for we shall soon be in smooth water and shall have some hours for a ramble on shore to stretch our cramped legs. When we first broach the landing to our sea-sick friend, he is still in the alligatorial state. Short growls issue rapidly from his manly chest, which we interpret to mean, "wretch that hast dragged me thus far, and starved me on the billows for three days and nights, who hast parted a happy father from the wife of his bosom and his hopeful babes, and brought him to death's door, begone from my sight." The effort though, we calculate, is too much for him; he rolls over on his side, and the last we hear of him is "stew—bas'—." At those syllables of power we turn and flee. We would sooner go into a den with Mr. Wombwell's lions any day than face a man about to be sea-sick.

But after the space of two hours we returned. By this time the water is much smoother; we are under the lee of some of the outlying islands;

we can see the gray trap rocks, flecked and striped with green; we can count the sheep on the hills, which gave, and give their name to this group of islands; strange sea-birds flock about us, and dive and redive in the waves; boats, many boats, are around us, manned by the hardy islanders, clad in their homespun russet "wadmal." The sun shines bright; small land-birds fly on board to greet us; no time is to be lost, our friend must rise, have breakfast, and land. Talk of miracles being over! If a man goes to sea he will see many miracles. We left our friend at the last gasp, and had we been Mother Hubbard and he been our dog, and both of us on land, we should have gone straight to the undertaker's to get him a coffin. But like that venerable dame, our ears are amazed, on nearing his berth, to hear him laughing loudly with the steward. Yes! peals of downright hearty laughter came from that cabin, and there we found our friend, half-dressed, and sitting on his portmanteau, eating a beefsteak, and joking with the steward. Such healing power is there in smooth seas and land breezes, and in rude health and a good heart. We feel inclined to ask him if it is not worth suffering so much merely for the intense joy of eating a raw beefsteak on your own box after three days' fasting. But we refrain, and only moralise. Such is life,

a series of contrasts and pleasures, for the most part the mere cessation of pain.

The sufferer has hardly time to dress before the harbour of Thorshaven is gained; the cable rattles merrily through the hawsehole, and here we are, landfast in Faroe. Now we land in one of the famous Faroe boats, manned by twelve stout oars. The steamer lies about the eighth of a mile off the town of Thorshaven, and the water is deep right up to the edge of the rocks which form the ironbound coast. "Have a care as you step on shore." Too late! down goes our friend; the nails on his shooting shoes glide over the slippery stones, fat with the grease of many a monster of the deep. A friendly hand plucks him back at the very brink of the water, and helps him upright; but for a week or two his knees will bear witness to the seizin he has taken of Faroe earth. So on we go through the streets of Thorshaven, which is said by very complimentary people to be built like Edinburgh. So let Edina be generous, and admit that there is some likeness, and that the "Castra Puellarum" is as like the "Portus Thori" as any city can be like a village. There are pretty girls too in both—in that they are alike; and there is fish in both the Maiden's Castle and Thor's Haven, and there is the sea close to one and not far off the other; and there

are strong hands and warm hearts in both, and strangers are welcome to the best the land affords in both; but, in other respects, let Thor be gallant, and yield, as a fine old god and gentleman ought, to the ladies, and confess that his haven is not quite such a fine city as Edinburgh. The town, in fact, is built round the rocks which gird the haven, in the hollows eaten by the waves into the trap formation, and not only round, but up and down, in a strange fashion; the streets are narrow, and the houses mostly of wood; all about the place are joints of whale hung up to dry, for that mammal's flesh ekes out many a meal in Faroe. Fish and whale and mutton, mutton, whale, and fish, scale and skin, and skin and scale; so runs the round of life from hour to hour in Faroe. But let us get on. We have friends in Thorshaven; for have we not friends everywhere? and they soon shake us heartily by the hand, and in one of those wooden houses we are soon as comfortable as we should be in any home in Scotland. We tell the news, and we hear the news. We tell how the German powers still pursue their aggression against Denmark, whose own the Faroes are, and as we tell a blush steals over even our bronzed faces, to think that England has said so much and done so little in the quarrel. We hear, in return, that the fishing has been good, the sea

calm, and dogfish few. "What of whales?" "Well, not so good. Some stragglers have been caught, and once or twice a great school was just about to be embayed in one of the firths, but, somehow or other, they were scared away." "Ah!" sighs the old schoolmaster, who ought to have known better, and who may thank his stars that he is not under the tender mercies of the Privy Council, "when I was young the whales came much oftener. Three, four—ten times in the year they ran in in great schools, four or five hundred at a time. Those were the days! but now, ever since we have had Free Trade, the last three years, they scarcely ever come. We hardly get two hundred in a year." No doubt there is "Protection" even in the paths of the sea, and your whale, a true Conservative, who was driven from dry land on the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws by the Liberal party among the Giants before the Flood, still by instinct shuns the shores where trade is free. That is why he shows his jolly bottle-nose less and less often in Faroe. It may be, too, that, finding himself killed and eaten whenever he pays the Faroers a visit, it may just begin to dawn on his antediluvian brain, that even in Faroe there is no protection to cetacean industry, and so he makes himself scarce for other reasons besides Free Trade.

After a hearty breakfast we set out for a walk across the hill to Kirkeby, where stands the great architectural lion of Faroe, a stone church, which was never finished, because the Faroers, having been content for centuries with wooden churches, only made up their minds to build a stone one just before the Reformation. When Lutheranism came the works were stopped, and so it remains a ruin. But a far pleasanter sight than a ruined church is the happy homestead of Kirkeby, where everything is, as the Danes say, "Reent og peent," "trim and tidy." Many a British farmer might do well to copy this neat house nestled under the hill at the water's edge. Within everything is clean and bright, without the byre is full of kine, and the flocks dot the green hills; hard by are a field or two of barley whitening to harvest, and this Bonde may brew his own beer if he likes. Having seen the house and been feasted we turn to walk back, and our friend, full of mutton, fish, and cream, declares he never has been so happy in his life. As we mount the ridge of the hill between us and Thorshaven, and look down to the sea on the other side, we catch sight of the steamer, and our friend's jaw drops. We walk on admiring the tameness of the curlew and golden plover, whose fondness for their still callow brood makes them bold to face man. After a while

our comrade steals to our side, and whispers: "My dear fellow, why should we go on to Iceland, why not stay here till the steamer returns in a fortnight, and so go back home?" Now we are easy in our ways, nothing ever ruffles our temper. Give us tobacco, and let us smoke as often as we please even in first-class carriages, and you may do anything with us; talk of leading a lamb by a silken string, or an ass by a bundle of hay, we would follow you to the world's end if you held out a box of good cigars before us and let us help ourselves. We have lots of cigars and so has our friend. We are strong and happy, and it pities us as we think of him in his alligatorial state. Besides it is his loss if we do not go to Iceland. Thither we have already been more than once. We have seen the Geysers, climbed Heckla, forded the Markarfljót, in Njál's country, and Hvitá in the Borgarfirth, ridden across Sprengisand or Chokejade, the first of Britons, in less time than that feat has ever taken, been on the Myrdals Jokul, threaded the recesses of Surtshellir, camped out for weeks and months, and had the finest weather. It is our friend's concern if he feels qualms at the thought of those rolling "Spanish waves," that great westerly swell which he is sure to meet between Faroe and Iceland. Besides we think how a faint

heart is always punished, and feel sure our friend will smart for it before our journey is over. We give in therefore, and reach Thorshaven just in time to get our baggage set on shore.

Worthy Sysselmand, how shall we ever repay thee for thy kindness to us? Even now we see thee before us, in thy photograph taken in thy dark velvet jacket with silver buttons, thy tight-fitting hose and shoe-strings crossed high up over the ankle. Member of the Danish Rigsdag, the king's sheriff in Faroe, a man of the simplest manners and most varied knowledge and intelligence, great in whale-lore and fowl-lore, strong in deep-sea fishing, a great gatherer of strange over-sea waifs, a man who if he had a chance would catch the Great Auk himself and bring him home alive, who knows all the gulls and their eggs, and has often been over the cliffs on the "rope" to take them. He it is who gives us shelter and who finds us amusement. Hear him tell of the dangers of the fowler in Faroe. "Puffins and guillemots, those are the best birds in Faroe. They give life and they take it; many are fed by them, and by them many have lost life and limb. As for the guillemots some folk call them stupid, and so they are in some things, but in others they are wise enough. One would think now, that breeding as they do all along the ledges of the

steep cliffs, thousands of them together without a nest, no guillemot could know its own egg, and yet in 1859 I saw how they know their eggs and love them too. Then I saw two of them fighting, and in the scuffle one pushed the other's egg and it began to roll down the steep ledge. In a moment it would have slipped over into the sea, but all at once the fight was stayed, and the guillemot to whom the egg belonged shuffled along till it got before it, stayed it with its long bill, and then rolled it up again to its old place. What makes it come on land to breed year after year to a day? and what makes the cock and hen take the young guillemot between them, each holding the tip of its wing in their beak, if the cliff be not steep enough for it to plunge right down into the water? On the 29th of July, St. Olaf's Mass, all the guillemots are gone south, and we see nothing more of them as a body till Paul's Mass, the 29th of January. What do we take them for? For their flesh and feathers; the flesh is good enough, and what we cannot eat fresh we salt. We catch about 55,000 guillemots in a year, and they yield about fifteen or sixteen hundredweight of feathers. How do we take them? In three or four ways. Sometimes four men will go in a boat under the cliffs, where the young birds who have not yet begun to

breed sit on the lower ledges, and then with nets at the end of long poles, two of the crew catch the birds either as they sit or as they fly past. If they are too high to reach with the poles, we frighten them up and catch them as they fly, as they always do, for the water; but then the boat must not be too near to the cliffs, for your guillemot is a heavy bird as he gets on the wing, and he makes a bow as he comes down on the water; but that is a wasteful way, for the guillemot gets scared away from his breeding place by the noise you make, and besides in his fright he sets the eggs rolling and they are broken. The most common way is the most dangerous, that is what we call *figling;* we don't set about it till the young guillemots are hatched, say about the middle of June. Then we go into the guillemot's own kingdom, and catch him on his roost. Sometimes we attack him from above, sometimes from below. From above we get at him by a rope often more than 100 fathoms long, and about two inches and a half thick. The fowler is bound to it by bands, which go down both thighs, and by shoulder-straps, which keep the rope fast to his chest, so that the cragsman sits as comfortably as though he were in an arm-chair, and has his feet and hands free. There are two things which disgrace a good fowler;

1st, he must never clutch the rope with his hands; *2ndly*, he must so use his legs that his back never turns to the face of the cliff. Five men are enough to hold and mind the rope above, and one watches the fowler's signals if he wishes to be let down lower or drawn higher up. There is little fear for a man on the rope, except from stones falling down on him from above, but a good cragsman will take care to send down all the loose stones as he goes; the rope itself is made fast to a stake above, if there is room or earth enough to drive it in. If not, the ablest man sits down with the end of the rope round his loins. If the edge of the rock is round and smooth, the rope runs over it nicely. If it be rough and jagged, rollers of wood are used. Sometimes the cliffs are so high that 100 fathoms, 600 feet, of rope are not enough, so the fowler is lowered down to a landing-place in the cliffs, and then another rope is made fast by a batch of men who have themselves been let down for the purpose, and he goes to his work by stages. Are they ever afraid? Well! boys are afraid sometimes. They send the lads of twelve or fourteen years to places where men can't get at the eggs, for we take the eggs too. They are lighter on the rope, and cleverer in climbing. The boy likes it well enough till the time comes for him to go over the 'edge' for the

first time, and then his heart fails him, and it takes a good deal to make him go over the cliff, but go he must, as his father before him. As soon as he is landed all goes well, for there is really no danger. It is a strange feeling, nothing more; facing you is the steep bare rock, the blue sky above you, and below you the still bluer tumbling sea, between the two you swing to and fro like a pendulum. But I never heard of a man losing either his head or heart on the rope. When he comes to a ledge where the guillemots breed he unbinds himself from the rope, keeping his slings on his thighs and shoulders; but he must take care to tie the end of the rope fast near him, for the cliff often trends in, and if the end of the rope flies away from you, you would be in a great scrape, as a man once was whom I knew. He had gone down alone on the rope, and was careless enough to let the rope slip away after he had got off it. It flew away farther than he could reach by a foot or two, and there he was left on the ledge. But his heart was good,—he sprung out, caught the line both with his hands and feet, and so clung to it till he was drawn up.

"As soon as the fowler is free from the rope he sets to work. In the spring the birds are wild and shy, they do not sit tamely on the ledges as they do in the breeding-time, but get

into holes and clefts and crannies. The fowler must then creep along the ledge to the holes, and catch the birds as they fly out in the net on the end of his pole. When it is full he draws it to him, kills the birds, and binds them by the bills in pairs which he hangs on the rope. In the breeding-time, the birds are much tamer, then they sit on the ledges in thousands, and as a rule they do not stir except just about where he is busy with his net. So he begins at one end and goes all along the ledge. By the time he has got to the farther end the birds have settled down again at the other, and so he goes backwards and forwards till the ledge is cleared. If the ledge has not been visited for years the birds may be taken in the hand, they are not the least shy, and hop upon his back as soon as he sits down. A wise fowler will not take more old birds off a ledge than he leaves young ones. He must beware too of taking too many from the middle of the ledge, for if the birds are killed out in any one part they will not breed just there again, even though they be crowded at each end. Above all things the ledge must not be stained with blood, for that frightens guillemots more than anything else. A handy fowler will '*figla*' a thousand guillemots in a day, and he can carry up about a hundred with him at a time, but it must be a good rope that

will bear many more. If there are too many to be got up by the rope, they must be thrown over the cliff and picked up in boats, but that is not so good for the feathers.

"But sometimes the birds breed on 'Drongs' and Needles, on those sharp rocks that stand out of the sea. Then the fowler cannot get at the birds from above, but must climb up to them. This is the most dangerous work of all. Then we go in pairs. The lowest down helps and pushes the uppermost on by aid of his fowling pole, in which is an iron crook which catches him by the waistband; all the while the uppermost makes the most of his hands and feet. When the foremost has come to a resting-place or breeding-place, he lowers down a short rope to his comrade, and so he too is drawn up; going down they slide down the rope which is made fast by a noose to a stone or rock, but it is very ticklish work for the last man, who must so fasten the rope that it will slip off the fastening by a jerk. I knew a man who finding the rope would not yield, climbed up again and fastened it less strongly, for he said he could not afford to lose the rope, though if it had slipped while he was going down he must have lost his life. Worst of all is passing from ledge to ledge sideways; then one fowler sits and holds the rope while the other climbs and crawls

along. If the climber slips the other must be ready to pull him back, but I have known cases where both were dragged over the cliff and killed. Once, too, two men whom I knew went up a Drong with only their fowling poles. By ill-luck one dropped his pole into the sea. It seemed hopeless to get down without it. 'Thou hast wife and children,' said the younger who was unmarried. 'None will weep for me at home, take my pole, maybe the Lord will help me down without one.' And the Lord helped them both.

"But the bird of birds after all in Faroe is the Puffin, *Fratercula Arctica*. We take about 235,000 of them in a year. He comes to us about Lady-day, but is not common till our first summer day, the 14th of April. As soon as they come they set to work clearing the holes among the long soft grass in which they love to breed, of earth and stones which the winter rain has washed into them. If the hole is not water-tight the Puffin digs it deeper; if in digging he meets a stone he gives up the work and digs another. In this hole on a sort of nest of dry grass the puffin lays her single egg. We find the young first about the end of May. The cocks and hens sit on the egg by turns, and as soon as the young are hatched the old bird feeds them with sand-eels, *Ammodytes*. Our fowlers say that a puffin

will fly back to the nest with fifty sand-eels in his beak at once, and I once scared one 'eel-bearer,' as we call the old bird when so employed, and he let fall eighteen sand-eels which I found, besides many more which I could not find. He is a strange sight the puffin, with all these wriggling eels close packed in his big beak, hanging down on each side like a beard. I'm sure I can't tell how he manages to keep so many fish in his beak and still catch more; but the sand-eels swim in shoals, and as soon as he sees a shoal down he goes, and always comes up with his beak full. I suppose he holds them against his upper mandible with his great tongue, for he is not like the cormorant or scarf, who has such a mite of a tongue that some think he has none at all, and so when a child is noisy we frighten it by asking, 'Qvuj veâr Skarvur tunguleisur?' 'Why is the skarf tongue-less?' and then go on with the answer, 'Tuj han seje Ravenum fra qveâr Eàvan atti,' 'Because he told the raven where the eider-duck's nest was.' But to come back to the puffin, while he holds the fish tight against the upper mandible with his tongue, he swims along gaping and catches more and more. But anyway he seems never to miss his prey, and comes back again and again to his nest with his mouth full. A strange thing about them is that they are often

found ever so many in a hole, and it is true that if there be eight puffins in a hole and seven are taken, the eighth will sit on the egg and hatch it. This looks as if the puffin was not so clever as the guillemot. We begin to catch them with nets on the wing much in the same way as the young guillemots. The 'eelbearers' or breeding birds we always spare. But till the breeding-time is past we have work enough with the last year's birds who have not begun to breed. It is hard work and skilled work, for if you hold your net in a puffin's way on the wing he will go through it like a shot. This is how we catch them: the fowler takes his seat on the edge of a cliff past which the puffins fly, and then when there is a good breeze along the shore the puffin goes out for his fly about 10 or 11 A.M., and flies till 3 or 4 P.M., and then he takes a rest on the sea. If the day is very good he will fly an hour or two more in the evening, but between the hours named he flies like clockwork round and round; first a little along the shore, and then out a little, and so back. There are such clouds of them that they darken the sun. At one of these favourite spots the fowler takes his seat, and as the puffin passes him he gives his pole a twist up from below and catches the bird in the net from behind. It needs great strength and skill to do this well, and your arm feels very

tired the day after, but while the sport lasts it is great fun. A good hand will catch in this way nine hundred puffins in a day. After the work is over, the fowler binds his birds together, and a hundred are thought a good load for a man; and so they are, for the path is often over spots where a man can scarce pass with no load at all.

"But often the puffin breeds on grassy slopes half-way down our cliffs, and then we have to use the rope to get at him, just like the guillemot, only these slope-swards are often so large, that it takes more than a day to work them out, sometimes more than a week. So puffin-catching is more of a business than guillemot-catching. The weather we hope will be good, for there are no roofs to shelter us down there; nay, the ground when we are there is often so steep that one must tie one's-self at night to a stone, lest one should turn in one's sleep and roll over. Fuel and fire, meat and drink, we carry with us. Now we are well down over 'the edge,' and have gained our footing; it is delightful. The long soft grass, the boundless sea, the white surf, the fishing-boats far away, the guillemots* and tysties† sitting like dolls along the ledges, and though last not least, the puffin standing at the mouth of his hole."—We break

* *Uria troile.* † *Uria grylle.*

in on the story to say that the puffin looks like a respectable butler at his master's door, in a black coat and white waistcoat, with a Roman nose red at the tip with many a bottle of port, but the Sysselmand heeds us not and goes on.—"So we set to work with our poles and nets, and soon have each a goodly pile. In a day or two boats come below to carry off the spoil, which we bind in bundles and throw down to them; we hear news from home, and throw along with the birds many a stalk of angelica (*Qvanner*) for friends at home. Up above our wives and friends come to the edge day by day to see that we are all safe, and count us. If the cliff be not too high, they can hear us shout to them that we are all well, but we seldom can hear their voices, for sound travels better up than down. But so long as we are on the cliff it is always a weary time at home till we come back. A little while ago I was by when the men were let down 600 feet to a 'puffin-land' which was a thousand feet above the sea. No one had been down for thirty years, for the 'land' had a bad name, and the last man who went down had his brains dashed out by a falling stone. At the 'edge' the sight was touching. Each man was kissed and blessed as he was made fast to the rope, and an old man of seventy-five had walked five miles to the 'edge,' that he might sit by the rope and

guide it as it was lowered. On the rope was his only son, and as he saw him glide down out of sight, the father threw himself flat on his face and burst into tears.

"About the middle of August the puffin goes away with his wife and bairns, and we never see one of them again till the end of March. In this he differs from the guillemot, for some of them, late birds and stragglers, stay the whole year through; but from the puffin we have a saw of a man one seldom sees—'We see no more of him than we do of a puffin at Yule.' The puffin has other foes besides man. The raven, that thief, is worst of all, and then the great skua gull. But the puffin knows how to hold his own with his strong beak, and sometimes he catches the raven by the throat when he looks into his hole after his eggs. What the puffin once holds he clings to, and this the raven soon knows. Now it is his turn to cry out, but the puffin never leaves him till they both fall into the sea. There the puffin is at home, and the raven pays for his thefts with his life. But it takes much to kill a raven, he is a long-lived carle. We say here, one horse outlives three dogs, one man three horses, one crow three men, but one raven *seven* crows."

Thus did the worthy Sysselmand discourse for hours, eloquent on birds and bird-catching. We

are great naturalists, and had we not been Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, we would have settled down for life on birds. But we are as we are, and happy as we are. We therefore can listen for hours to these strains in praise of puffin and guillemot, and could have been content to hear more about gannet and skarf. We can shed tears for the loss of that dear old Great Auk, the *Geirfugl* of the Icelanders and *Gorfuglir* of the Faroers. Extinct now it seems for the last ten or twenty years, burnt out the last of his race it is said by a submarine eruption near the "Mealsack," off Cape Reykjaness in the south of Iceland, and we quite sympathize with those ardent naturalists who offer a thousand pounds for him dead or alive, and a hundred for each of his eggs. But alas! like the Dodo, he is dead and gone, and you shall hardly find him except perhaps on some of the skerries on the east of Greenland. He was consumptive not only of fish, but of chest, for he does not seem to have gone very far north. In the north of Iceland he was not known, though common enough in the south thirty years ago. But peace be to his bones! His nest knows him no more, and the waves and winds sing his requiem. This for ourselves, but our friend is not so tolerant, he is fast relapsing into the alligatorial state. Willy Winkie steals over him, and shuts

one eye up as soon as he opens its fellow. Besides, the Sysselmand is a busy man, now here, now there, flitting about like a petrel over these stormy isles, which for the sake of the reader we may say are over thirty in number, about twenty being inhabited; they extend from north-west to south-east some seventy miles, and are in shape like a ray or hammer-headed shark, putting a bluff bold front of forty-five miles broad, sliced and cut by many channels, to the north-west, and tapering away to the fish's tail, which is represented on the map by the "Monk" rock at the end of Suderö or the south island. We go to bed early therefore and rise early; we have our coffee, admire the genial Sysselmand's museum, buy some birds' eggs for friends who collect them in England. For ourselves we collect everything but eggs and money. The first are too brittle to keep, and the last flies away from us as soon as we make it, our purse having got a hole at the end of it. In the forenoon we go over to Nolsö, Needle-isle, which lies opposite to Thorshaven and helps to form the harbour, and see the famous cave and arch which gives the island its name, and gather stilbites and zeolites and other minerals, but on the whole we are not very fond either of caves or of mines. Once a big piece of rock fell down and nearly swamped our boat

when we were seal-shooting in a cave in Orkney, and once again we were in life-risk in Shetland when a great Atlantic roller came in with the ground-swell, and so filled the cave, which was luckily very long and lofty, that our boat was hurried to the far end of the antre, and our scalps were nearly ground along the rugged roof. Need we say that we dislike all caves after such chances, all except that delightful cockney Fingal's cave in Staffa. So too do we as a rule detest mines, the exception being the Salt-mines at Hallein. Pleasant work no doubt it is to descend ladder after ladder for hours, scarcely able to breathe for the fumes of lighted torches, which have a tendency to go out. We speak of Swedish mines. In England they may be better lighted, clean swept and garnished. Every now and then the miner makes a little explosion just for fun, which fills the air, or what is called air, with a sulphurous reek, and so you go on for hours half-choked and dripping with the water which always trickles down on you in the best-drained mine; at last, you rub your nose, cold as a dog's, up against something colder still, that is the foot or tail or nose of the mine, beyond which the shaft has not yet pierced, and for all this trouble, what have you seen? Nothing, absolutely nothing. All you have to do is to retrace your steps up those everlasting

ladders, and when you get to what is called "bank" you feel as though you had just come off the treadmill after a week's hard labour. No! we say with Sheridan, "Say you have been down a mine if you like, but never be fool enough to go down one." But though there are caves there are no mines in Faroe, in which happy state we hope those mineless isles will remain so far as we are concerned. In the evening we shall dine of course with the Governor, whom we shall find a most delightful man, and his wife a most charming woman. We will tell them English and Danish news, and with a fresh blush "own that Denmark has all our sympathy, and that she must not stand alone—only we don't mean to fight for her or do anything for her, except give her that drug in the diplomatic market, the bitter root called 'good advice.'" After dinner—one dines at four o'clock in Faroe—the protectionist schoolmaster—who put forth that heresy about whales and Free Trade which we heartily recommend to the attention of Messrs. Cobden and Bright—and some others, get up Faroe dances and songs for us, the dance a strange thread-my-needle sort of measure, and the melody a low wailing minor. The dancers are all men, and the stamping and dust great, but it is a hearty, genuine sort of thing, and wonderfully refreshing after London ball-rooms

in June. As we have walked and rowed and eaten and drunk, and shaken hands and talked and laughed ever since early dawn, we go to bed betimes. As for night, in Faroe in July there is "no true night." We borrow this phrase from what the British Almanacs mysteriously say in June, when we have often observed that the nights are not at all complimentary to the compiler of the Almanac or obedient to the Almanac itself; so far from there being no true nights then, they are often as dark as pitch. But in Faroe the night is modest and retiring about the summer solstice, and for weeks and weeks scarcely shows her gloomy face.

In bed we hear our friend, who has enjoyed himself immensely, and whose wind has greatly improved with the slackening of his waistband, snoring like a grampus. What a frightful thing snoring would be if you did not know what it was! What a grand idea that is in the Norse mythology to make the great god Thor and his mates lie awake all night in the thumb of Skrymir the huge giant's glove, listening and trembling in their shoes at the sound of his snoring which shook the ground like an earthquake. We only wish all our readers were members of the Minerva Club in London, not that they might eat the Club out of house and home, and rob the old members of their newspapers and easy-

chairs, but just that they might listen to some of its choice snorers. Why! there is one great naturalist there, Professor Snuffler, whose snoring when he was on that famous expedition of the Alpine Club to Iceland, when it so fully and thoroughly explored and mapped out the unknown land of the Vatna Jokull, brought down on the whole party at the dead of night as they lay warm in their tent a bull of the old Norse breed. Some of the company woke in fright at the stamping and roaring of the bull at the tent, which he took for another bull as savage as himself, and with which he would do mortal combat. Luckily the cords of the tent were in his way, or his horns would have been speedily embedded in the Professor's ample paunch. The beast got entangled and tripped himself up, but lay still roaring and roaring. All this time the professor lay on his back and snored and snored. Waking him was out of the question. At last, one of the party thinking the bull's bellowing more unbearable than the professor's snoring, took a lantern, and opening the mouth of the tent turned the bull's-eye full on the eye of the bull, who rose and retreated at the dreadful apparition. Next morning the Professor knew nothing of the hideous uproar, and his danger was only brought home to him with his breeches which he had hung up on a rail hard by to dry.

They were found pierced and torn with sundry holes. The angry bull as he went off had thus showed his sense of his rival's cowardice by wreaking his wrath on his unoffending garments. No doubt he meant to say in the Bull language—

"Go, hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs."

Yes! in the Minerva Club snore the Professor and many more. As fish rise to breathe, so these members come to the Club to snore. Sometimes they combine incendiarism with riot, and have been known to set the Club on fire. "On fire?" Yes, literally on fire, not figuratively by their obstinacy and overbearing ways to each other, as when an entomologist great in gnats scowls and scolds at another who is only big in bugs, or when an ichthyologist or a pisciculturist who thinks the finest sight on earth is a salmon in the cold-blooded operation of depositing his spawn, turns his back on a layman who thinks that whales and porpoises lay eggs, and asks where they go to spawn. Oh, naturalists, be patient and brotherly-minded one to another. It is not every man, still less every woman, that knows the meaning of "mammal," for though most good mothers suckle their young, some do not, and if they do, they may not know that a whale is a nurse and a sister; or if they do, they

may know what perhaps you do not, that there is fashion even in the depths of the sea, and that your "right whale," one who moves in the best waters beyond that Gulf Stream which no vulgar whale dare cross and live, always has a bottle-nose whale, a sort of Irish whale, for a wet-nurse. This much we know, and when we know whether these whales are so good and virtuous that they will only let their little ones be suckled by married bottle-noses we will let you know. Meantime be content with what we tell you. But these whales and wet-nurses have put us all at sea with our Club snorers and incendiaries. Yes! on our solemn word as reviewers, and therefore truth-tellers, one of our snorers last winter having ensconced himself in an arm-chair after dinner, under the usual pretext of reading the *Herald*, fell asleep, whether it were from the heaviness of his dinner or of the paper. In a few seconds he dropped it, and it fell naturally by its own weight. A corner of it touched the flame of the candle on the table, and in a moment it was in a light, but such a paper is slow to burn, and so our snorer slept on and snored on, to the great danger of the Club and himself. But observe now the use and good of snoring; there is good in everything, even in rats and black-beetles we believe, though we should be glad if any one would tell

us. So of snoring, most men would say it was a downright bore, but in this case it was as good or better than a fire-escape, for as the slow flame rose with difficulty over the sluggish material, our snorer snored yet more loudly and triumphantly, and at last the waiter, whom the Club keeps mercifully to look after its snorers, getting frightened lest this should be a case of Club apoplexy, followed speedily by stertorous breathing, coma, and death, rushed in, put him out, and so both the member and the Club were saved.

Such thoughts pass through our brain as we lie awake in Thorshaven listening to our friend, who is not the Club snorer whose feats he recalls so painfully. We wish that here too there were a waiter to put him out—of doors, and restore sleep to our eyelids, but in vain. He snores and snores, and at last we fall asleep from sheer fatigue. In the morning we find that the indefatigable Sysselmand has planned a boat excursion for us among the islands. The weather is wonderfully fine, there is little wind, and the tides just now are not very strong. In the morning there is a little mist, but the sun scatters it at an early hour, and we have none of that thick fog which so often shrouds the islands for days, and renders boating anything but pleasant work. The boats are famous both for speed and safety, something like our best British gigs,

but built after the Norwegian fashion, high up at stem and stern, and broad enough to be rowed by two men on each thwart. They will live in almost any sea. It is delightful to sit in the stern of one of these craft, and be swept along the sounds and firths between Stromö and Auströ and Swinö by twelve powerful oars. As they give way the stroke chants some ballad of the deeds of Sigurd Fafnisbane, the Siegfried of the *Niebelungenlied*, or of Sigmund Brestîsson the peerless champion of the Faroes in the tenth century, who was done to death by the misdeeds of his wily kinsman Thrand of Gata in Auströ. The Faroes are picturesque from every point of view, and an artist might spend the summer months there to some purpose. It is lovely on a fine day to stand on Kirkeby Rein, the hill between Thorshaven and Kirkeby, and look west towards Hestr and Koltr, and away up the firths towards Trodlhofdi "the Goblin's Head," and Myggenœs or Midgeness; lovelier still is it to run up these firths and see their scarped sides and terraces all alive with birds, and the green upland slopes white with flocks of sheep. The outlet into the West Atlantic at Myggenœs is magnificent, for there are cliffs and needles before which even the famous "Drongs" in North Mavin in Shetland must hide their diminished heads. There is nothing

in Foula or the Fair Isle to match with Faroe in this respect. But loveliest of all is it to run down on Faroe in the night before a strong north-west gale from Iceland, and to make the land at early dawn. Then as you close with the land, and skirt the front of the islands to turn its north-east corner, you shall see what sea is and what cliffs are. There in a group lie what are called the North Isles, Kadalsö, Kunö, Viderö, and Fuglö or Fowl-isle. These tower above all the rest. The cliffs are several hundred fathoms, in some cases more than two thousand feet sheer down, and the water almost out of sounding depth. You are in a steamer, and may go as near almost as you choose, especially as the wind is fair. So there you run along these mountain cliffs, and your bark seems a mere nutshell tossed to and fro at their feet, but what chance would a sailing-vessel have with such a lee-shore, dashed to pieces in it may be a thousand fathoms with a steep wall as many feet high beetling above you. Lucretius could only fancy that one on shore might survey with ease of mind the mighty struggle for life on the tumbling waves, but with steam what was impossible to the epicurean poet is possible to us, and you can run within a cable's length of the cliffs. Up to Fowl-isle your course has been almost due east, but at Swinö (Swine-isle) you round the corner,

are at once under the lee of the land almost becalmed under the crags, and shape your course south-west for Thorshaven, which lies at the south end of Stromö (Stream-isle) in the centre of the islands like a true capital. In this way we spend more than a week, and have already seen all the lions. Let us remark that this is not the place for a sportsman. Let no man go with gun and dogs to Faroe, for guns scare away the birds, and birds go far to make the Faroers happy, and even so much as firing a gun is punished by a fine.

One morning just as we are beginning to think that we have seen everything in Faroe, and exhausted everything except the kindness of the people, we hear, even while we are dressing, a great bustle both in and out of the house. What can it be?—groups of men hurry past the door, breathless messengers have hasty interviews with our host, the Sysselmand, whom we hear bidding his servant to get ready his knife and tarry breeks. His cheery voice rings in the passage, bidding us be quick. Be quick for what? Is there a revolution? Have the Prussian men-of-war or boys-of-war come hither to kill peaceful folk with their needle-guns? What can it be? We look out of window and see more and more men, some with knives as sharp as razors, some with hones and whetstones

sharpening them and trying their temper with their fingers. Every male of years to bear a knife seems to be there. Even the old protectionist schoolmaster is there with a tremendous blade, and the Lutheran minister flourishes a brand. What can it be? In the South Sea Islands we should say that the priests and authorities having fattened us, are going to sacrifice us to some of their idols, and eat us afterwards, and we are not sure that wild thoughts of Captain Cook and Feejee and New Caledonia are not running through our friend's head, for he asks, Is it safe to go down? Well, it is plain that if we don't go down, they will come up to us. See! they point with their knives to our window, and with frantic gestures seem to demand our blood, yelling and screaming, the parson and schoolmaster loudest of all, "*Grinder*," "*Grinder*." Now we who are masters of all languages know at once what it all means as soon as we hear these cabalistic words, but we will not tell the secret to our friend; nay rather, we say that the words "*Grinder, grinder*" are playful allusions to the part the islander's back teeth will soon perform on his choice cuts. "It means, my dear friend, that you will soon be killed and eaten. Perhaps it has been found out that you threw that stone at the eider-duck yesterday. It is high-treason and sacrilege, fol-

lowed by execution by the jaws of the populace without benefit of clergy, to throw a stone at a sitting eider. You knew it, and yet you threw the stone." "Nay, but you know you threw it," says our friend; and it is true, but we are not going to be browbeaten, least of all when we did it to show him how tame the eider-ducks are. So we dispute the fact, and should be disputing it still unless the Sysselmand had rushed to the door with a great bang, "Will you never come down? Here are two hundred whales embayed in a firth, thirty miles off. We are all going, and of course you will go too." With these words the Sysselmand lets. the whale out of the bag, and our friend runs down-stairs to eat his breakfast and not to be eaten. We are soon ready. "Here are flinching-knives and here is a harpoon for you," says the Sysselmand, turning to my friend, who grasps it, saying he has never even seen such a weapon before. "What fun for you," says the Sysselmand; "you shall go in my boat, and we shall be in the thick of it. I hope you can both swim, for sometimes the whales toss the boats over in their flurry, and you must swim till you are picked up; but there is no time to be lost in telling you what to do. When the work begins you must do as we do, but don't be so stupid as Ola who cut his own thumb off with his flinching-

knife instead of the whale's fin, or like Magnus who harpooned a neighbour's boat instead of the whale, which made a dive just then."

In a very short time we take to the boats. From Thorshaven itself comes a goodly fleet, but out of every firth between it and Westmannahaven (the Irishmenshaven) at the other end of Stromö, where the whales are, and in fact from every firth in the islands which hears the news, fresh boats join the fleet; and all the boats race to be there as soon as possible lest the whales (*Grinder*) should turn their noses seaward and escape. Luckily the wind is fair and the tide sets thitherward as well, so we bound over the waves, clutching our knives, and catch the infection of excitement from our shipmates. "I can see why you should go," I say to the Sysselmand. "It is your business to go there in the king's name, but why should the schoolmaster and the parson go?" "Go!" he exclaims, "of course they go. The schoolmaster has a share by law in every whale killed, and another in every whale he helps to kill; the parson has a share too for every whale killed in his parish, and these will be killed in his parish, and he has another share in all he helps to kill. I too have my share by law, but I also have a share in all I help to kill with this boat, and I mean to kill many." The good man is

so excited, it makes one's heart burn to look at him. There he stands, harpoon in hand and flinching-knife at his girdle in his tarry breeks like Ragnar Lodbrog of old on a viking voyage, and in truth there is something wild and savage in the whole expedition, and in old times many a viking warrior sailed in just such boats as these and did doughty deeds. In about three hours we reach the mouth of the Westmanna-haven, and the whole fleet cheer and shout as they catch sight of the whales. There they are, looking at a distance like a bar of great buoys or floats bobbing up and down, as ever and anon they pop up their black blunt heads to blow and breathe. A line of boats behind them keeps their noses up the firth, and hinders them from turning, and so they are slowly driven up towards the head of the haven, and if they ever try to turn they are frightened back by showers of stones, and by harpoons thrown out on the water and drawn back with a line. If the uproar and excitement has been great before we see the prey, it rises tenfold when we are sure that the whales are within our grasp, and that we have only to go in and kill and possess them. And now the hour of action draws near, and I think our friend would like to consult his lawyer and make his will before it begins. "Did you hear what the Sysselmand said about

the whales upsetting the boat?" he whispers hoarsely. "Yes, what of that? you know you can swim like a duck, and besides the boat is not yet upset." So we leave him to his thoughts, in which his own death quite as much if not more than that of the whales fills a great place. But before the action, the captain of the host, the worthy Sysselmand, goes ashore to hold a council of chiefs. So there, surrounded by the schoolmaster, the parson, and all the mighty fishers and fowlers of the islands, he makes them a short and stirring speech, the gist of which is that God had delivered the whales into our hand in spite of Free Trade and the schoolmaster, who for once at least was quite abroad. How many there were of them he could not tell, but this he knew that if every man did his duty, and he expected every man to do it, he would not say without flinching, for that was just what he hoped every man would do, but without shrinking and without blundering, not one of those bottlenoses yonder would regain the ocean. It had been long since they had the chance of killing so many at once. Let them be men therefore and slay them all. Before all things let none go into the thick of it but such whose duty it was, let the rest who had to keep the line and coop the whales up remember that theirs was a no less honourable though less

active part. They would be under the leadership of the schoolmaster, a veteran whaler, but not so lissom as of yore. As for himself and the parson and these gallant Britons, they would go with a chosen few in their good boats and pursue the whales till there was not one left alive.

At this noble speech, which we think quite worthy of Thucydides, and quite as true, a great shout of applause rises from the admiring ring of chiefs, and after a hasty repast we all return to our boats. Our friend, we thought, walks rather feebly, with something of the air of a man attending his own funeral, if that be possible. "If the worst comes to the worst," he whispers again, "remember I leave you guardian to my children, and as for my debts—" "Come, come," we cry, "this will never do, since the Wills' Act, the law admits of no disposition of goods *per verba de præsenti*, and though you are in Faroe, you have not yet acquired a domicile here. Have you not an *animus revertendi*? Do you not hope to get back?" "Yes! of course I do." "Then you have no domicile here, and so can't make your will according to Danish law, which does admit of a disposition *viva voce*, especially in cases where there is fear of imminent death." But, alas! our friend is in no mood either for law or laughter. We are sure, were he forced to say where his domicile was

likely to be, he would say at once that it will shortly be like Jonah's, in the whale's belly. Though, here again, a casuist would remark that even Jonah could have acquired no right of domicile in the whale's belly during the short space of three days. As for the *animus revertendi*, it is plain he must have had it, for he never rested trampling on the whale's intestines with his nailed sandals, till the poor mammal got man-sick, and threw him up on dry land. For all which curious information we refer the reader to the *Targums* under the word "whale," where the reader will do well to consult the notes of Maimonides, *de gustibus orcarum*.

But there is no help for it, the Sysselmand, after a few vigorous remarks addressed to the men of lesser note, among which we can only catch the word "Förbanna," which answers in Faroe to the word in English which rhymes with "am," summons his boat, and calls loudly to us to come with him. While all this is passing on land, the scene on the water baffles description; a double row of boats, amounting to more than a hundred, form a curved line right across the firth and hem the whales in. Now fresh showers of stones are added to the missiles hurled against them to keep them straight, for now is the very nick of time; now is the turning-point of the day, lest the whales, scared by the onslaught of

the boats which go in to attack them, should turn flukes and rush in a body out to sea. Silly creatures, they do not know their own strength, they have only to make a dash at the boats, which would be scattered and upset in the twinkling of an eye; or if they prefer to avoid the foe without a struggle, they have only to dive under the ring of boats and swim away down the firth. That would be human nature; but it is not whale nature, which stupidly rushes on its fate, and is drawn by some instinct to seek the bight of the firth where death awaits it. And now we combatants make a start. The fighting-boats are drawn up on shore, inside the ring that hems in the whales. The firth is here about a quarter of a mile wide, and is about three-quarters of a mile to its upper end. It is surrounded by a natural amphitheatre of hills, down one of which rushes a mountain-stream, making a waterfall just before it reaches the foreshore. We have room enough and to spare for our bloody work, in which from thirty to forty boats may be engaged. At first we row carefully so that we may not head the whales, rather keeping between them and the ring of boats, from which frequent showers of stones are still hurled. Again and again one might fancy one's-self in the South Sea Islands; the loud shouts, the rude weapons, the strange jargon of

speech, the stalwart forms standing up in stem and stern to hurl the harpoons. The first blow had been struck before we came up, but we were soon in the midst of the *mêlée.* The sea at first is white with foam, as the whales, now scared and diving on all sides but still keeping up the firth, lash the water with fin and tail. How boat strives with boat to harpoon and grapple with them as they rise to breathe. As the whale belongs to the boat who first grapples with and kills it, the rivalry is intense. We believe the parson kills the first whale that day, but the Sysselmand is not far behind. In a few strokes a big fellow rises close to us. In an instant our chief has struck him with a harpoon, others grapple him with boat-hooks, and the man nearest his throat draws his long flinching-knife and plunges it into the blubber, which gives a strange crisp sound as the blade is buried in it up to the hilt. We are close to the poor creature's head, and it turns up its meek eyes in a way to rouse pity in any tender heart. But save our friend and ourselves, there are no hearts in that boat to be troubled with the mute appeal of a whale's eye. Baring his arm to the shoulder, the Sysselmand scores the creature's throat in long gashes with demoniac energy. Torrents of blood follow, and the crisp white coat of blubber, which when cut looks more

like a water-melon than animal flesh, is soon cut through; then the hand and the arm must be plunged in up to the elbow to reach the whale's true flesh. In a trice its throat is cut; its frantic efforts to escape, during which it hurries us along with it fast grappled to its side, gradually cease; it turns a little on its side, gives a fling with its tail, and dies. After death the carcass must still be held, as it is whale's nature to sink as soon as the breath is out of its body. It is therefore either buoyed and turned adrift, or handed over to some non-fighting boat to tow on shore. While this has been passing on board our boat, the same thing has been going on with thirty other boats. No wonder that the blue waters of the firth are now deeply stained with blood. Sometimes the whales, if unskilfully grappled, break loose and plunge wildly about the water, spouting out, if sore-stricken, water mingled with their life-blood. In one or two cases the scared wretches swim straight on shore, dashing themselves high up on the beach, for there are no shallows here, and it is deep water right up to the edge. But even on land they cannot escape their cruel foe, there are men there ready waiting to cut up the bodies of the slain, who welcome the new-comers with a savage greeting as soon as they set fin on land. Among the boats there are many cases of run-

ning down, and in Great Britain many a case at law would arise out of those collisions, but here the result is much cursing and abuse, and no bones are broken. The great peril which our friend so much dreaded does happen but not to us; near us a smaller boat is suddenly charged by a whale who rushes at it, dives and upsets it as he passes under it. We would give much to know if that brave fellow made his escape, if so we hope he will live to a green old age, and never seek the to whales inhospitable shores of Faroe again. As for the crew of the capsized boat no one seems to care much about them, but much anxiety is expressed lest the whale should get off. The men swim to their boat which has been righted for them, a shove or two helps them into it, and in a minute they are as eagerly engaged in the fray as before. How do we behave? Splendidly, of course. At first we pity the whales, but the sight under such circumstances soon ceases to be sickening, and as we grapple with our third whale we beg the Sysselmand to let us cut the mammal's throat. And cut it we do or at least try to do so, but our arm is not as the Sysselmand's arm, nor our heart so hardened as his. We should have cut the whale's throat at last, and we feel a fiendish joy as the sharp knife cuts long gashes in the crisp blubber; but we should have

been too long about it, so the Sysselmand takes it away from us and shows us how to do it. No doubt the whale felt more at ease in giving up the ghost under such a skilful hand, and felt hurt, morally hurt, at our bungling. On looking back to our friend in the stern we see him brandishing his knife in a way which gives us great fears for the safety of his nose. But he too has felt the cruel thirst for blood, and his flannel-shirt is blood-besprinkled. In his left hand he holds the tip of a whale's tail fin which he has cut off as the creature dived alongside. He is as proud of it as a Red Indian of his first scalp. All fear of death has fled. He no longer thinks of making his will, and his wrath against the whole race of whales is hot. "I would not be a whale for something to-day," he shouts as he holds up his trophy, and yet one might learn something even from whales. The patience with which they meet their fate is wonderful, when they feel that struggling is no use. So might many a man learn to die without repining. Most touching too is the behaviour of the mothers, who hug their calves and shield them all they can from the bitter knife. "Bairns will still be bairns," says the proverb, and so it is with whale-bairns. They seem to think it fine fun to frisk about at the top of the water—till they are harpooned. They never think of diving and

ducking till it is too late; but the mother's hearts are set first on saving their children before they save themselves, and many a whale-wife would have got clear off this day had it not been for their motherly love. So the bloody massacre goes on for more than an hour, at the end of which time about 140 whales have bitten the water, and but two or three are left still cooped up. "Shall we spare them?" I ask imploringly of the Sysselmand. "Spare them," he replies with scorn, "why haven't fifty at least got off and cheated us? Spare them, I trow not, and look there is the parson after the biggest, forty feet long at least. Förbanna, Förbanna, pull men, pull. Ha! the parson launches his harpoon and—misses, give way, boys, we are alongside." Thud, thud, goes the Sysselmand's harpoon into the whale. The parson comes up a minute afterwards, only to find us fast grappled to our quarry, and that he has lost it. Whether he utters the cabalistic word "Förbanna" we cannot hear in the uproar which quite "deaves" us, but we think it not unlikely.

There are now but two whales left, one of which again falls before the harpoon of the relentless Sysselmand. The last was also slain, whether by the parson we know not; and now naught remains but the blue sky and green hills

and merry waterfall running down to meet the "multitudinous sea incarnadined." Blood-red are the waves, and blood-stained the men and boats that float on them. With slower strokes than when we set out, we seek the shore, to reckon the dead and count the gains. That is a proud moment for our friend as the women of the farm hard by shake him warmly by the hand, and call him "British whale-slayer." His tail-fin is an introduction everywhere. Side by side on the steep beach lay the dead, young and old, male and female, stiff and stark, sorely scarred and gashed with gaping wounds from which the gore still trickles down into the sea. The biggest is about forty-five feet long and the smallest seem mere baby-whales. "Yes," slowly repeats our friend, "to-day at least I am very glad I am not a whale." From which we gather that some other day perhaps he would like to be a whale, though what he would do if he were one, and how he would bear a life exposed to such risks, and so different from that he has passed hitherto in his easy-chair, it is hard to say. On the whole we would rather not be a whale—no, not even a spermaceti whale—at any time, or in any part of the world. It must be a cold-blooded thing for a warm-blooded mammal to live always in the water, and this no doubt is why this madness ever and anon seizes whales

of running their noses against dry land, and so losing their lives. Surely they feel that their true station is that of a saurian splashing about in fen and marsh, and suckling their young on shore. They feel that they were meant for better things, that they have lost caste by taking to the water, in which the rest of the inhabitants, the sea-serpent included, call out to the little whales as they swim by: "No child of mine." "Ain't you afraid of getting your fins wet?" "Mind you don't take cold." "Why don't you wear a comforter or a hareskin on your chest?" "Where does your mother buy her milk?" "Has your father any roe?" "Does he like caviare?" and a whole string of such idle "gibes and jeers." That we say is why whales rush so blindly every now and then on dry land, because they have known better days, and can't bear the mockery of their scaly foes, who look on them merely as lodgers but not sea-lords in the mighty deep.

The night after the whale-hunt is one of great mirth and jollity. Even the schoolmaster would have drunk to the toast of Free Trade if any one had thought of proposing it, but no one thinks of anything else than whales, and it must be a comfort to the kindred of the departed could they know in what sincere respect and esteem they are held. But we draw a veil over the

orgies of that night. We would give anything for the head of our friend the Bailie, for every man has seven tumblers and more of punch. Our friend would talk if he could, but as he only knows three words of Danish, "Tak" for thank you, "Portvin" for wine of Oporto, and "Kaffé" for coffee—two of these being of foreign origin —he is soon *au bout de son Latin* as the French say, and merely expresses his utmost satisfaction to those about him by nods and winks and smiles. Once he protests to me against the doings of a jolly good fellow near us who has just tossed off his twelfth tumbler of toddy, in each of which he has melted as many lumps of sugar. "He will die of diabetes before dawn, his inside is just a very sugar-mill and rum-distillery with only water enough to turn its wheels round." But all things must have an end, and so has this whale feast. We sleep we scarcely know how in a room at the farm, buried under mountains of eider-down. Of course we have the nightmare and whalemare and punchmare. We dream that we are lying in bed, but it is the bed of the mountain torrent close to the farm, and all night through the music of the waterfall is ringing in our ears. Just as we are getting snugly tucked up there, the high fells come down on us on each side and bury us, that is when we sink deeper and deeper

under those enormous quilts. Then a giant comes and with one kick casts off the mountains that crush us, that is when our feverish frame cannot stand the quilts any longer and kicks them off. Then a Frost Giant strides off with us to Greenland, wading the ocean which only takes him up to the knee, and hurls us down on the icy fells with such a crash as breaks every bone in our body, that is when getting chilled by the cold draught which comes in at the window prudently left open, we turn over and tumble out of bed on a pile of geological specimens gathered by our friend; it is their sharp points that we take for the Peaks of Greenland. We rise up feeling rather stiff from our exertions of the day before, rather sore from the tumble out of bed, and with just a little headache from the lemons in the punch. All this time our friend sleeps and snores. We are now so used to that feat of the nostrils that it does not disturb us in the least. On the whole we rather like it. Next morning we taste whale for the first time, and being hungry we rather like it broiled; but it is black and bloody-looking, and though we have eaten many worse things—"*gammel ost*" for instance in Norway, and tripe in England—we have also eaten many better dishes, and do not much care to taste it again. All that day the "flinching" properly

so called goes on with those cruel long knives, and it is wonderful to see how cleverly the flinchers cut long strips of blubber from the carcasses, and quickly reduce them to skeletons. However much whalekind may have been pleased the night before, their feelings if any lingered near the spot must be hurt this day to see the merciless dissection and mutilation of their dead. We soon have enough of the nasty sight; and as we are not as the Feejees and do not eat the bodies of our foes, or care to see him boiled down if fat enough for oil, we are glad to go back with the Sysselmand to Thorshaven. So we take leave of the lovely shores of Westmannahaven and of the whales, only remarking that none of them young and old are disciples of Mr. Banting, and that there is great room for the spread of his pamphlet in the North Atlantic. "An Earnest Remonstrance to Obese Whales, with a few remarks on the Unhealthiness of Blubber," is a work much needed and may do great good among the cetaceans, though it may stop our supply of oil. A few thousand copies printed on paper made of that famous sea-weed which was to supply the place of cotton, and restored to its native deep, would no doubt be most welcome to every right-thinking whale who might be frightened at finding himself much bigger round the waist than of yore.

At Thorshaven we are received with open arms, and a sort of procession is formed of which we are a part, our friend clutching his tail-fin and wielding his harpoon like a native. Nor is his pride lessened when the Sysselmand informs us that as whale-killers we are entitled to a share of the money made by the boat in the action. So we both receive divers dollars as our prize-money, which we generously hand over to "the Sea-bathing Infirmary for Stranded Whales," or the "Fund for distressed Cetaceans," or some such equally praiseworthy charity. Thus our time passes swiftly, and now there are but three days more before the steamer is due. Hitherto I have guided our movements, or rather the Sysselmand has guided them for both of us. For ourselves we look upon the whale-fight as our crowning feat in Faroe, and that day at Westmannahaven as worthy to be marked with a white stone for ever in our mind's calendar. I am gorged with blood and whale-meat like an Esquimo, and would be glad to rest and digest my mental food during these three days; but it is otherwise with our friend, that taste of blood has only whetted his appetite for adventure and he still thirsts for more. I see him engaged in earnest talk with the good Sysselmand, whose eyes brighten as the conversation goes on, and at last he shakes his guest heartily by the hand,

and says "We will go. We will go this very night. The weather is just right for it." "*It!*" what is "It?" I soon know. "I have settled with our good host," says our friend, "to start to-night to Myggenœs-Holm to catch gannets. It will be great fun." Think of a man of fifty years of age, and with broad lands in Britain and shares upon shares in the City, besides Heaven knows how much in consols, going off twenty-five miles at dusk in an open boat with a northerly wind to catch gannets at dead of night. In vain I remonstrate. In vain I ask our friend, who has a Bantingian tendency, whether he proposes to go over "the edge" after the geese. His answer is, and he has plainly got it all up, that on the Drongs off Myggenœs-Holm there is no edge, and no rope of that kind. "But is there any rope?" "Of course, only come and see." "Do you mean to go up and down it?" "That depends, come and see." There is no help for it, so that very night we set out. The evening is bright, as it often is when the wind is from the north, but rather cold. The tide is with us, we have a strong crew and we get on very well. As we go the Sysselmand beguiles the way by stories of gannets, the *Sulur*, nor are we less amused by the birds themselves, of whom large numbers fly about us, busy fishing for herrings in the

firth. "Look at that fellow," down he comes like a shot from sixty or seventy feet into the water, and see he rises with a fish in his bill, which he swallows in a trice, merely to drop down again for another. The number they will catch and dispose of is most amazing. They must have the digestion of a dozen gluttons. As for the Sysselmand, this is his story:—"The gannets come hither about Paul's Mass, January 25th, and they are said to go away at the end of September, but in truth some of them stay here all the year round. They are seen in flocks all about the isles, but they only breed on Myggenœs-Holm at the north-west angle of the isles, and on two Drongs or needles close to the Holm. In April they begin to build. Their nest is strong, and so high that it reaches to a man's knee. They build close together too, though they are anything but good neighbours, and quarrel much among themselves. They only lay one egg, and the first eggs are found in the middle of April, but many of them are much later, for some of the young birds we find fledged and able to fly long before the others. In the month of September we take the young ones, but we cease taking the old ones at St. Olaf's Mass, July 29th, so you are just in time."

So the good man goes on telling us story after

story about birds until we near the Holm, and we shall soon see how the birds are caught. First of all, though the Holm is only a few fathoms distant from the island of Myggencæs, which is inhabited, the sea often runs through the gut at such a rate as to cut off all connection between the two. First of all then we land on Myggencæs and make fast one end of a rope. Then we row across with the other end and make that fast to the Holm, lest the sea should rise and we should be cut off. Along that line baskets of food would be sent to us till the weather moderates. Now we are masters of the position, and can proceed to fall on the gannets who rest on the ledges on the other side of the Holm, where the cliffs go sheer down to the sea. We climb to the top of the Holm, and separate ourselves into two parties, and the "rope" is produced by which some of us must soon be lowered over "the edge." For ourselves we look upon it something as an amateur may gaze on Calcraft's rope before it is finally adjusted on a murderer's throat. We regard it simply as an instrument of execution. Besides, what is the use of being lowered down forty fathoms, though it be perfectly safe. Can we keep our footing on those narrow ledges, greasy and slippery with the oily refuse of myriads of birds? No, we have never committed suicide, and never mean to be

guilty of what some people call "self-destruction." No rope, we trust, shall ever encircle our throat or body. Nor is our friend braver when he comes to the "edge." He too thinks it better far to gaze down on the gannet-slaughter from above than to take part in it himself. He has no fancy for slipping down a hundred fathoms, and then having his body battered to bits by the white surf against the sharp rocks. So we both stay above and the Sysselmand with us. With the rest it is a thing of course. They are as cool as Calcraft himself on the occasions alluded to. They are bound on the rope and slowly lowered, not right on to the heads of the slumbering gannets, but a little on one side so as not to scare the prey by the shower of stones and grit which the lowering brings with it. Down and down they go, and in the dim gray twilight we see them land on the ledge about two hundred feet below us, they unbind themselves and steal on the sleepers, whom we can also see huddled together in hundreds, a mass of chalky white. See! the men steal between the birds and the sea, and stand out against the white surf below on the very brink of the precipice, and now each man rushes forward and throws himself with outspread arms and legs right on the gannets, his aim being to embrace and hold as many as he

can. There are four of them, and a good stout strong fellow can overcome twelve gannets in this way at once. When he has got them under him he uses his hands to wring their necks. Nor are the birds slow to seize him with their beaks, but this rather helps him than otherwise for what the gannet seizes it clings to, and while they hold him he twists their throats. But this feat can only be done once in a night, for after the gannets are once scared they fly away seaward and do not settle again.

After the ledges are cleared in this way, we stand on the Holm and see the men put off in our boat to catch the gannets on the Drongs, two needles off the Holm, one 180, the other 120 feet high. On the very top of these, which is flat for a few square yards, the gannets perch to sleep. It is exciting to see the brave fellows work their way from ledge to ledge up the steep sides of these needles, each helping the other with his fowling-pole from below till the foremost reaches the top and then helps the rest up. When four or five have reached the top they compass the sleepers in a ring, and then rush on them at a given signal, and drive them all together in a heap into the middle of the flat top of the Drong, when each man seizes and slays as many as he can. As the sun rose these bird-murders are over, and our friend can say that he

has both helped to cut a whale's throat and seen how gannets are caught in Faroe. The spoil amounts to about one hundred gannets.

And now we have to think of getting back. As the sun rises the sea rises, there is an angry scud of rain and the weathercock at the farm on Myggencœs veers to the north-west. "We must make haste," says the Sysselmand, "the weather is about to break up, and we shall have a nor'-wester with a strong stream from the west in no time. Let us get off the Holm as soon as ever we can, unless we wish to stay here a week like Eric Olafsson who lived on rain-water and raw gannet." And we are only just in time. Our boat can scarce live across those few fathoms over to Myggencœs, and as it is, we stave her badly in taking the land.

We are lucky fellows to get off the Holm as we do, even with a shattered boat. In another half-hour the narrow gut would have been impassable, and the waves of the Atlantic come rolling in with greater fury every moment. Our friend with a fussiness worthy of a woman, if women can be ever fussy, asks when we shall get away from Myggencœs. "When the wind lulls and the westerly set abates, not before," says the Sysselmand. "We haven't had much of this wind lately, and about this time we often get a good deal of it. We may very well be

kept here a week; but we might be in a worse place than Myggencæs, for Anders the Bonde is a fine fellow, many is the whale he has harpooned, and many hundreds of gannets have felt his fingers. "See, the farm lies a little way up the shore, let us go thither, this will be a wild day and we shall be best under roof." So to the farm we go, glad to find shelter from the wind and spray and rain which sweep round us in whirling gusts. "Good day, good day," cries Anders to the Sysselmand. "I saw thee up on the Holm, and knew thou wouldst soon be here. And these English lairds, how do they like hunting *Sulur* (gannets)?" "Cross"—answering to our 'Bless me'—"how wet you all are! Here, Christina and Karin, pull off the gentlemen's boots, and get dry stockings for them." Then not waiting for his two daughters who were bashful before the strangers, he drags off our boots himself and hangs up our dripping waterproofs. As we stand by the peat-fire the welcome kaffé is served up by the mistress of the house, a perfect type of the true Faroe housewife. Along with it we have a skorp, which our friend when cheerful, as he for the most part is in Faroe, playfully calls a "scorpion," but which really is a rusk, and very good food with coffee. In about an hour after Christina bids us come to breakfast, and then we sit down to a sump-

tuous feast not at all damped by the said "scorpion." There is halibut and haddock, and a whole roasted lamb, and sweet soup made of bilberries, the soup coming between the fish and the lamb, so that our friend is fairly puzzled, and says he has heard in England of schools where the pudding came first and the meat last, but here is a meal where the pudding comes in the middle. But he is wrong, for after the lamb came young puffins which are really not at all bad, and then comes a real sago pudding flooded with cream. It is a breakfast fit for a king, and certainly any king that had sat up all night on the top of Myggenœs-Holm seeing his faithful liegemen catch gannets, could not have failed to do ample justice to the feast which was washed down by Bordeaux and *Portvin*. After breakfast the Sysselmand and Anders retire into the recesses of the farm to talk over business, and we and our friend are left to amuse the ladies, which I do by answering them questions about the Queen of England and the rest of the Royal Family, about whom we have always found foreign womankind both high and low very curious. Their joy is complete when I bring out of my shooting-coat a photograph of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and what is vulgarly called "the Royal" or "Princely Infant." Our friend too who has hitherto been mute as a fish

and as speechless, bethinks him that he has photographs of his wife and children in his pocket. He brings them out rather mauled and sat upon, but they pass muster and are much admired, as indeed they deserve to be. When we give them our *carte de visite* which always has struck us to be most forbidding, and to be strangely like a murderer either before or after execution, their "taks" and satisfaction are unbounded. In return they give us gloves, *vanter*, spun by their own hands of the softest Faroe wool. So oft as we wear them we shall think of the good housewife of Myggenœs and her buxom fair-haired daughters.

After a while Anders and the Sysselmand come back. Now we talk about eider-ducks and their down, which is for the best worth nearly twenty shillings sterling the pound. But Anders is not easy about his eiders. He used to have as many as 150 pair breeding together on his "land," and many a pound of down he plucked from them; but now what with rats who kill the young on land, and the grampus (*Delphinus orca*) who pulls the old birds down and devours them on the water, there are not half so many. "Last year too," he says, "came some German naturalists in a yacht, and ran by here on their way to Iceland, and as my eiders with their young lay on the water, the men on board her fired at the poor

tame birdies and shot ever so many, young and old alike. If there ever was a case of bird-murder that was it, and all the while we stood on the shore powerless, and saw the mothers helping their young to get away on their backs; that was a sight to touch the heart even of a German professor; but they surely have no hearts, for they went on firing and firing at my eiders just as the Prussians you tell me bombarded Sonderborg in the spring, and killed many women and children and made many homesteads waste, only to show how far their guns could carry. It was a sight to break an eider-owner's heart, and if I could have got at the professors I would have broken their heads; and if thou hadst been here, Sysselmand, we would have fined them; but as it was they got off scot free, as the Prussians have got off as yet, but for every wrong there is a day of wrath coming, and the Germans who slew my poor eiders, and the Prussians who bombard women and children, will smart for it when their cup of wrong-doing is full."

In the afternoon we go out to look at the weather, as if we could not hear what it was indoors. The north-west gale makes every timber shake in the stout building, and the small window-panes are thick and dark with salt from the spray. A very few minutes drives us back, and

we now begin ruefully to think of the steamer due to-morrow in Thorshaven, and which is to take us back to Britain. "This is getting past a joke," mutters our friend. "Ah," we reply, "but why were you possessed with that strange desire to see how gannets are caught, as if you could not see them and catch them too at the breeding-time on Ailsa Craig or the Bass?" "True, but then here we saw them caught by the rope, and as prophets have no honour in their own country, so to see a gannet in Faroe is quite another thing to seeing a gannet on the Bass, and besides there are a set of wretches who go down to the Bass from Edinburgh, or put off to it from North Berwick, and shoot the poor things with shot-guns much in the same way as those wicked German professors shot Anders' eiders. If I were Sir Hew I would stop them;—for these Cockneys too a place of torment is no doubt reserved, and they will pass some centuries in a certain place roasting before a slow fire, and when they are done on one side, turned by the sharp beaks of twenty gannets." After this eloquent utterance of our friend, we fall a-musing on everlasting punishment, and think what a good thing it müst be for many people, and might have mused till now had not the loud voice of Anders calling us to "middag" or dinner recalled us to worldly things. Of that

meal we spare the reader any account, but pass over it with the remark that it was even better than the breakfast. In the evening, Anders and the Sysselmand tell us more bird-lore over a glass of punch, and the first brings another bill of indictment against another offender. This time it is not the rats or the porpoises that he complains of, but the Fulmar Petrel, *Procellaria glacialis*. "It is with him as with those *förbannat* rats," he breaks out, "and many men alive now mind the day when there were no rats in these islands. Folk say they came from Norway. I don't think so; if they came from Norway why didn't they come from Norway our motherland long ago with the first settlers? Stuff! I believe they came from Germany, from those"—here *förbanna* is lustily called into play again—"*Tyskere*, whence every curse of our race comes. Now there is not a bird that breeds here, except perhaps that still greater thief the raven, and he too I daresay came first of all from Germany—that is safe from their teeth. 'Tis much the same with the fulmar, fifteen or sixteen years ago he knew his place, our fishers saw him out at sea 100 or 150 miles away, and only a stray bird now and then was driven hither by such a gale as this; but now he has set his ugly foot on my Holm of Myggenœs, and on the Goblin's Head of Sandö, and every year he spreads farther

and farther and breeds in more and more places. Nasty stinking beast, why even his egg keeps its stench for years, his flesh no man can eat, and if you sleep on a bed on which even a handful of his feathers have been put by mistake, you will leave it long before morning; and yet this fellow thrusts his nose in among my gannets on the Holm yonder, and is slowly but surely driving them away." "Very true, every word of it," says the Sysselmand. The fulmars are invading the gannets all over the islands, just as the Germans are overrunning Schleswig. These birds are just as bad in their way with the gannets, as the rats and the grampuses with the eiders, and I am afraid it will just be as hard work to get the Germans out of Schleswig as the rats and grampuses and fulmars out of Faroe. But who knows, as the fulmar came so he may go, and the time may be when the rat and the grampus may be chased and devoured by some bigger foe. Who can tell? Let us keep heart, Anders." We however, though our heart is hot within us for the wrongs of Denmark, are in no mood to enter upon the tangled thicket of Schleswig-Holstein, into which a man may rashly leap like the wight of Thessaly, and scratch out both his eyes, but in which unlike that famous Greek he certainly will not scratch them in again. We nod assent therefore, and at the same time the

slumbrous movement shows that for us the hour of sleep is come. Have we not been up and awake for two days and a night? We soon go to bed, both as usual in one room, and again our friend regales our ears with his nose-horn. But we have learnt to laugh it to scorn, and we are asleep in an instant.

Very early next morning I am up and out. The rain has ceased, and the wind has somewhat fallen, but the sea and surf are higher than ever. Old Œgir has got his back up, and it is ploughed with many furrows. "No leaving Myggenœs to-day," says the voice of the Sysselmand behind me as I stand gazing on the magnificent view of the North Atlantic swell. "Not from the other side of the island?" I ask. "No, not from the other side with this swell, for though it may be less there under the lee of the land, the sea will be working like a *maelström* through Myggenœs Firth which is three miles wide, and our boat good as she is could never live in it." "But the steamer?" "Well, by this time she is no doubt safe in Thorshaven. Captain Andresen is a bold sailor and a man of his word. Three days ago he left Rejkjavik in Iceland, and as he has brought this gale with him which is right aft, he has made a famous passage and gone round the north-east angle of the islands fifty miles off, while we are here at their extreme north-west

corner. With this wind he would never come by Myggenœs, and I much fear you will lose your passage. You see he is there already; perhaps he reached Thorshaven last night. He is bound to stay there only a few hours, for he carries the mail, and though he is not the man to leave a friend in the lurch he must go before you can get back. In no case could you get back before to-morrow night; say that makes two whole days. He can never wait so long. Take my word for it he will sail to-night, and he ought to sail to-night."

I see the Sysselmand is right, and go back to our friend who is slowly dressing. On the whole he bears the bad news well. As by this time he worships the Sysselmand he merely says, "We must ask the Sysselmand what to do, make the best of it, and amuse ourselves as well as we can." So we put on that sulky pride which becomes no nation but the British, and drink our early coffee as coolly as if nothing whatever had happened. Next we go to the eiderland of our good host and watch the eiders. There they sit, a few of them on their nests who have late broods, so tame that you can touch them with your hand, but most of them lie on the water right in the tumbling surf. We wonder how it is they are not thrown on shore and killed, but the eider knows how to deal with the waves.

Just as the billow curls before it breaks, she dives under it, and so escapes its fury; in an instant she is riding easily behind it. So she will sit for hours in the wildest surf. That day we hear more stories from Anders and the Sysselmand, and the girls sing ballads to us as they spin. But though seeming cool as cucumbers, we chafe as much almost as the waves against Myggenœs that we have lost the steamer. Were we bad-tempered we should seek a victim in our friend, who had brought us hither literally on a wild-goose chase; but we are merciful: besides, he is a good fellow and so we leave him to his own thoughts. We consult with the Sysselmand, whose shifty mind always practical shows itself good at need. "Lost the steamer, what does that matter? How many miles is it to Shetland?" "One hundred and eighty due south-east," we answer. "Well then you won't lose much time. When the wind blows from the north-west we often have it for a week or two, and we get a good steady breeze after one of these gales—they die away by little and little. To-morrow we shall be able to leave Myggenœs, and in two days one of our fast fishing-yawls will run you down to Unst or Lerwick. For myself I would sooner go so than in the steamer if the wind is fair. I have often been so to Shetland"—or *Hetland* as he calls it—"and I don't

pity you at all." Our friend's face beams. See what good this country has done him! A few weeks ago he would not have thought of such a thing, and now he is ready to go from Faroe to Shetland in a half-decked yawl, partly it is true because he can't help it, but really we think more because he looks on it as fine fun. That is what we call having good out of a summer tour. That night the wind lulls a good deal and the sea goes down. Next morning after breakfast we are able to start. All yesterday Anders and his men had been busy at our boat putting a new plank into her. We shake hands with the whole family, and gave Anders that priceless gift a really good English knife and his wife and daughters packets of needles. The last the women will not take till they have picked out one and run it into our friend to break the spell, for in Faroe as in Scotland it is bad luck to give away needles as they prick away love. We have a short but very lively run under a mere rag of sail to Thorshaven, passing the magnificent precipices of Koltr and Hestr, and reach the town only to find, as the Sysselmand had foretold, that the steamer had left the night before, after waiting twenty-four hours for us. It was our own fault entirely, and the brave captain strained not one but many points in waiting so long for us. That night we sleep at the Syssel-

mand's, but he is an active man and is eager that we should make the best of the wind and be off. He chooses a boat for us manned by five trusty men, makes a bargain for us, though we never knew of any one who was cheated by a Faroer, and for ten pounds sterling we are to be taken to Shetland. Over night our baggage and specimens are put on board, and at three o'clock in the morning the Sysselmand leads us down to the rocky landing-place on which our friend had fallen on first setting his foot in Faroe. Food enough to last a month is put on board, together with wine and cognac, for as the Sysselmand says the wind often changes its mind. We push our yawl out, get sail on her and are off with hearts full of the kindness we have met with. Even at that early hour the old schoolmaster is there, he and the Sysselmand nearly wring off our hands at parting. Magnus Jónsson is the name of our captain. He is a hale and hearty stalwart fellow, with a ruddy face, a true Norse nose, rather turned up at the tip, and auburn hair just touched with grey. A thorough simple sailor soul, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. With wind right aft we run merrily before it, and as we pass the Southern isles which form that ray's tail to which we liken them, Magnus tells us stories about them, for he is full of legends. "Look, yonder away are the

two 'Dimons,' the two Beacons, big and little. It was on the big Dimon and not on Skufö that Sigmund Brestîsson lived, there he slew Ossur, and there at last his kinsman Thrand fell on him at night and tried to set his house on fire, but Sigmund broke out of it with Thorir and Einar, and they three when Thrand pressed them hard with his men leapt into the sea and tried to swim to Suderö, this last isle that we are coming to. There you can see how far it is from the big Dimon to the nearest point of Suderö, a long sea mile, five of your English miles at least. That's what I call a swim." "But did they reach the land?" "Not all. Sigmund you see was the strongest of them. Thorir was his cousin, and he was very strong too, but not so strong as Sigmund. Einar was the weakest. Well, they swam and swam and when they were about half over Einar said, 'Here we must part.' 'Nay, not so,' said Sigmund, 'lay your hands on my shoulders, Einar,' and Einar did so. So Sigmund swam on a long way farther, and then Thorir said as he was swimming behind, 'How long, kinsman Sigmund, art thou going to swim dragging a dead man after thee?' 'I ettle there is no need of that,' said Sigmund, and so he shook Einar off—he had died you see from toil and cold. So the cousins swam on till a fourth of the way was left, and then Thorir said, 'All

our life long, kinsman Sigmund, have we two been together in great love one with the other, but now 'tis likeliest that our fellowship will be sundered. I have swum as far as I can, and I will that thou shouldst help thyself, and take no heed of me, for kinsman mine thou wilt lose thine own life if thou falterest and losest any time over me.' 'That shall never be,' says Sigmund, 'that we two should thus part, kinsman Thorir, either we will come both safe to land together or neither of us.' Then Sigmund put Thorir on his back between his shoulders, for Thorir was so strengthless that he could do little or nothing for himself, and so Sigmund swam on till he reached Sandwick in Suderö. There was a surf running on the island just as it runs now, and by that time Sigmund was so weak that now he drove up on land and now he rolled back again with the waves, and then Thorir slipped off his shoulders and was drowned, but as for Sigmund he could just crawl up on shore and lay down and hide himself in a heap of seaweed. This was just about dawn, and so he lay till it was broad daylight. A little way up from the shore was a small farm called Sandwick, and there lived a man called Thorgrim the Bad, a tall man and strong, who had two sons, both likely lads. That morning Thorgrim went down to the shore, and in his hand he had a

pole-axe. As he went along he saw a bit of red cloth peeping out of the wrack, and he kicks off the weed and sees a man lying. He asks who he may be, and Sigmund tells his name. 'Low now lieth our chief,' said Thorgrim. 'But what brought thee hither?' Sigmund told all that had happened. Just then Thorgrim's sons came up and Sigmund begs them to help him, but Thorgrim was slow to help him, and says aside to his sons, 'Sigmund has so much goods on him as it seems to me that we have never had anything like it in our lives, and besides his golden arm-ring is very heavy; methinks 'twere best we slew him, and hid his body afterwards and this deed will never be known.' His sons spake against their father for some time but at last gave in, and so they went up to Sigmund and the lads laid hold of his hair, and Thorgrim struck off his head with the axe. They stripped him of his clothes and buried him there on the beach, and Thorir with him, for the waves had thrown his body upon land. That was what I call a good swim, and what I call a foul deed, though Thorgrim lost his life for it."

And now we run swiftly by Suderö, the last of the islands, and soon run away from them, but the birds still follow us for miles. We lose the guillemots and puffins first, then the tysties and cormorants; the frigate-bird and the gannet and

the black-backed gull, *Larus marinus*, and the great skua, *Lestris cataractes*, herring-gull, *Larus argentatus*, never leave us morning, noon, and night. Wherever there is a shoal of fish there are the gannets and the rest. They all seem to like herrings better than anything else, and whenever we meet a shoal, which we do several times, down go the gannets and the gulls straight as a plummet into the water, but no sooner does the herring-gull rise with his prey than the lazy skua is after him and forces him to drop it, then he is quick enough to catch it before it reaches the water. Nor does he spare the great black-backed gull or the gannets, though they hold their own better. But to give even the skua his due, it is false to say that he doesn't sometimes fish for himself. He can work if he chooses, only like many others besides skuas he prefers to make others work for him. So when it happens that there are fish about and no one else to fish for him, he just tries his bill on the prey, though he does it in an awkward way, like a fine gentleman putting his hand to the plough.

The wind still holds, and at sunset Magnus reckons we have run a hundred miles at least. "We call it 250 of your miles to Lerwick from Thorshaven, and if we keep this wind we shall be at Unst by this time to morrow, for it isn't more than 180 miles from Suderö the southern-

most of our islands to Unst the northernmost point of Hetland. Our forefathers thought nothing of running over to Faroe from Norway or from Bergen to Hetland, and their ships were no better than our boats." We turn to our friend and ask him what he thinks of it? He says he wouldn't be cooped up in the steamer for anything, and as for sea-sickness, though our boat bounds and pitches along he snaps his fingers at it and defies it and all its works. All day the sun has been hot, but the breeze is cool when the sun is down, which is not till ten o'clock. We turn in and look at the bunks where we may sleep under the half-deck if we choose, but though they are tidy enough, we make up our minds to get out our haps and rough it out on deck. We are well repaid, for all the night through there is no moon and the sea is highly phosphorescent, and burns blue and red and green, like the witches' oils to which Coleridge compares it in the *Ancient Mariner*. It was a strange sight, and as a school of porpoises ran past us at their usual speed they seemed bathed in glory, and each fish left a long trail of light behind him in the deep. "We often see it so," says Magnus, "but none of us can understand it, can you?" and though had we been overbearing naturalists we might have proved to him that it was not only to be under-

stood but necessary according to a natural law, yet as we do not for all that believe that any philosopher has satisfactorily explained this beautiful coruscation of the waves, we preferred to confess our ignorance and to own that the sea as well as the land and air are full of wonders even to the most scientific.

We are in great luck, we run on bravely in the night, and in the forenoon we sight the high land in Unst some forty miles off. The wind flags a little but is still fair, and the sun is really broiling. Now the birds of Shetland come out to meet us, and we hail all our Faroe friends in inverse order. There are shoals both of herring and mackerel about, and the birds before they dive at our approach, turned up their eyes as if to ask, "Pray whence did you come?" But what amuses us most of all is to see a seal, and one of the larger sort, gravely swimming by himself with a resolute look, as if he has made up his mind not to stop till he reaches Greenland at the very least. Perhaps he has quarrelled with his wife and deserted her, perhaps he is only out like our friend on a summer tour, trying change of food and cold sea-bathing for his health; perhaps he is flying from his creditors and making the best of his way to the United States. Whatever the cause there he is, and he is so bent on keeping a straight course

that he will scarce turn out of our way. Magnus eyes him with great respect and fondness, and then says, "The seals are a strange race. No one can altogether understand them. That carle had quite a man's eye, and I'll be bound he could have hailed us if he chose. You know they were men once, the seals?" "Yes, we have heard tell of this, but what does Magnus know about it?" "Well," says Magnus, "I didn't see it myself, and so I can't speak about it as if I did, but one believes many things one has never seen, and the parson says we must all live by faith, and so I believe what I am going to tell you, and indeed we all believe it in Faroe. A while ago, thirty or forty years maybe, there was a man of Skufö who wished to get by night from that island across the firth to Sandö, so he got into his boat as the weather was good and rowed himself over. When he was almost across he came to a bit of a sandy holm that was there not far from the land, and he saw in the moonlight, for it was at the full, a lot of people on the holm. Well! it struck him as strange, because no one lived on the holm and no one lives there now, but he thought he would just see what they were doing. He was a bold young fellow whose heart never failed him, and besides he had a head on his shoulders. As he pulled his boat up he saw ever so many seal-

skins lying on the shore, and as he went he picked up one, and held it in his hand scarcely knowing why. As soon as he got near to the folk he saw they were all women and some of them good-looking too, but just as he was going to speak to them they all ran off down to the beach. He was not slow in following them, but they were faster than he was, maybe he was tired by the long row. But as he looked after them he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw them each throw a sealskin over their shoulders, and lo! in a trice they were turned into seals and dashed and splashed into the water—all but one, the best-looking of all, who stood there weeping on the shore because she could not get her sealskin. When he reached her she begged and prayed so prettily and in such good Faroese for her sealskin that he had half a mind to give it her, but the more he looked at her the more he liked her, so the end of it was he tied the sealskin tight about his body, and put the lassie into his boat and rowed back home with her. Yes! all the way back, for he wanted to show his bride to his mother. Well, she lived there with them for a little while for all the world like another woman, and when they wanted to have her baptized she said she had been baptized by their own parson in the sea. So they had her confirmed instead, and

the end of it was, to make a long story short, the man married her, and she lived very happily with him. They had children, three or four, and folk began to forget altogether the strange way in which she had come among them. At last it happened one day, maybe just about this time of the year, the man was in his barley-field which had ripened nicely that year for a wonder, and he was reaping it, and his wife was in the house close down at the water's edge in Skufö, as all our houses are, and the bairns were playing about, running in and out of the barn. At last one of them lifted up the lid of an old chest that was there and dived into it with its little hand, and pulled out an old moth-eaten bit of fur. Off it ran to its mammy to show her what it had got—'See mother what I have found in the barn.' But it was the wife's sealskin, and as soon as she saw it all her old love of the sea came back on her, and she ran down with it to the beach, but before she went she gave each bairn a kiss. Just then the husband was coming home to dinner, and when he saw his wife running down like a mad thing to the water he ran after her, for he thought one of the children must have tumbled into the water. But however fast he ran his wife ran faster still, and he only got to the strand in time to see her draw the old seal skin over her shoulders and jump into the sea

and become a seal. Then he saw how it all was, and called after her and upbraided her for leaving her husband and children to go back to the seals, of whom he saw two swimming off with her. But they say a man never can get the last word with his wife, and so it was even then, for as she swam off she turned her head round on her shoulders and looked at him with her bright black eye, and said, 'Ah! but I had a seal-husband in the sea before you stole my sealskin and carried me off, and here he is, and here he has been ever since, waiting for me till I could find my sealskin, and now I am going home with him to my first family, and you will never see me again, but do be kind to my children on land for my sake.' There, that is my story," adds Magnus, "and that is why I say seals are strange creatures, and that they can talk just as well as we if they only choose."

And now we begin to close with the coast of Unst, and can see Stevenson's lighthouse, the rival of that at North Ronaldshay, rising from the rock on which it is built. By five P.M. we are close to it, and we might run in there if we choose on the sandy beach of the deep bay between the cliffs, just where the stream famous for sea-trout runs out from the loch. But we prefer to seek the friendly shelter of Balta Sound on the east side of the beautiful island, and

thither we shape our course. All the cormorants in the world seem gathered together upon the rocks, where they sit digesting their food in long lines, row upon row. Tysties and grebes and puffins and guillemots dive and fly about us. The wind is now light but fair, and we have luckily a strong tide. As we sail by the coast Magnus has still some lessons in bird-lore for us. "That's what the Danes call a Skarv, and what we call a Hiblingur;* what you call him here I don't know." "A cormorant," we answer. "Ah, but what do you call that fellow?" pointing to another bird as like the other as two peas are to each other, only that he has a topknot on his head. "A cormorant too," we answer. "What! both cormorants? Well, we are wiser than you. Him we call Skarvar in Faroe, and the Danes called him Topskarv because of his topknot, but he only wears it from Yule till August, all the rest of the year he is like the hiblingur; but there is one sure way of telling them. Look, there's a hiblingur; watch him when he dives. Don't you see? he just turns himself over head foremost when he goes under; and there's a skarvar, see he shuts his wings close together and takes a little spring into the air before he dives. That's how to tell them. And do you know what we call that?"—

* *Graculus carbo.*—Linn.

pointing to another cormorant sitting on the water, now almost calm, with outspread wings. "You don't? Well, in Faroe we say, when we see the cormorant do that, that he is 'burning salt,' though why we say so I am sure I can't tell. And shall I tell you how you may get within shot of them? You must go in a boat, and when he dives, which he always does when he sees the boat coming a long way off, you must row straight after him, for he always swims under water in a straight line, and when he rises you must row after him again, and he will dive at once, and so on four or five times, but after his fifth dive he must stay a minute above water to draw breath, and then you may shoot him, but you must row fast to keep up with him, for he swims at a great rate under water."

Now we run into the fine harbour of Balta Sound, and see a schooner lying off the Factory there. It is just seven o'clock, so we have run down from Faroe in forty hours in the most delightful way possible. As we land we hear the weird wailing screech of the great Arctic Diver sounding from the loch like a condemned spirit, an awful cry to hear in the wilderness all around you far from house or shelter, but now we only laugh at our friend who has never heard it before, and asks rather anxiously what it is.

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In a few minutes we are seated at tea round a table groaning with food, and present our Faroe friends to our kind host and his family. That night we sleep the sleep of the weary, and next morning we part the best friends in the world with our crew, who we may add soon have a south-easterly breeze which takes them safely back to Faroe. As for ourselves, we take passage in the fish schooner which brings us down to Lerwick in a day, and thence we take the steamer to Kirkwall and Granton. There we and our friend part, he for his wife and children in the south, and we to resume our seat in our easy-chair at Edinburgh. So ends our "Fortnight in Faroe."

And now, reader, for you know of course that it is you and you alone that we have been taking with us on our journey, how do you like it? Say "yes," like a man at once, and be sure that you are often too happy and comfortable at home. When we knew you before you were married, say eighteen years ago, you could go anywhere or do anything. To go back far earlier still: Have we not been with you on the "box" of the "mail" all the way from London to Plymouth, nay even between London and Edinburgh? Think of the agonies we underwent, though we called it pleasure. Would you take that journey outside now? We trow not. You

must go first class by the limited mail from Euston Square, or by the day mail by the Great Northern *viâ* King's Cross, and you must stop half an hour here and half an hour there to sup and dine, and you must have one of the windows up besides, and you scoff at a poor London banker who is fond of the night air, and abuse him for not honouring his own draughts. You call that "wit," but you are worse than witty, you are effeminate. You boast yourself better than your grandfather, and so you might be and yet not be worth much; but there are many things which your grandfather could bear better than you, bleeding and calomel, for instance, and into the bargain heat and cold and hunger. He drank his Port and had his gout perhaps, but then he lived before Mr. Gladstone's cheap wines, and escaped divers aches which you know but too well. Suppose you called him from the grave, and asked him if he had caught "neuralgia" from sleeping so long on the wet ground, his fleshless jaws would laugh in your face and say he knew not what you meant. As for heart diseases and kidney diseases the doctors had not as yet found them out. Of the spleen he knew something, but then he thought it came from the climate, and that "Port" was "sovran" for it. In these days the doctors call it dyspepsia and liver, and now

we look at you we think that old disease is the one you have got, and if you do not take care it will turn this summer to kidney or heart or head disease. But the plain truth is you are too happy and comfortable at home, your wife is too good to you, your children are too fond of you; in society we remark that you are long-winded; at the club people begin to vote you a bore. You subscribed too to the "Metropolitan Memorial to Shakspere," that looks very much like softening of the brain. For Heaven's sake don't tempt Providence any longer. Don't stay here where people look up to you and respect you—for your money, but fly to some land where you must learn to shift for yourself, cease to eat your food alone, learn also to kill it. If needs be wash your own shirts. Then you will respect yourself, which you cannot do now, when every one has heard the truth of you from us, and then you will be able to bear the respect of others. Follow therefore, dyspeptic brother, the example in the flesh which we have set you in the spirit. Fly from your wife and family. Have a thorough outing, make yourself as uncomfortable as you can, and when you come back with renewed strength and spirits thank *us* for having shown you the way to Faroe.

WILDBAD AND ITS WATER.*

(1864.)

READER, did you ever break the middle fibre of the triceps muscle just above the knee? You are not likely to have done so, for it is a rare chance, and the force that would snap it would sooner break the thigh-bone itself, or split the kneepan. But we broke ours, and though it is a very lame story, we mean to tell you all about it, and how we tried to cure it. How it happened was this: we had been abroad in Greece, away from wife and child, and after roving among the Ionian Islands and in the Morea, found ourselves, on the 19th of December, on the Acropolis at Athens. Then and there came on us the love of home. We thundered along the dusty road from Athens to the Piræus, caught the French steamer, and turned our face west, bent on eating our Christmas dinner at home. There was not an hour too much for the feat;

* "Wildbad und Seine Umgebungen." Stuttgart, 1860.

but the sea was smooth, the wind fair, the boat as swift as a French boat can be. We reached Marseilles on the Thursday morning, in time to catch the midday mail for Paris. From the Station de Lyon we tore on the early dawn of Christmas-day to the Station du Nord, caught the tidal train, crossed from Boulogne to Folkestone, and reached London at six P.M. This was pretty quick work, for it was late on the Saturday before that we left the Piræus; we had stayed half a day at Messina on the voyage, and here we were home on the Friday at seven o'clock to dinner. These were our thoughts as we drove from London Bridge to the Broad Phylactery; but, so far as dinner was concerned, they were doomed to disappointment. We rushed up-stairs to see our babes and sucklings, and ran down again to dinner, which was there smoking on the board. Alas! of that dinner we never tasted one bit. As we came down, four steps at a time, we forgot to count them, as every one instinctively and unconsciously counts the steps of a well-known staircase; we hurled ourselves on a landing, thinking there were four more steps to come. There was a stunning baulk; something snapped in our thigh; we fell forward flat on our face, were picked up, and borne off to bed. At first we thought our thigh was broken. By the time the doctor came, torn reluctantly

from his Christmas dinner, the limb was a huge swollen mass, without a sign of knee in it. The learned man shook his head, and pinched us tenderly. "No *bone* broken," he said, "but what else may be broken is hard to say." Then philosophizing, "How could you have done it? A very strange accident; I would not have believed it." Ice, lotion, leech; lotion, leech, ice; leech, ice, lotion; so ran the round of life from day to day. In a few days we got the swelling down somewhat, and there appeared above the kneepan a sort of trough where the fibres were torn away. "Much better have broken the bone," was the wise man's remark; "it would have been the shortest in the end; three months on your back, six on crutches, and three more to get the strength again into the muscles of your leg. Just a year." "Well, but will this be a year?" "Yes, and perhaps two," was the reply from this Job's comforter. "You see, you will begin to get about, and then you will trip up and fall, and some more of the fibres will go. Besides, muscles never really unite; they fly away like an India-rubber band when it is snapped, and though something like a membrane forms, and fills up the gap, that muscle will never do a stroke of work again. What you have to do is to coax the others to take some of its work on themselves. But it takes a

long time to coax a muscle into doing what Providence never meant it to do; and while you are coaxing it, you will have another accident, and all the cure will have to begin over again." Here was a cheerful family surgeon. Do you wonder that we soon paid him his fee, and got rid of him for that day? But he spoke the truth, though, young as we were in accidents, we did not believe him. "How many times did we repeat our accident?" Well, seven times in ten months! First, we just made a little false step as we were crawling up to bed. Though the leg only slipped back one step, something went "crick" again, and in half an hour the knee was nearly as swollen as before. That little step threw us back more than a month. But that was nothing; it was a mere baby accident to the next. This was in the month of March, when we stepped upon a bit of orange-peel at night in the street, and instinctively steadying ourselves on the lame leg, it shut up very like a telescope, and falling on it, we crushed it up utterly. "Was it any pain?" Only try it. The feeling is as if all the flesh were stripped off the bones from below the knee to half-way up the thigh. When we see the lion munching the thigh-bone of a horse at the Zoological Gardens, we think of our own thigh-bone, only that, while he gnaws horse, we think of ourselves as a less

noble animal. That was fall number two. It took two months to recover from that, with this difference, that besides leech, lotion, ice, iodine was asked to assist in the after cure, and scorched and withered our unhappy joint with his burning breath. Now came fall the third, for fall follows fall in this story as Amurath used to succeed Amurath in Turkish history. We were sitting over a fire—we are sorry, for the honour of this genial climate, to add it was in the month of June—and stretching up to reach a book which lay on the mantel-shelf above our heads, we again rested ever so little on this perfidious limb. Like Egypt, that bruised reed, the thankless joint seemed to shrivel up; down we fell, and one of our hands went into the fire. So there we were; one knee as though a savage beast were rending it with his greedy teeth, and one hand well thrust forward into the fire. Talk of Daniel in the lions' den, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace! Here were we at once in the den and furnace. Now, having tried both at the same time, we say, without a spark of doubt, that we would sooner fall into the lions' jaws than into the flaming fire. Our first care, therefore, was to pluck our hand out of the fire, and put out our wrist-band, which had caught fire. After that we laid ourselves out at full length on our back on

the rug, and—fainted. When we came to ourselves there we still lay. We could neither stir hand nor foot, and there we should have lain still, had not one of those curious creatures, the British housemaid, looked in, as she said afterwards, just to see why we were so quiet. The wretch was well frightened for her pains! Away she flew and told the rest that master had gone mad, and tried to put an end to his existence by climbing up the chimney. This she said, because in our pain we had besmirched our forehead and face with the hand which had been in the fire, and was black with coal. It took us some weeks to recover from this twofold woe, and then came the unkindest stroke of all. At the end of July there was a dramatic fête at the Crystal Palace, where all the old actors and actresses assemble, all the stale jokes are let off anew, and all that is idle and stupid in London goes down to see what is called the fun. Though certainly not idle, we were among the stupid on that occasion, as the end will show. But we had the excuse which all who do a silly thing either have or make,—we were led astray. Whether this excuse does not as often mean leading, as being led, is a question we do not deign to answer. We say we were led astray. Astray in supposing we could find any amusement in such a gathering of dulness and dowdiness. But our

sin was speedily punished, and readily do we acknowledge the truth of Butler's statement, that if it were so ordained that every sin as soon as committed brought with it certain death, there would speedily be no sin : an argument very like that used by those industrious Chinese who gain their living by being substitutes for offenders sentenced to death. If every Chinaman embarked in this profession there would soon be few of them left. However that may be, our sin in being such a fool as to go to such a place was soon punished, and in a very fitting way. Vengeance overtook us in the skirts of a lady's crinoline. Awful woman, we fancy we see her now. Nearly six feet high, and stout in proportion. We are sure she was that masculine creature whose husband recently appealed to Sir James Wilde, to protect him against her cruelty. She used to thrash him by day, and tie him to the bedpost by night. The hen-pecked wretch did not dare to call his life his own. Down she bore on us with our lame leg. She was clad in an apple-green dress, over which was thrown a skyblue shawl. On her head was a yellow bonnet, with cherry-coloured ribbons. In her grasp was a tricoloured parasol, with the Italian mixture. From this we infer that she had sympathised with Garibaldi, kissed his hand, and subscribed to the various things which have been

proposed for him, none of which, strange to say, he will condescend to take. Well, down on us she bore. We were in a crowd, and between us and her were many human beings, who we vainly hoped would break the fury of her onslaught. Still she bore on, cleaving the waves of life as though they had been foam. We felt fascinated by the gorgeousness of her apparel, becalmed before her as a tiny smack just before it is run down by a three-decker. Escape was out of our power; on and on she came; frantically we moved on one side to let her pass. It was in vain, we were swept up by the rush of petticoats in her train, her iron cage caught our maimed knee, we were hurled to earth, and this monster in woman's garb passed by on her terrible way without a word of sympathy for the muscles she had torn asunder in her brutal strength. In a future state may she be a Flanders mare, and may we be the Fleming who has the driving of her! This is no doubt a very wicked wish, but it is strictly true, and in our opinion quite justifiable under the circumstances. So there we lay groaning till we were gathered up by our friends, and packed off to London to go to bed.

By the time we could get about again London was beginning to grow lazy. Tired of eating and tired of dancing; tired of Greenwich and

tired of Richmond; tired of Denmark and the Duchies; especially tired of Prussia and Austria; tired of giving advice to foreign nations which they would not take; tired in short of everything. All that every one wished was to rush out of town. But whither were we to go with a lame leg? To darling Scotland? to Skye perhaps, to row from Torrin round the point into Loch Scavaig to Camasunary, and then having seen the Coolins, to walk with plenty of food, and if need be without a guide, across the hill down into the glen, and so along it to Sligachan. Alas! we had done that walk with ease more than once, but to do it with a lame leg was out of the question. No! no man with a lame leg should dare to insult Scotland by going to see her in his sufferings. She at least has the free use of her limbs as well as of her tongue, and bids Southern cripples stay at home where crutches are cheaper than they ever can be or ought to be on the hill. Job had his comforters and so had we. We have already said that we found one in our doctor; but we had many more. "You must take great care." "If you don't mind, you'll be a cripple for life." "Bless me, how could you be so imprudent?" "When I was young, I should never have thought of such a thing." "If I were you, I would never stir

out of the house." "I once knew a man who met with an accident like yours, and it turned into a white swelling, and he had to lose his leg." "It will be a bad thing for you if this accident becomes complicated. I mean if you have gout or rheumatism in your constitution,—and really I believe every one has them,—for then your leg would get contracted and twisted, or lengthen and drag. In either case it will look very like paralysis, though of course I don't mean to say that you ever had it." Pleasant people all, immensely wise after the fact, blind leaders of the lame, ready to trip him up. All this while the summer was passing away, and still we knew not what to do. At last some one said, "Why not go to Wildbad?" Now if we have ever hated anything and looked on it as a profound humbug, it is a German bath. When a man has nothing to do it is good for him to go to a German bath; also when he has nothing the matter with him it is good for him to go to a German bath, except that going with nothing the matter with him he may be brought home in his coffin;—that is what he may get by going to a German bath. Sometimes doctors, who are, as is well known, the humanest of men, send patients who are at the last gasp to a German bath, lest they should be shocked at seeing them die before their eyes; but though

that speaks well for the doctors' hearts, it says very little for the virtue of the waters. Such wicked thoughts as these we had always cherished till some one whispered, "Why not go to Wildbad?" Now being a profound geographer, and wishing to catch our advisers, we answered sharply, "Which Wildbad?" "I only know of one Wildbad in Würtemberg in the Black Forest," was the reply. "Ignorant wretch! how can you know anything of lameness and what is good for it, when you do not know that there are three Wildbads? Suppose we go to the wrong one; suppose we get treated for scrofula or ovarian dropsy; suppose we go beguiled by you to a place where the waters may only be good for a disease which we have not got, or for a woman's disease which no man can have. Do you not know that if wrongly taken, these waters which are asserted to be homœopathic, produce the very disease in the patient which they are calculated to cure when rightly imbibed? What will you say if we come back 'a leper as white as snow,' or with our man's nature turned as far as may be into woman's nature;—in that case what revenge would be too great if wreaked on your guilty head?" Thus saying, without waiting for the reply, we turned, like Naaman the Syrian, and "went away in a rage." Yet advice is like

water, drop by drop it pierces and eats its way into the heart. Next a woman said, "Why not go to Wildbad—that will cure you." At first the voice sounded like a cuckoo set up to mock us; but we listened at last; we were ready to hear what Wildbad could do. If we were to believe all we heard, its waters could do everything, or next to everything. That was pretty well, but as we had not everything the matter with us, we wished to know whether it would knit together broken muscle. If it could do that, it was welcome to fail in every other case. So selfish does sickness make us. "Heal my knee, but let all the world be lame." "Well, it could do everything in the way of healing joints, and so it could do that. Has it ever cured any one you know?" "I can hardly answer that question, because no one is said to know himself. It has cured me, but as I do not know myself, I can't say I know any one whom Wildbad has cured." This was a delightful fallacy and thorough bit of woman's logic, quite as good in its way as man's, and so we went on. "But how does it cure them? Has the water been analysed?" Yes, but like the surgeons who dissected the corpse to look for the soul and could not find it, so the water of Wildbad refuses to give up its secret in retorts and blowpipes. It calls itself pure imponderable

water, and so it remains. Like a noble heart it will not answer to "the question." You may torture it, and boil it to death till it flies off in a rage, that is, in steam, but it keeps its character to the last, and with its last breath screams, "I am pure water, my character is above suspicion." This was all very poetical, but poetry sets no broken bones, and we revenged ourselves on our informant by muttering that it was fortunate the gender of water in German was neuter and not feminine. So much for the poetry of its character. But somehow or other a word dropped by a woman you respect is like a grain of wheat, it lies forgotten in your mind a while, but at last it begins to germinate, and as all growth is painful, it frets and worries you. Why should we believe, it is only a woman? and so the growth is stifled as a budding grain may be hidden for a while under a heap of earth. But if this be the case with one grain of advice, what is it when there is a conspiracy among your friends to sow your mind with grains of advice, and when you wake up one morning and find the chambers of your soul ringing with the words, "Why not go to Wildbad?" In that case your mind is like a field covered with sprouting ears of wheat. That crop has fairly got possession of the soil; up it must come; it is too late to sow anything else. Well for

you that friends sowed wheat and not an enemy tares. So it was with us. At last everyone said, man, woman, and child, "Why not go to Wildbad?" and as the chorus grew louder and louder, at last they changed their mode of utterance, and instead of asking, "Why don't you go to Wildbad?" they said outright, "You must go to Wildbad." To Wildbad then we resolved to go, but we must say, sorely against our will, and only out of respect to public opinion as proclaimed by the vote of our friends.

But how to go to Wildbad? for here as everywhere else in life, answering one question only begets another. To Wildbad there are two great ways, one for the wise and one for the fool. The positive fool goes to Wildbad *viâ* Ostend, and if he is a comparative fool, a very great fool, he will go from London to Antwerp; but if he is a superlative fool, the greatest fool of all, he goes from London to Rotterdam, and so up the Rhine by steamer till he comes to some port comparatively near Wildbad, and then strikes across for it. So logically certain is this connexion of folly between the Rhine and Wildbad, that it may be syllogistically stated,

> All who go to Wildbad by the Rhine are fools,
> Tom Noddy went to Wildbad by the Rhine,
> Therefore Tom Noddy is a fool.

But if the Rhine is the highway of fools to Wildbad, what is the narrow path of the wise men to the Würtemberg Bath? How silly to ask! By way of Paris of course. It is the shortest in time, cheapest in money, and pleasantest in practice. Wise men leave London from the Victoria or the Charing Cross Station, take the boat to Calais and register their baggage all the way to Paris. Leaving London at 7.30 A.M. they reach Paris at 6 P.M., and at half-past eight the mail train leaves Paris for Strasburg. You can register your baggage all the way to Wildbad, and take your fare to that place. You have no trouble either for yourself or your goods, and you will arrive at Wildbad at 3 P.M. of the second day, having left London at 7.30 A.M. of the day before. Being wise therefore we chose to go to Wildbad by Paris.

Now we have started. We got across the Channel well enough, attended by about two hundred fellow-passengers. The sea was smooth, but half-way across we came upon a little swell which exacted the customary tribute from the faint-hearted. At Calais there was the usual fussing and fuming of the French officials, who bully unhappy passengers whose luggage is not registered, by forcing them to stay behind for a slow train. But our luggage is registered; for

us the station-master has no terrors; in half an hour we are off by the fast train. We have the old quarrel with the waiter at the Amiens Buffet as to the extra centimes for potatoes and bread which he insists on making Englishmen pay; we fly past Creil, and reach Paris at 6 P.M. As we issue from the station we are hailed by shouts of "*Ohè, Lambert!*" "*Es-tu là, Lambert?*" which we cannot understand, till we are told that this is the new watchword of the *gamins*, invented for the August fêtes, meaning probably nothing but idle chaff, but which the police had twisted into the rallying cry of a widespread conspiracy. We are sick of fêtes and rejoicings since that fatal one at the Crystal Palace; nothing would induce us to assist at another till we are quite sound on our legs, so we drive at once to the Strasburg station, and there deposit our luggage and take our places all the way to Wildbad; the cost of the journey from London to Paris, first-class, food and everything included, being under six pound. But the train does not start till 8.35, and it is now barely half-past six. Would Monsieur not like to drive along the Boulevards, and so to the *Place de la Concorde*, and up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe and see the preparations for the fêtes? Not a bad notion, though the only result was a good dinner, which we got at a

café near the Arch. All the rest was the merest tawdry tinsel, only serving to disfigure the Luxor obelisk and to spoil the natural beauty of the *Place*. At eight o'clock we were back at the Strasburg station, where we were penned up with about a hundred first-class passengers in a waiting-room. This is another of those absurd French regulations by which every care is taken to cause a crush and insure, if possible, injury to the lame and weak. When the door was opened we were swept along with the tide, and thought ourselves very lucky that we reached our carriage without another fall. We were too late to get a seat with our back to the engine, but we got a middle one facing it, and so avoided the risk of losing our eye-sight by cinders. Over against us was a young Frenchman from Alsace, and along with him on his left, in the corner of the carriage, was his young and very pretty wife. On the husband's right was another Frenchman, who was chiefly remarkable for his love of pears. On our right was a man whose nationality was not at first apparent in the dusk. The seat in the corner on our left was empty, and up to the last moment it seemed likely that our party was to consist of five. Not so. Just as the train was about to move, the guard shouted, "*Par ici, Monsieur !*" and then the door was opened, a man was

bundled in, the door slammed-to on his heels, and away we went. When we say that the newcomer was a man, we mean he was a man and something more; he was a black man! Yes, a real jet-black nigger; none of your bronzed imitations of the children of Ham; no Moor, Malay, Hindoo, or Arabian. Not at all; none of these, but a real downright negro. The train went off with a jerk, for the engine was impatient at having been kept waiting for a negro, and gave a snort and a jump as it started. It was revenged, for the poor black, who had not well seated himself, was thrown into the lap of the pear-eating Frenchman, the pear was dashed against his sable visage, and the Frenchman's teeth no doubt indented his forehead. This called our attention still more to the stranger. All eyes were turned on him, and then we saw that he was attired in a sort of flowing gaberdine, and that his head was protected from concussion by an enormous white turban. The Frenchman *sacréd* and *crinon-ed* a little, and looked for an apology from Othello, but never a word of apology came. With great presence of mind, the black now took off his turban, unrolled it, and hung it up in the netting over his head. There was a short pause, while we still looked on. He then stooped down and took off his shoes. During this operation one

of his feet was lifted up, and we saw that he had no stockings. The married couple were in despair. They could not tell to what extent the disrobing process might go on. His *Beinkleider*, supposing him to speak German, might be the next article of clothing to go. It was an anxious moment of suspense, during which my doubtful neighbour on my right groaned audibly. Husband and wife looked on aghast, and the frugivorous Frenchman took out another pear. All this time his sable majesty had not condescended to speak. No one uttered a word; like six beasts of prey fallen into a pit, there we sat, cowed at each other's presence. Suddenly the negro threw himself back into the carriage, pulled up the window, which threw a bitter draught upon his ebon face, and coiled himself up to go to sleep. In a minute or two he was in the arms of Morpheus. "I'm not going to be asphyxiated for a negro," said the pear-eater, as he pushed down the glass, as soon as his *vis-à-vis* was safe.

Thus we journeyed on till we stopped at Epernay, where there was a buffet. "*Dix minutes d'arrêt,*" shouted the guard and porters, and every one woke up and rushed out. The black woke with the rest, thrust his head out of the window, and bellowed, "Hi! you sir, water, water!" So he spoke English, but it was

English with a very bad accent, and bad as it was he had a very small stock of it. Of French he was altogether guiltless, but as he continued bawling, the porters gathered round the carriage, and laughed at him with true French politeness. Now my friend on my right looked up, and in an instant his nationality was plain; "Tell you what, sirree, in my great country that darned nigger would be located in the nigger-van."

Well, we all, the Black Prince, pear-eater, new-married couple, Yankee, and ourselves, got out and went to the buffet. By this time the first-named had donned his turban and shoes, and created great sensation among the womankind. "*Tenez, Toinette, voilà le chef d'état major d'Abd-el-Kader! qui demande à boire.*" All this time the nigger stood before the young women behind the buffet, and shouted "Water!" "Water!" at the top of his voice. Then we took pity on him, though we have both *à priori* and *à posteriori* a dislike to niggers. We got him some water and some wine, and made him eat half a fowl, and changed his money for him, and saw that he was not cheated, and took him back to the carriage. So the time wore away in those disturbed fits of slumber and starts of wakefulness which make up a night on a railway. In the grey dawn we came to Nancy,

and as the lovely summer sun shone out, we were traversing the undulating fields of Alsace. Now that we were not far off Strasburg, every one began to make up for lost time and feel it his duty to talk to his neighbour. The pear-eater laid aside his pears and talked to the husband, the wife talked to the Yankee, and we to the nigger. But we could make little of him. "Water," "Sir," and "Vienna," were pretty nearly all the English he knew. By his ignorance he might have been an emissary from Abyssinia, Madagascar, or Muscat; and if diplomacy consists in the art of concealing one's meaning, he was quite successful. All he could say was that he came from England and was going to Vienna, which, he thought, was a town an hour or two from Strasburg. He had a notion, too, that he would certainly be left behind, and made us often ask the guard where the trains branched off for Vienna. At last the guard, good-humoured above the average of Frenchmen, quite lost patience. "*Il prétend qu'il est nègre, mais il ressemble beaucoup plus à un singe. J'en ai vu au Jardin des Plantes qui sont plus instruits que cet homme-là,*" and with that he slammed the carriage-door in disgust.

Meanwhile the Yankee and the wife of the husband got on pretty well. "I observe that

you grow *corn* in this country. Do you give it to your niggers?"

"No; ve gives it to our gooses," was the lady's reply in broken English, uttered in the most winning way.

"Have you heard of our great Gineral Grant, marm? I dubitate if there's air another gineral in Europe can black his shoes. He is an obstinate old child, marm, and cares nothing for human life, I expect."

No; she had heard of no American general but Butler, who "*wiped* the ladies." "That's a darned rebel lie, marm, begging your pardon. General Butler is the very height and acme of chivalry. He is a child in tenderness, and would never flog a woman, except it were a rebel."

"Then he did '*wipe*' them."

"Yes, marm, he did. Women are arretating critters in every land; but rebel and 'secesh' women whip all creation in arretation."

Just then Strasburg spire came in sight, and we all admired it, though to our eye it is not nearly so fine as Salisbury. The Yankee thought it "some tall," but asked us all if we had ever seen the Capitól at Washington, or the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo. No; none of us had seen them. "Then let me say that the architecture in our great country is as far superior to your

architecture in Europe, as Europe is inferior to our great continent."

A little more of this stuff would have bored us to death. The Yankee was going to Mannheim, and turned off a little on this side of Strasburg. So we were rid of him and his dialect. The rest of us went on to Kehl. In the morning light old Father Rhine looked kindly up at us as we crossed the railway bridge, and found ourselves on German soil.

To red-breeched French soldiers now succeeded Badish *Zollbeamter:* "Have you anything to declare; any mixed fabrics of silk and wool?" "How can I tell? I am a traveller, not a trader." The fat official thrust his hand into our portmanteau, and brought out the last number of the *North British Review.* "What's this? Oh, I see! a book in the Scotch dialect. That is not liable to duty." Our baggage past, we got into the train for Carlsruhe and Pforzheim. Here we parted with the Black Prince, who made salaams and genuflexions, and implored our good offices with the German guard. We did all we could for him, and went our way. In the train we admire the excellence of the first-class carriages, and the particularity of the regulations, which prescribe how some carriages are for smoking, some for not smoking; how it is expressly forbidden in cold weather to have

both windows open at once, and how the windward pane is always to be closed on such occasions. We had only one fellow-traveller as we glided along over the alluvial country between Kehl and Rastadt, an old French sea-dog, who had been crippled in his leg at St. Jean d'Ulloa, where the Prince de Joinville performed his great exploit of reducing the Mexicans to submission. Now he had left the service and turned tile-maker, and he was going to "*Carlrhus*," as he insisted on calling it, on business. I tried in vain to persuade him to come on to Wildbad for his leg's sake, but he spurned our advances. He had been too long lame; he had got used to it; his trusty stick was a second self; it was respectable to be lame, and to be able to say, I got this hurt fighting for France. No, he would not hear of Wildbad; but after "*Carlrhus*" he was going to England, to "Jork," to attend an agricultural show, and to get customers for his tiles. From him, too, we parted at Carlsruhe, and went on alone, as one almost always is in a first-class carriage in Southern Germany. Next time we shall be wiser, and take a mixed ticket, first from Paris to Strasburg, and second from Strasburg to Pforzheim: so shall we save money, and escape any English Müller who may lurk about German railway stations hoping to murder first-class English travellers.

At Pforzheim, at the mouth of the Enzthal, we arrived at half-past eleven A.M., and found a real old, lumbering, German *Eilwagen*, a thing so completely of the past, that it looked like an extinct saurian, a megatherium of diligences. There the monster stood with its four horses waiting for us; we were transferred to it bag and baggage, and off the relic of bygone days began to crawl.

All our life long we have hated creeping things. We are no serpent-worshippers. As a shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians so are snakes to us. Tortoises, too, we cannot away with; sluggish wretches that stick for months on the very same spot. Lizards, even the green sort, have to us something uncanny. Well do we remember, when young, the baleful race of wood-slave and slippery-back, those hideous brown and yellow lizards of the West Indies, which crawl along the ceiling, and then drop suddenly down on the dinner-table or on your head. Horrible, slimy, leprous-looking things, covered all over, like an ice-plant, with a yellow kind of animal hoar frost; combining at once every feature that can inspire loathing and disgust. For this reason we should not like to live in Virginia, which is said, on the strength of a Yankee proverb, to abound in snakes. Nor, not for a good deal, would we stand in the

shoes of that German naturalist who is to take ten years in cataloguing the undescribed snakes and serpents and reptiles kept in casks of spirits in the vaults of the British Museum. Fancy being sentenced for life to perpetual snake-servitude, and to be pointed at by the finger of scorn as the man who could so forget the awful warning of the Garden of Eden, as to consent to classify twenty thousand new kinds of serpents!

But to return from this outburst against snakes to that moral snake, the crawling *Eilwagen*. On and on it crept up the excellent road which leads to Wildbad, along the banks of the Enz. If there are still sermons in stones as well as in sticks, the macadam of the road to Wildbad ought to cry out against the *Eilwagen*. At the day when all diligences shall be judged, these stones will bear witness against the daily sloth and laziness of the wheels that so often passed over them. We are naturally impatient to reach Wildbad, which is to work such wonders on our knee, and have scarce time to remark how soon the alluvial meadows of the lower Enz pass into the wooded spurs of the Black Forest. Here, again, we have but one companion in the coupé with us,—a German professor going to Wildbad, because his doctor told him he thought it possible he might have rheumatism next year, and

who had determined to take time by the forelock, and rout the enemy even before he showed himself in the field. "But you are bent," we said; "you look rheumatic already." "Ah," answered the Professor, "that is not from disease. It comes from stooping over books during the last ten years." "Indeed, and may I ask what books, Herr Professor?" Parenthetically, we may remark that you had better call a man a fool at once in Germany as leave out the *Herr*. They are all *Herrs: Herr Badinspector, Herr Zahnarzt, Herr Schumacher, Herr Schornsteinsfeger*,—Herr Bath-inspector, Herr Dentist, Herr Shoemaker, Herr Chimney-sweeper. "What books, Herr Professor; in what branch of science?" "By profession," answered the Professor, ironing himself out by a sudden effort, and overcoming his bowbackedness,—"by profession I am a lawyer, and for the last ten years and more I have devoted myself to the question of the Schleswig-Holstein succession, and the actual and reversionary rights of the house of Glücksburg-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and its agnates. I have also considered at large the question of morganatic marriages, and the consequent *ebenbürtigkeit* or *unebenbürtigkeit* of the descendants of such alliances and their collaterals. In order to do this, it was necessary first to study the whole *Corpus Juris Civilis* from

a new point of view, and that one not contemplated by Ulpian, Caius, Tribonian, Isidore, Pancirollus, or any of the great Roman legislators and their commentators. Besides this, as there was clearly a conflict of laws between the Roman code and the codes of the Barbarians with whom morganatic marriages, or '*connubia de sinistrâ manu*' arose, it was indispensable to peruse the codes of the Franks, Goths, Allemans, and Saxons *de novo*, and to consider them with reference to the Roman law; a study the more laborious, because neither the Romans nor the Barbarians had ever the least conception or desire that their several systems of legislation should be compared and reconciled. But I flatter myself that I have not only compared but reconciled them, and at this moment I am prepared to prove and justify, either from the Pandects or from the Salic Law, the perfect right of the Duke of Augustenburg to succeed and displace the lawful and rightful heir, not only in Schleswig-Holstein, but in every other state of Germany. In conclusion, I may add, that it is these labours,—which I have embodied in a treatise which if printed would fill four folio volumes, but which I have in vain offered to an ungrateful Prussian government, and an equally ungrateful and even more unenlightened body of German publishers,—it is these literary labours,

I assert, and not at all the rheumatism, as you suppose, which have bent the sinews of my back, and sent me, another victim of Bismark's baseness, to seek relief at Wildbad." Here was a fellow-traveller worse than nigger, Yankee, pear-eater, all put together. Fancy a man flying as fast as crutches could carry him from Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish question, to meet it incarnate in the person of a German professor, and that too in a diligence, and *tête-à-tête* in a coupé.

What was to be done? We could not open the door, jump out, and escape, as we would have done in a trice had we not been lame. We have no hesitation in saying that sooner than have a *tête-à-tête* for two hours with a German professor who had written a treatise on the Duchies, we would jump out of a first-floor window, even at the risk of breaking our leg or neck. But being already lame we could do no such thing. At first we tried to say nothing, but the *sauerkraut* was in fermentation, and the professor went on fiercely demanding what we thought of his wrongs. We began to get alarmed, not so much for our life as for our minds, for even with a game leg we are quite a match for any German professor. What if he should produce one of his folio volumes from under the seat, where we had seen him thrust a heavy parcel, and read it to

us? That would have been certain death. In England the medical certificate, before the coroner, would have been "apoplexy." So we looked at him sympathetically, and asked, "Are you a good musician; can you sing?" "Yes, I have studied that too." "Well, then, so can I." Heaven forgive us for the story! for we had never sung before, nor have we sung since. "Suppose we sing '*Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen,*' which, permit me to add, has been excellently translated into English, beginning thus, 'Schleswig-Holstein ocean-girdled.' So we began; terror lent me voice, and my ear helped me. The German professor really could sing, and for a mile or two we beguiled the way and relieved our feelings by singing that famous song. For our own part, we would much sooner have sung the Danish camp song, "*Den tappre Landsoldat,*" but that would have been like holding up red cloth to a bull, and as my sole wish was to pacify the professor and get rid of him, I did nothing of the kind.

At last, after baiting our sluggish horses at *Neuenburg*, we passed the village of *Calmbach*, and were within three miles of Wildbad. In another half-hour, our pace having been about five miles an hour, we reached Wildbad. The *Schwager* cracked his whip like a succession of

pistol shots; the cumbrous *Eilwagen* groaned and quaked as it rattled along the single street. We reached the square round which the Baths and chief hotels stand. Here was our hostelry, the Bear, better known as Klumpp's Hotel. We were safe at our journey's end.

There is a great comfort in being like all the rest of the world. The French say, "*Au Royaume des Aveugles le borgne est roi.*" So he might be, and yet have a very troublesome time of it. Fancy a whole kingdom of blind buzzards, how jealous they would be of their one-eyed sovereign! How they would rise against him, as blind people have often risen, not only against one-eyed, but also against foresighted kings, and roll him and his crown in the dust! Far better is the story of the straight-legged man who came to a country where all the inhabitants had bandy legs. "Why!" he said, "you are all bow-legged." "Bow-legged!" exclaimed public opinion; "why, it is you that are bow-legged. We are straight-legged, for what you call 'bandy,' we call 'straight.'" Now that man was a wise man, and a brave man too. He went and got one of his legs broken, and had it set by one of the best surgeons in the land, who, of course, set it all askew after the fashion of their surgery. When he next appeared in public, he had a beautiful *bandy-leg*. All the ladies looked at him as he

passed by, and cried out, "Here comes the man with such straight legs." He married an heiress with the bandiest legs and the biggest fortune in all that land. He had the loveliest bandy-legged children; and when he died, his effigy was carved on a slab over his tomb with a turnspit crouched between the bow legs of his master. Yes! the worst thing that can befall a man is to be before his time and nation.

Every one sees, therefore, what a comfort it is to be like other people, and this is the reason why all cripples should go to Wildbad. Even if the waters do not heal you, you are like the rest of the world. At Wildbad no one ever thinks of saying, "Who is that very lame man?" or "How lame you are!" because there is nothing remarkable in lameness at Wildbad. Every one is expected to be lame, and crutches are not the exception, but the rule. On the contrary, you often hear, "Who is that young man who walks without a limp?" "As for that young lady, I have never once seen her on crutches." "Does she never go about in a bath-chair?" "I met a man and his wife to-day walking uphill with the greatest ease." Such sentences, and many more like them, are in every one's mouth, and show how consoling it is for a cripple to have every one a cripple like himself; like that Eastern despot who lost his leg in battle, and then had all

his slaves' legs cut off, that he might not be remarkable. No lame man, from Byron downwards, has ever liked to be pointed at for his infirmity, and that is why Wildbad is so comforting. You have abundance of fellow-sufferers. No one says, "Look, yonder goes a lame man."

We were met at the door of the Bear by the smiling face of Mr. Klumpp, the least like a bear of any hotel-keeper we have ever seen; and behind him was the comely form and face of Mrs. Klumpp, his mother, and those of her well-grown daughters. Here we parted from the professor, who went off with his learned treatise and a small carpet-bag to a private lodging. As for ourselves, we ascended to our room on the first floor. Our first question showed a right frame of mind, and proved that we were in charity with all men. "When is the *table d'hôte?*" "At five." It was then three. "We will dine then. Meantime, please to send us the doctor." In due time the doctor came. When we told him what ailed us, he would at first scarcely believe the muscle was broken. "*Das ist eine sehr seltene Krankheit.*" But, rare or not, there it was, and he confessed our story was true. "Yes, the muscle is gone, but I think Wildbad water will set you right, or at least, make you much better; I have only had, I think, six such cases out of

many thousands. When will you begin the baths?" There are a set of people who never do anything in a hurry, though there are many things in life which are not only better done, but which can only be done in a hurry. Beefsteaks, woodcocks, and omelettes, are all cases in point, and getting well and being cured is another. As we came to Wildbad to get well, and as we could not get well without taking the baths, we answered the doctor's question with great boldness: "At once." "Some persons have thought," he went on, "that a period of rest and repose after a long journey like yours, is a necessary preparatory step before taking our baths. Our water is not to be trifled with, and if a man steps into these healing springs without deliberation, and with his blood in a state of fermentation, they often revenge themselves on the rash adventurer by apoplexy, delirium, and even death. But you can begin to-morrow if you like."

"We will begin to-morrow morning," we said. "What is the best hour?" "The earlier the better; you can bathe from six to seven, or from eight to nine A.M." Now, we are not early risers when at home in England. "From six to seven, or from eight to nine A.M.," conveys no distinct idea to our minds; with us in our native land those hours are wrapped in Cimmerian mist;

when at home we are always abed and asleep at those hours;—far away in Dreamland and the Realm of Nod; riding on camels in Arabia; dropping down the Tigris in a boat rowed by the good Haroun Al Raschid, and steered by the Poet-Laureate; standing by at Aleppo while Othello caught the uncircumcised dog by the throat, and ready to bail him out of the clutches of the Moslem police; frozen up with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, waiting for the Great Day when all secrets shall see the light; sometimes even with Mr. Briggs in the railway-carriage, and ready to identify Müller as the murderer. We are anywhere and everywhere in the universe, past, present, and to come, between those hours, but awake and fit for bathing we are not.

It seemed a bold undertaking, but we said, "We will begin to-morrow, and bathe from eight to nine." After that we took leave of the doctor with many bows and compliments, and began to think it was time for dinner. Ah! there goes the bell; welcome sound! As for diet both the doctor and the Guide say all who bathe must live generously, and only take care they don't overeat themselves. We have never overeaten ourselves since we were babes, and we don't mean to begin such piggish tricks now; but for all that we are ready for our

dinner, for we have not had a morsel since we had our coffee at Kehl about eight A.M.

Down we went to the *salle à manger* at the proper time, and found it filled with a great company of cripples of all ages and countries. There were English marquesses and privy-councillors; Russian princes, generals, and financiers; French counts, barons, and wine-merchants; Polish traitors and exiles; and German ministers, bureaucrats, and professors. There was a Babel of tongues, and consequent confusion of speech. Jews, Russians, Poles, English, French, Germans, and Professors, all speaking at once, and praising or blaming their food in the particular tongue in which they were born. There was no grace said, save silently. Some *hors-d'œuvre* like a herring salad was served instead of it. Curious it was to see how nationalities herded together over their food, just as we have remarked at the Zoological Gardens that the red-faced monkeys are huddled together over their carrots, and how the little monkeys consort in bands, while some great dog-headed baboon, or white-bearded ape sits alone in his glory, as though he were the Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury at the very least. So here the lesser English, Russians, French, and Germans clung together and conversed over their food, chattering and jabbering in a way to

put the monkeys aforesaid out of countenance. But the greater lights, the "awful swells," as our rising generation would call them, sat apart in their glory, scarcely deigning to utter anything save "yes" or "no" when addressed by any one, except the everlasting waiter. The greatest swell, and most lonely of all, was of course a Russian Prince. He had got so much in the habit of being alone, his nearest neighbour in what is playfully called Little Russia being four hundred miles off, that he had few opportunities of conversation, and had almost forgotten how to speak in society. Of course, there were many "souls" on his enormous estates, but they were not souls with whom he could converse. Besides, it was whispered that he had the "ringworm;" that was why he came to Wildbad. So there he sat, with his dignity and his disease, giving a wide berth to all the world, a compliment which it was not slow to return. But he had his match in a Prussian Princess, who was too proud even to be seen at the *table d'hôte*, who used to beat her maid, and who would not allow her servants to speak to her children lest they should be spoiled by the accents of menials. Wretched woman; a pretty life she led herself and all around her. Then there was an English Lord who never would speak to any one to whom he had not been

introduced in England. His first inquiry about any one was, "Has he been presented at Court?" Poor man; as many of the best people in Wildbad had not been presented, and as nobody cared to be introduced to him who was worth knowing, either in England or elsewhere, he lost some very good company, and, on the whole, led rather a dull, stiff life. He was always starched with the Queen's own starch; he had never been rough-dried in his life, but had lived in purple and fine linen. For ourselves, we have been presented at home and abroad; been good friends with kings when kings have been good fellows as well as kings; and having no fear, we would even have changed hats with Prince Ringwormowski, if he would have let us, but he would not. So, too, we would have shaken hands with the English Lord if he could have made up his mind to be introduced to us, and been on the best terms with that Prussian Princess, who was always ringing for her maid in order to beat her, if she would have ceased her cruelty and been open to conviction; but as they would not, what could be done, except to leave Prince Ringwormowski, Lord Antechambers, and Princess Ohr-Feige to their own hearts' desire, and, so far as we were concerned, to find comfort elsewhere?

But our style is all digression; it is a trunk

line with junctions at every mile; or again, it is like the drover who, coming home from Falkirk Tryst, where he had been benighted drinking the health of Robbie Burns, walked over one sheepfold after the other all across the muir, and when asked what he thought of the way, answered "The way is a guid way eneugh, but there are uncomony yetts on 't." Besides these "swells," and others too heavy to name, there were many very pleasant people at the *table d'hôte;* and besides, we were next to dear friends of our own, without whose company and countenance we should have fared badly at Wildbad. We spare our readers the bill of fare; let it be enough to say that it contained soup, fish, flesh, and fowl of all kinds and shapes, excellently served and very cheap for England, though somewhat dearer than is usual in Germany. But this is quite fair, for almost everything worth eating has to be brought from far to Wildbad at great cost, and therefore all cripples who sit at Mr. Klumpp's table ought to pay their bills cheerfully, and thank him for giving them good food and excellent lodging, at such small increase of prices on the ordinary German tariff. What one may fairly complain of in an inn-keeper's bill, is when bad things are charged dear. For good fare and good service, especially in an out-of-the-way valley in

the Black Forest, where the season lasts only three or four months, no one need grumble at the demands of "the Bear."

When dinner was over, our friends took us off for a walk. One of them was lame and had to go in a chair pushed from behind, a sort of adult perambulator, only the third wheel is behind instead of before. The other was sound. We limped along by the help of a stick. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge at the back of the hotel, and walked up along the bank of the Enz to the public walks, which are thickly planted with a grove of trees, and afford most welcome shade. Every now and then one comes to rustic seats and resting-places, and farther on among the shade is a wooden theatre and a coffee-house, whither about mid-day all the rank and fashion of Wildbad flock to escape the stifling heat, for the valley, beautiful as it is, is rather close in July and August. The grove stretches along the river for about half an English mile. Then the plantings cease; the river runs through sloping meadows as the hills open out and recede on either side. At this point you have passed out of the sweltering valley of despair and are able to breathe again. A little farther up, beyond the meadows, the hills hem the valley in again at a farm called the *Windhof*, which is the *Ultima Thule* of Wildbad pedes-

trians. Most cripples only try their crutches as far as the end of the grove. Some more adventurous have been known to limp as far as the *Windhof*, but in general the journey thither is performed in *rollsessels* or roll-chairs, the kind of perambulator we have mentioned, which is pushed from behind. It must strike any visitor as strange that there are no mules or donkeys in Wildbad, and therefore no mule or donkey carriages. The people say forage is scarce, and that mules and donkeys would eat the hay which the cows should have; but the fact is, the *rollsessel* interest is very strong in Wildbad. What would become of all the able-bodied men who now push perambulators, if mules and asses were to supply their place? So there are plenty of men to push behind, and no asses to drag before, though the less noble animal would be a great boon to invalids. When the man who pushes you is stupid, he is no better than an ass, and when he is clever, he listens to all you have to say, and is worse than an ass. Anyway an ass would be better; for though asses are like little pitchers and have long ears, they tell no tales, and any one may converse before them without inconvenience. It may be said that an ass might run away with you and kill you, and so might the man who pushes behind push you into the river and kill you.

He may be a Schwartzwald Müller with an ungovernable desire to rid the world of a wretched cripple like you. He may feel it his duty to throttle you like a Thug from behind. Again, if you are angry with him, you cannot ease your mind by patting him as every right-minded person would behave by a donkey who aggravated him. If these remarks are not strong enough to crush the *rollsessel* interest in Wildbad, we give it up. We have no time for further argument on this point.

By the time we had limped in the cool of the evening to the end of the grove, and taken a sniff or two of fresh air in the open fields toward the *Windhof*, night began to fall, as it always does, very soon in these hill-locked valleys. From the damp soil, saturated with the thousand artificial rills led down the hill-sides and slopes to irrigate the meadows, a dense mist rose; it was time to turn back unless rheumatism was to be added to our other ills.

Nor were we sorry to get back to the hotel, for what with the Black Prince and the Yankee, we had little rest the night before, and we felt that Willy Winkie was waiting for us. To bed then we went betimes, and slept the slumber of the weary till the dawn. As we lay awake in bed wondering what the baths would be like, the clock struck seven, and a peal of music burst on

our ear. This was the band which, led by a most able Capelmeister, Herr Kuhn, plays twice a day for an hour on the *Kurplatz*, close to the baths, and in front of the hotels. To those who hate music and dislike to be awakened early, this morning serenade may be a bore; for ourselves, the music was so good, and we had to get up so early, that we liked the band immensely, and certainly we should often have been too late for our bath had the band ceased to play. The doctor had got us a ticket to start with, so we dressed ourselves lightly, and stepped across the street to the Baths, where we were received most heartily by an attendant in buff linen, a very good fellow, who waited on us faithfully all our bathing time. The first question he asks is, "How long is it your pleasure to stay in the bath?" We forgot to say that on this point we had a battle with our doctor. We knew that the ordinary Englishman is supposed to be able to stay in the bath an hour, or about twice as long as an ordinary Frenchman, or any other man. What had been our astonishment therefore to find that our doctor was bent on allowing us to stay in only a quarter of an hour! "Why, only a quarter of an hour; when Mr. A. and Mrs. B., our friends, stay in an hour or more!" "Because they are strong, and you are weak," was the reply of the

doctor. "*Sie sind fein und zart gebaut wie ein Deutscher.*" That was past bearing. We are finely and slightly made it is true; but we have endured toils under which many another man would have sunk; been out in all weathers, at all seasons, without feeling it; in a word, never sick nor sorry till we broke this muscle, and then to come to Wildbad and to be told one was weak and unable to bear a bath of ninety-two degrees for more than a quarter of an hour! We were getting in a rage, we suppose, for the good doctor compromised the matter by saying, "Well! stay in five-and-twenty minutes, and then tell me how you like it. Perhaps you are as strong as the rest of your countrymen, though I doubt it. Remember, too, that though our waters are pure and bright, they must not be trifled with. They have healed many who treated them with respect, but others who were rash and silly, who played tricks with themselves in short, have rued it to their bitter cost." It was quite impossible to be angry with a man who spoke so sensibly and so feelingly, so we met him half-way, promised to tell him how we liked the baths, and parted the best of friends.

But to come back to the attendant in buff linen, who stands there expecting an answer to his question, "How long is it your pleasure to stay in the bath?" "Five-and-twenty minutes."

"In five-and-twenty minutes I shall come and help you out, meantime farewell, and may you have a pleasant bath." We ought to have said that there are Princes' baths, in which the "awful swells" bathe in great state, for which they have the privilege of paying about three times as much as the baser herd. Sometimes two of these "transparencies" bathe together, and then it comes easier to them. Besides these, there are separate baths in which you bathe alone, like this of ours; and there are baths where several persons bathe in common. In some cases the private baths are close to these common baths, and you may hear every word that is spoken. Once when we sneezed in our private bath, half-a-dozen voices from the public bath cried out in chorus, "God bless you!"

So here we are in the act of stripping off our things, sitting on the floor of the dressing-closet, and wondering what the bath will be like. In a minute or two we are ready; we throw open the door and crawl down the steps that lead into the water, like a frozen fly stretching its legs in November. As we gaze down into the water we see it bubbling up with countless beads of gas out of the red sand at the bottom of the bath. Now one foot, now both are in; now we stoop down in a sitting posture, and throw our heads back and our feet forward.

The water is about two and a half feet deep, and very buoyant. The great art of bathing is to be as still as possible, and to keep as much of your body as you can under water. The Cassmajors, those friends of the lamented Mrs. Nickleby, who used to hold their heads under boiling water for ten minutes at a time, would have been quite in their element here. Before going to Wildbad, a cripple ought to take a few lessons from the hippopotamus, and learn how to lie with only his nose out of the water. But behold us immersed fairly up to the eyes and nose in hot water, resting on our haunches, and buoyed up in our upper regions just below the surface of the water. What was the sensation? One of perfect rest and comfort; and then the water is so soft, and it makes the skin so sleek and glossy. There you lie and dream your time away. Before we could have thought it possible, a gentle tap came to the door of the bath. "Be so good as to step out," murmured the man in buff linen. "Your twenty-five minutes are up." The clock above our heads told us he was right, though we could scarcely believe that minutes could fly so fast. Up we raised ourselves, and crawled up the steps again. The attendant closed the door behind us, and at the same moment drew over us, from head to foot, a huge towel, which he brought with him warm from

a steam closet, and gently rubbed us down. After that he wrapped us tenderly up in it, gave us two other smaller towels, equally warm, and withdrew in a benignant manner, again hoping that our bath would do us good. We finished our rubbing, put on our clothes, and went away feeling all the better.

It was a lovely morning, the sun was shining brightly, so we thought we would just take a turn before breakfast, and made for the walks, where we limped about among the trees for half an hour as fast as we could. Then we thought it time for breakfast, and turned towards our hotel. As we came near it, we met the doctor. "Good morning." "Good morning." "You have been too late to take your bath to-day, after all," he said. "Not at all; I took it half an hour ago." "And where have you been since?" "Out for a walk." "Out for a walk! my dear sir, if you walk in this way, we shall soon have to walk after you in gloomy file. Do you not know that exercise after the bath is strictly forbidden—not indeed by the law, though I wish it were, but both by the Faculty and common-sense?" "By the Faculty, I daresay, but why by common-sense? and why did you not tell me not to walk after the bath?" "I suppose I have said it so often to others that I forgot to say it to you. The reason is, that the

action of the bath on the system is to promote rapid circulation of the blood over all the body, but especially in the part affected. It is necessary that this circulation should be kept up as long as possible, and this is best done by going to bed for an hour after the bath, during which time we recommend our patients to do nothing. Thus we neither allow them to walk, nor to read, nor to write, nor to eat, nor to drink. They are not to excite or disturb themselves in any way. Still less do we suffer them to go to sleep. What we wish them to do is simply to do nothing, to throw themselves into that dull, listless state which the Turks call *Kief*, which consists almost entirely in negation, and has neither active nor passive in its nature. But I have got to see my other patients. Go on with your baths, but pray go to bed for an hour after them, and mind and do what I say."

So there I was, left like the alligator described by the showman, who died on land, and couldn't live in the water; or like the Megarians in Aristophanes, when the Athenians decreed that they should exist neither on sea nor on land, neither on continent nor on island, neither upon the earth nor beneath it. How was I ever to go to bed, and neither sleep, eat, drink, talk, read, or think? At any rate, it occurred to me that it was too late to begin a course of Kief that

morning, so I went into the coffee-room and called for my breakfast.

At a round table near me were a lot of French wine-merchants from Rheims, men and women together. They ate and chattered, and chattered and ate, till the room rung with the sound of their voices and the champing of their teeth. In one corner sat a lady of a certain age, with a magnificent head of brown hair. It looked like ivy on a ruin; one forgave the ruin for the sake of the parasite. In another corner, far apart from vulgar men, sat Prince Ringwormowski. He was so both by name and nature. The first Ringwormowski made his way by night into the Tartar tents, when the Golden Horde held the Russians in subjection. He slew the Khan with a golden rolling-pin, and carried off his cap of Astrakhan sheepskin in triumph, and as a token that the deed was done. In his pride he put the cap on his own head, which he ought to have given to the Czar, the descendant of Rurik, his lord and master. That pride soon met with a fall. In that furry cap lurked the ringworm of a thousand years. He caught the inveterate disease, which clung to him and his children for ever. In vain the Czar presented him with the golden rolling-pin and the fatal cap, with his imperial leave to use them as an augmentation to his family arms; in vain

did he change his name from Wormowski to Ringwormowski; in vain did he make him a prince, and give him hundreds of square miles and thousands of souls in Little Russia. It was all no use. No titles and no coats-of-arms, no lands and no serfs could extirpate that rooted Tartar tetter. There he sat, Prince Ringwormowski of that Ilk; the only original, hereditary Ringworm, whose supporters are two Tartars, both wearing Astrakhan caps proper. His motto runs thus—"ORIGO PORRIGO."

After doing all homage to the prince and his misfortunes, my eyes fell on the German Professor, who was making a frugal meal of coffee and rusks, and eagerly devouring the *Schleswiger-Lüge*, which contained ten columns of the insults and oppressions still offered by the Danes all over the Duchies to their German conquerors. "Pray," we asked him, "have you begun your baths?" "Yes, I began them this morning. In my excited state of mind the Faculty would only allow me to stay in five minutes, and even then the irritation of the water was so great that I was forced to go to bed for an hour." "And may I ask what you did to soothe your mind?" "Certainly; I read the first chapter of my immortal Treatise on the Law of Marriage before the Flood. It always has a soothing effect on me, and in five minutes

I was fast asleep." "Here is one, at least, as utterly unable to keep the commandment as we shall be," we said to ourselves, as we finished our breakfast and went out of doors.

Our first crawl was to the Bureau, where tickets must be got for the baths. This, as most other things in Germany, is a State affair. The Baths and the Bath Hotel were built by the State at a cost of more than £100,000. If we spent the same sum to a good purpose in England it would be well, for the style, arrangement, and fitness of all those buildings are excellent, and reflect the utmost credit on the architect, Thouret, by whom they were built about twenty years ago. On presenting ourselves at the Bureau, in which the telegraph also abides, the Herr Oberbad-Cassier mistook us for a German, and asked somewhat gruffly, "*Mein Herr, haben sie das sogenannte Abwaschbad genommen, welches jeder Badgast ehe er sein kur beginnt, zu nehmen hat?*" "Have you, sir, taken the so-called 'cleansing bath' which every bather is bound to take before he begins his course?" No! we had not, we had never heard of such a thing; and then our face grew red as we thought of our big sponge and our towels and our tub at home, and how cleanliness is now before godliness, not merely next to it, in a Briton's heart. "Then, I'm very sorry, but you cannot

have your tickets till you produce your certificate of cleanliness, *reinigungsschein.*" We were turning to go away and demand an explanation from our doctor, when the Herr Oberbad-Cassier called out to us, "*Aber sie sind vielleicht ein Engländer.*" "But perhaps you are an Englishman, in that case no certificate of cleanliness is required. All Englishmen, male and female, young and old, are for the purposes of this establishment considered clean. All your countrymen, unless they come here with manifest and open wounds about them, have a clean bill of health. Here are your tickets, the price is forty-eight kreutzers each." We took up our tickets and departed, reflecting much on the proud position which Britons hold at Wildbad, where even police regulations yield before them, and more and more convinced what a grand institution "tubbing" is, and how surely, like the French Revolution, it will make the round of the world. A year or two ago we found it in Norway, and here it was recognised in Würtemberg. We took our leave of the Herr Oberbad-Cassier with great respect and politeness, but this cleansing bath, "*Abwaschbad,*" or "*Bain de propreté,*" sometimes makes him pass an unhappy quarter of an hour with enraged Englishmen, who have been told it is necessary. Even during our course at Wildbad, the awful

Herr Oberbad-Cassier was bearded in his official den by an enraged British lioness, who went thither to have it out with him, and to ease her mind by an outbreak on the iniquity of regulations so insulting to the notions of a British woman.

Having got our tickets, we crossed the bridge and walked along the promenade in front of the Bellevue Hotel, passed a row of booths like those at most German baths, where wood and ivory work and Black Forest clocks, and walking-sticks, and onyx chains, and imitation amber, and Tyrolese gloves are exposed for sale. We soon reached the welcome shade of the grove, and sat down on a bench, glad to escape the mid-day August sun. The Enz ran brawling by over its sandstone bed, a lovely stream, in which lie trout and grayling enough to gladden the Laureate's heart, and make him write a new song in praise of the noisy river and its pure water. We thought the stream was fuller than it had looked the night before, but there had been no rain. Minute after minute it grew louder and louder. At last it got muddy and was covered with chips. Something was the matter with the stream. It had got a surfeit and was swollen all over. The chips, we thought, looked like a rash or eruption on its bright face. "What can have got into the river?" we

asked ourselves; "can it have had a sunstroke?" Presently we saw people running through the grove above us, and then knots of cripples rested on their crutches, or bade their push-behinds cease their efforts. It was clear that something was coming down the stream, but what it was we could not make out. "What is the matter?" we asked of a tall "Black Forester" in long boots, who was rushing by, axe in hand: "*Wos giebts? Gott in Himmel wissen sie dos nit. Das wosser ist seit gestern oben gespannt, heute morgen ist es losgelossen, and eben kummt der Flös.*" Here was the key to all this excitement. A raft of timber was coming down the stream, which is dammed up to secure a sufficient rush of water to float the spars over the rocks and shallows of the Enz. Here were the first beginnings of one of these enormous Rhine rafts which one meets all the way from Rotterdam to Mannheim. From the great Enz and the little Enz, from the Neckar till it reaches the Rhine, so grows the raft bigger and bigger till it comes to woodless Holland. As we thought, the water grew gurlier and gurlier, the chips whirled in eddies on its surface, and were now mixed with broken logs of wood. At last the nose of the raft turned a corner of the winding stream guided by a trusty lumberer, as he would be called in Canada, with a long pole, and wearing

long boots. Behind him were others clad and armed in the same way. Their duty was to fend the leading raft, to which many others were attached, off from the rocks with which the upper Enz abounds; to turn its nose round corners, and coax it through swirls and eddies. It is hard work and sometimes dangerous. The spars in each section of the raft are from sixty to one hundred feet long, bound about twenty together. After these come another section of twenty, and another and another, till the whole moving mass is several hundred feet long. A good raft may well have twenty or thirty sections. Each spar is bound to its neighbours, and each section is bound to the one that follows it with twisted willow-bands which answer the purpose for which they are designed remarkably well. The great danger to a raft is one of the same kind as that which happens when ice breaks up on a river. The foremost raft hitches and sticks, the rest are borne down on it and packed on it; in this case the lumberers might be swept off or crushed, but such a mishap very seldom occurs. Danger or no, some of our countrymen and women thought there could be none on this occasion, for towards the end of the long line of spars which came surging down the shallow stream, creaking and groaning as they went, were a chosen band of British visitors

to the baths, driven by the dulness of the place to try a new excitement by coming down as *radoteurs*,—a part which we are willing to admit they performed quite as well on land as on water. They needed to give us no fresh proof of their powers in that line.

So the day wore away; but the visitor who expects to see a raft every day at Wildbad will reckon without his host. He must have other resources in himself, or he will find it rather dull. This, be it remembered, is strictly a bath for curing cripples. Other places may boast their hells and gaming-tables, which eke out the virtues of their waters by pandering to the vices of their visitors. Wildbad has but one leg to stand on; but she stands better on that than Baden or Homburg on two. She cures cripples, and has no after-thoughts on their pockets; they pretend to cure livers, but in reality cut purses. Let the cured cripple and the ruined gamester decide which bath best fulfils the promises it holds out.

At last came the time for the *table-d'hôte*. At a little after five we were all in our places. There was Ringwormowski in his solitude at the top of the table; there the rest of the Russians, many of them very pleasant; there the French wine-merchants as noisy as ever, men and women alike. Here the English; there the

Germans. On the whole, after the food—which at Wildbad calls for no other remark except that passed on the days of creation in Genesis, for it is all "very good;"—after the food, what strikes us most is the dexterity with which almost all the guests, except the English, who are very behindhand in this respect, perform the sword exercise. We have done our soup, and are hard at our fish,—trouts done "blue," after a well-known fashion, and served with Dutch sauce. You have been spited by the Kellner, whom you have perhaps not saluted that day, taking off your hat and calling him "*Herr Ober-Kellner.*" You have been spited, and only had a little piece. Your plate has been snatched away, and you turn to look about you. Now "eyes right," "eyes left;" look where you will along the file of fish-eaters at either side of the table. Do they eat their fish like Christians, with a fork? Not at all. Do they eat it with two forks? Still less. Their mode of eating is puzzling. They eat their sauce with their forks, and their fish with their knives; bit after bit, with awful dexterity they raise on their sharp knives and thrust into their mouth, often sucking the steel with greedy daring. As the ignorant islanders looked to see St. Paul fall dead after shaking off the serpent, so we look on to see at least one tongue fall into the plate of some of these knife-suckers.

But it is not to be. A man went every night to see Van Amburgh perform, hoping night by night to see him eaten up by the lions. It cost him hundreds of pounds, and yet after all he was disappointed. So we at Wildbad sat day by day expecting to see some of our neighbours do themselves grievous harm in the region of the mouth by this daily sword exercise; but we went away more and more convinced, not only that practice makes perfect, but that at a German *table d'hôte* you will find the best knife-jugglers in all the world.

Over against us sat for some time a German couple, a *Herr Oberrath* and a *Frau Oberräthinn* from Pomerania. We do not know what this most respectable pair called themselves at home, but here we called them the Wolf and the Vulture. The Oberrath was a long gaunt man with a cunning look, and when he opened his mouth and showed his tusks, he had a greedy, cruel, wolfish look. He was a good trencherman, and in that respect a wolf too. His wife was a majestic beetle-browed woman, with a face like that of the condor, and a very long neck; her head was slightly bald, which added to the illusion. We may say at once that we are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. Whether we got it from studying Sanscrit we know not, but nothing will either shake our faith in this

doctrine in the abstract, nor overthrow our experience in the concrete; we believe in it both by the inductive and deductive process, and all analysis, theory, and doctrine, whether of averages or anything else, only strengthens our conviction. No one will ever convince us that the Oberrath sitting face to face to us, and performing the sword exercise with a dexterity that made all the English tremble, had not been a wolf in a former state of existence. His great-great-grandmother, ever so many generations back, may have suckled Romulus and Remus, and his tenth cousin twenty times removed may have been the very wolf that Gellert's dog slew. These things may or may not be, but this man had wolf on every line of his face, and for all we know, he may still turn into a wolf at night, and roam through the Black Forest from midnight to dawn in quest of prey. It is true that he would find very little prey in the Schwartzwald; a more gameless forest does not exist. But that fact would only make him worse. Though there is no game, there are many foresters who are supposed to take care of it. Who can tell how many of these foresters, believed to have made away with themselves in the wild wood for very idleness, may not have been worried unbeknown to any one by *Herr Oberrath Wolff?* His wife, too, feeling herself lonely at

his absence in her night-watches, probably follows his lead, and becomes a vulture, or hen-harrier, *hühnerwischer*. When the gudewives of the Schwartzwald wake up at early dawn, and weep for their chickens, they little know that *Frau Oberräthinn Condor* has been hovering over their hen-roosts while they were warm asleep, and has carried them off for her breakfast. It is no answer to this theory, that the bodies of the night-ranging pair might be seen by the Boots or Marie, seemingly locked in each other's arms, when they went into their room by mistake before the sun was up. It is well known, that while the soul flits away on these unholy errands, its body, packing-case, cabin, coffin, call it what you will, remains behind, with a slight spark of life in it just to keep the fuel of existence alight till it is stirred by the return of the soul. There it lies and simmers while the soul is away in hot pursuit; but the water will boil, and even boil over when the soul comes back to it with the sun. How can all this be tested? Very easily, except for the consequences, which might be looked on as unpleasant. All you have to do is to rush into the bedroom of the Wolf and Vulture, drag them out of bed, never heeding their groans, then hurry them down-stairs, and throw them into a huge fire in the court-yard, which the cook in the interests

of science will have ready for you, keeping them there till it burn the lifeless trunks and hulls of the absent souls to white ashes. When the souls return, which they will do, whisking into the room in the shape of wolf and vulture, they will not be able to retake their human shapes, and will the one fly, and the other jump out of the window with a deep wail. Thus you will both get rid of Wolf and Vulture at the *table d'hôte*, and also have performed a philosophical experiment of the deepest interest. You will have your reward. "But," you say, "I should be hanged for it, or be decapitated with a sword." "Very probably. You would be another martyr to science, unless you could bring the judge and jury round to our theory. But as for ourselves, we have both uttered our opinion and shown you how to test it; the rest is in your own hands. Besides, nowadays, you can make a judge and jury and the Home Secretary believe anything. Look at Madeline Smith and Jessie M'Lachlan, not to mention Townley, and the German Legal Protection Society, which might be called the Society for Hanging Müller. Take courage, then, and apply the test of fire to this German pair; but don't make us accessories before the fact."

Setting aside the sword exercise, there was little worth noting at the dinner. As soon as

it was over, we went with our friends to the daily parade of the halt, the lame, and the blind; to the review of the Wildbad's Own Regiment of Cripples, which takes place after dinner on the Kurplatz. It is the band that draws us all thither, and there we go as lame as a tree, limping and leaning on a stick. But our case is nothing. All along we felt ourselves rather an impostor among so many worse cases. Here they are in rows and ranks. First come the soldiers, men of all nations, who have fought in all lands for all causes. Ghastly trophies of what war can make of a man. Here is an Englishman, torn with shot, which has touched his spine, paralysed his frame, and twisted his legs; he can just creep along between two men. He got his hurt in the trenches before Sebastopol, fighting for the Sick Man. Next comes one on the other side. Behold him blind and tottering, walking along like Elymas the Sorcerer feeling his way in Raphael's Cartoon. He was at first God's creature, a tall and proper man. We English made him what he is, fighting for the Turk. How do we like our handiwork? and how well we know how to shape ourselves and others! His story is soon told. A Russian officer of artillery, he was standing on the works before Sebastopol, when a 9-inch shell from an English battery burst close to him. He

was hurled down, and buried for a while in sand and earth. When they dug him out he was blind and palsied. Here he hirples about with his wife and babes, a woful example of the practical working of war. There are other soldiers—Poles and Russians, and Frenchmen and English—with bullets in various parts of them; balls in the knee-joints, balls in the ankle, balls in the chest, balls lodged near the spine, all agonizing and hard to heal; but we have had enough of soldiery. Here in a *rollsessel* comes a lovely young woman, paralyzed from the waist down. Poor thing, a house fell on her and crushed her, and this is what she has come to. Next comes the king of Wildbad; king because he is perhaps the worst cripple here. But this, like all free communities, is an elective, not an hereditary monarchy, and he that is king to-day may be deposed and forced to abdicate by a greater cripple to-morrow. Meantime he is our king. Poor potentate! if agonies can make him our chief he is *facile princeps*. No one is more neuralgic. All round his brow sharp pangs have eaten into him with their bitter teeth. He has gout in the hands, and in the feet, and in the knees. His joints are stiff, his feet doubled up on the ankle. He is gout within and neuralgia without. Sometimes he disappears for days, and holds his court in bed; but when he is very

well, he crawls out here into the sunshine after dinner. This is one of his bright days. All hail, therefore, great King of the Cripples!

Is there no queen? Yes, there is; for Wildbad is like Japan, there are two rulers, one temporal and one spiritual. Our temporal ruler is our king. There is nothing very attractive about him but his sufferings, for which his meanest subject must pity him. From him no one looks for pity. He growls at us and passes by. But with our queen it is quite another thing. She is our spiritual ruler, and though she suffers much, she is never so suffering that she cannot sympathize with every one else. I need not say that, chosen by election, she is not married to the king. In fact, they have nothing in common except lameness. As to society, the king might die, and we might elect another; or we might choose to be a republic. There might be no one cripple of such commanding cripplehood as to carry all votes with him by a show of legs, each man holding up his crutch or his wooden leg in token of assent. Then we should all be equals, and should limp on without a king till a greater cripple than the rest came among us, as the French did after 1848, till Louis Napoleon came. But society would fare badly without our queen. She would be a real loss. We English at least could not get on a day without her. She it is

that scolds the doctors and makes them talk common-sense; she it is who persuaded the authorities to relax these regulations as to the cleansing-bath in favour of her countrymen and women; she it is who supports the booths for the sale of trinkets, who not only buys largely herself, but by the force of her example makes others buy. To her the whole country round bring bouquets. For her the children lie in wait with fruit; all love and respect her. She can paint, fish, and shoot, not in a masculine, but in a most feminine way. The very trout and grayling in the river rise to her flies at the first cast. In fact, every one rises to her fly, thrown with such grace and dexterity that you must take it. She is a tyrant, fond of having her way, overbearing, as all women naturally are; but what of that? her way is better than all other ways. No, she shall never be deposed from her queendom.

Of course, besides the really lame and sick, there are those who imagine themselves ill, or who fancy that a life of folly and consequent disease may be washed out by five weeks at Wildbad. For the fanciful and the incurable these waters do little good. Nothing can cure an imaginary evil; as it came with the mind it must go with the mind, and if it will not by that way, it will hardly go at all. As for those who suffer from inveterate complaints, there is

little to do them good here, except the consolation always afforded to the wicked, and sometimes even to the good, by the sight of another's suffering.

After the review, we hobbled off in good company towards the walks and the Windhof, but it was too much for us. Our friends, more fortunate, went on, but we returned as night fell, and called for our candle, limping up to bed. On the stairs we met Marie. We have mentioned Marie before, and now, as we have her face to face on the stairs, we must describe her as she trips along. Marie, then, is the housemaid of our floor. She is rather below the middle height, a brunette, with brown hair and eyes, strongly marked eyebrows, and the merriest mouth. She is not good-looking, but she is better. She is the most helpful, hard-working little woman in the world. She knows and does everybody's business, and her own as well. If the Boots neglects to call you, Marie does it instead, then runs and pulls him out of bed, and makes him black your shoes, and so saves your bath. If you want the washerwoman, Marie has her ready; she counts the clothes, and writes down the list, and scolds the little wash-maiden beforehand lest the work should be badly done. If you want the shoemaker, or the saddler, or the turner, or the postman, Marie has them all

at her fingers' ends, and they are with you in a minute. She does her work like lightning, and she does it well; it is not at all scamped. True, some sour British females have said that when Marie sweeps the room, all the dust goes under the bed, but I believe this to be an invention of the enemy, or if it be true, that under the bed is the right place for dust in Wildbad. Marie lives on the stairs and in the passages. All day long, from the first thing in the morning till late at night, she is running up and down stairs, darting in and out of rooms like a swallow or a swift. Where or when she sleeps we have not the least notion, but we rather think when every one else has gone to bed she perches like a bird on the top landing, and so takes her rest. We only saw her once sitting down. That was one Sunday evening when we found her on the stairs, and heard her say, "*Ach du lieber Gott, was ist diess für ein Leben!*" "Heaven help us, what a life is this!" And well she might say so, for the waiters, knowing what a willing horse they had by their side, used to put as much of their work as they could upon her; and many a wight, had it not been for Marie, would have gone without his early coffee when the hotel was so crowded that every one except Marie was ready to sink under it. But she went bravely through it all, singing and laughing. If the

awful Princess Ohr-Feige beat her maid and made her cry, Marie was there on the landing to meet her and comfort her when she came out. "*Es ist höchst natürlich dass die Herrschaft böse sind, weil die Fürstinn witwe ist.*" She thought widowhood covered a multitude of sins, and that a widow had a right to ease her feelings by beating her dependants. That was Marie's philosophy of mistress and servant. If the Oberrath Wolff scolded his servant till he was ready to throw up his situation, Marie was ready with good advice. "Ah! but I daresay he is a good master after all, and you have not such a hard place." She had time for every one and every thing, and between her fits of work would stand outside the door on our landing when there was any music, and listen to and catch and hum the latest tunes. She was in her way a perfect woman, and when next we go to Wildbad, may we find Marie as helpful and playful as ever. But it is late; both we and the reader are tired. Our first day in Wildbad is over. Let us go to bed.

One day at Wildbad is as like another day as pea is to pea. Bath, bed, breakfast, walk, letter-writing, *table d'hôte*, daily parade of cripples, another walk, bed. There is little amusement in such a routine, unless one provides the materials one's self, or has friends to find it for one. It is ever dull to be ailing, but it is the bounden

duty of every one who ails to make his sickness as little dull as possible both to himself and others by patience and good-humour. The best receipt we can give for arriving at this happy state is to make as light as one can of one's own case, and to sympathize as much as possible with those of others. Listen, ye cripples, to what the Guide says: "Whoever begins his cure at Wildbad, let him banish impatience and be of good cheer, for many who bathe feel at first seriously affected. All their aches and pains return, all old injuries make themselves felt, and new ones are added to them, till the bather feels that there is much more the matter with him than he thought. But this in reality, rightly looked at, should be a comfort and consolation to him. He should rejoice in his aches as a sign that Wildbad begins to work within him, and that a reaction is developing itself in him in which the springs will be victorious over his infirmity." Hear also what the learned Fricker says, "Things sometimes happen to bathers at which they are often sorely troubled, but which, if not absolutely necessary to a complete cure, are certainly not a hindrance to it. It happens in most cases, after the few first baths, that the circulation is quicker, that the patient is irritable and excited, that he feels a feebleness in his limbs, and a weakness in his frame, and has a

great desire to sleep. Some have headaches, giddiness, and oppression on the chest, symptoms which are often aggravated by those who stay longer in the bath than their physician prescribes. When such symptoms arise many a man is eager to rush home again, declaring that Wildbad does not suit his constitution, and that the baths do him no good; but let this impatient person persevere; these distressing symptoms generally disappear after six or eight baths, and the patient feels the joyful sensation of returning strength." So far the Guide and the learned Fricker, whom we take to be a doctor, and who certainly talks common-sense. What man in his senses could suppose that even at any age, especially if suffering from an infirmity, he could change his whole course of life, go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark, recline for half an hour or an hour in a warm bath of water of great though inexplicable power, sit sometimes under a douche of the same water for ten or twenty minutes, receiving every instant a blow like that of a cricket-ball, then be rubbed dry with hot towels, and sent back to bed for an hour, during which he is neither to eat, drink, sleep, talk, read; in short, neither to exercise mind nor body in any way, and, mind, to do all this fasting without bite or sup—who, we say, could fancy that he could do

all this, and yet feel no effects from it? If there be any such man, he must have the constitution of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus combined, and ought instantly to be made Governor of Sierra Leone, a colony so trying to British constitutions, that it is well known its governors and bishops are always made in batches of three: one acting, the second going out to relieve him, and the third coming home in his coffin.

For our own part, as we can best speak of our own case, after the first four baths we felt a slight palpitation of the heart, but unfortunately for science, the day of our fourth bath was the very day that we were first presented to the queen, and allowed to form part of her court. Whether this slight flutter arose from the bath or the honour we cannot say, but the fact is our heart was in a flutter that day. Then, again, after our seventh bath, we were in a very bad humour all day, and raved of flinging up our cure and rushing back to Britain. This, no doubt, arose from the irritating working of the water on a temper otherwise serene as a sunset at Corfu; but here again the observations of science are confused by the fact that we had expected that day a letter from our bankers in London, and it never came. We persevered, however, and went on with our baths and took a

full course of them, twenty-eight in all. After the first six, we had our way with our good doctor, who became convinced that we were strong and hardy, and allowed us to stay in the water an hour. We must say, the longer we bathed the more we liked the bath. Our knee, that erring member, grew stronger and stronger; each day we limped farther and farther, and stood more stoutly on our limb. Most remarkable was the absorbing force of the water, which reduces effusions over which iodine seems to have no power. Without calling ourselves one of the miraculous cures, without pretending to rival that Englishman who went out for a walk before breakfast, despairing of his son's recovery, and who found him, on his return, walking out to meet him—a case parallel to and quite as wonderful as that well-known one of Mother Hubbard's dog—we feel bound to declare that Wildbad did us great good; that we never had any bad symptoms; and that we saw many other cases in which it seemed to be equally efficacious. For neuralgia, for all gouty and rheumatic affections, recent or chronic, for paralysis and strokes of all sorts, for wounds new and old, for contractions, adhesions, effusions, and luxations of the joints, for each and all of these, Wildbad, with its pure, imponderable water, is said to be, and certainly seemed in

many cases to us to be sovereign. In some cases the patient is past cure, or the evil is too inveterate for perfect restoration to health; but even in such obstinate cases, great alleviation is afforded; and though the feeble knees are not made stout and strong, the neuralgia which so often follows such affections flies from Wildbad, as a certain personage is said to shun holy water.

How did we amuse ourselves during these five weeks? Very well indeed. We had friends when we went there, and we soon made many more. As for the king, he sometimes was crusty, and gave us the cold shoulder; but we cared little for that. When he was cross we left him to himself, and when he was civil we saluted him. Every one knows that kings always originate a conversation. They question, and you reply. We were too well bred, even in the case of this elective monarchy, to break so good a rule; but as the king said little to us, we answered little to him. We looked at him from a distance, like a cat, and sunned ourselves in his beams whenever he was beaming; but, like the sun in England, he was often in a fog or under a cloud, and, on the whole, we saw as little of him as an Italian sees of the sun in London on a December day.

The queen we saw every day. She was al-

ways kind and good to us even when inclined to be tyrannical. She had ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour, who followed her to Wildbad; this one because she was too thin, and thought the waters would have an anti-Bantingian tendency; the other because she was too fat, and thought the result would be just opposite. With these ladies we became great friends. In fact, in a short time we were quite happy and quite consoled in being a cripple in such good company. The class really to be pitied at Wildbad are the non-cripples. It is not the lame, the halt, and the blind that are worthy of sympathy, but the able-bodied, who come thither with suffering friends or kinsfolk, who don't bathe, and have nothing to do but to lend the sufferers their arms, or push them behind up hill and down dale in the interest of the great *rollsessel* clique. What are they to do? If they bathe in full health they may chance to get apoplexy; if they over-eat themselves at the *table d'hôte*, which they are almost sure to do, their livers will swell like those of Strasburg geese; if they take long walks they must leave those to whom their help is needful; if they take short ones they can't digest their food. Unhappy wretches, their only resources are, first, a cold bath in the Enz every morning; secondly, flirtation, if they are base enough to resort to

such an unphilosophic amusement, and are of an age to enjoy it; thirdly, every now and then an outbreak—a twenty-mile walk through the tall pine forest, through the Scotch fir, and spruce and silver firs that clothe the spurs of the Schwartzwald. This, too, has its inconveniences, for a twenty-mile walk is scarcely compatible with a five-o'clock, and still less with a one-o'clock *table d'hôte;* and the pedestrian returns red, sunburnt, and jaded, unfit for anything the rest of the day. Fourthly, you can fish. All men, we know, are not fishers, though it has been spitefully said that all women are—of men. But if you are a fisher, and a fly-fisher, you may have excellent sport all along the banks of the Enz, which abounds in pools full of trout and grayling, some of them running to a great size. Yes, very pleasant is it to throw a fly on the pools between Wildbad and Calmbach, where a good hand may catch a goodly dish of trout in the afternoon; lower down the river the sport is better still, but the distance is too great for any but the able-bodied. Between Wildbad and Calmbach, even a cripple may stump over the meadows along the stream; and if he does nothing else he will not fail to feast his eyes on its wooded banks and hangers, its smooth green leas, bright with autumn crocuses and huge forget-me-nots, and return full of the stillness

and repose with which evening falls on the lovely valley of the Enz. At Wildbad a fisherman enjoys nature, improves his temper, and fulfils his duty, for he may carry his cripple with him for the most part, supposing the said cripple is willing to go, and does something useful besides, as all will confess when seated at supper over a famous dish of trout, which the fisherman has coaxed out of the pools of the river, and laid, as they often were laid, at the queen's feet.

But very few cripples are fishermen; how then do they amuse themselves when they have had their dinner and done their walk? When the king cuts them, and the queen cannot receive them. For our part we went to the play. Out in the walks is a rustic theatre, just run up out of deal boards like a barn, and decorated inside with fir branches. In it, we do not scruple to say, we have seen better performances, and more evenly sustained, than it is ever our lot to see in London. In London, where the starring system prevails to a stifling extent, we have sometimes one good actor, supported, like a sweet-pea, by sticks. The actor may be tragic or comic, and very good in his way, but he is a substantive amidst adjectives. Those around him are shamefully deficient, utter the most fearful nonsense, and utter it in such an unnatural voice, and with such ridiculous action

and gestures, that when we see a tragedy we fancy we are listening to a comedy, and *vice versâ*. At Wildbad, where one or two of the actors and actresses were very good, the starring system did not prevail; though good they were well and naturally supported; the pieces were well chosen, well put on the stage, and well acted. We always went into that barn with pleasure, and never left it in disgust. There was a choice of time too, for there was one performance at half-past two, and another at seven P.M. Fräulein Zeidler and Herr Hirsch, to you especially, but to all the rest of your company in their several callings and parts, we feel grateful for many a pleasant hour at Wildbad.

Sometimes, though, and more particularly when September came, and the company took its farewell benefits and its leave, we own we did feel a little at a loss to kill that worst enemy, idle time. But even then the stars were kind to us, and sent a fair to help us out. The fair itself was no great thing, not half so good as the permanent fair of the place,—the standing booths on the promenade before the Bellevue. Unless we had invested largely in pots and pans, or in Zollverein woollens or linens, the fair would have been foul to us. But with the fair came other things. Peep-shows, proving

how the Schleswig-Holsteiners beat the Danes at the battle of Idstedt; Kagosima burnt by the ferocious British, and the throats of the Japanese cut by our savage sailors, under whose cutlasses the red gore streamed down till it purpled the Yellow Sea; *Der Deutsche Michel* standing on the Rhine bank, and daring the French to come on. Then there were cheap Johns, as voluble, but not nearly so witty as our own. Troops there were, too, of Schwartzwalders, with their wives and daughters; the men in queer sort of cocked hats and leather breeches; the women with a curious cap with an erection on it like two vanes of a windmill flapping in the air. Thorough "hempen home-spuns," but good, honest folk, who thought it an outing to come down from their upland dales to Wildbad, and to see life at the fair. With them came the faithful *Dachs*, the badger-hound of those parts, first cousin to our turnspit, black and tan, or black and grey-spotted, or pure tan. Little bow-legged fellows, who can draw a badger or track a wounded deer with unerring pluck and nose. These were all sights in their way, but the greatest sight of all was a cow with six legs. That really was a sight. The *Juno Lucina* of kine had meant that there should be two of them, but somehow or other accidents will happen even at the best-regulated births, and

instead of two, the calves were huddled together and became one. The monster, for such it really was, as well deserved drawing as Albert Dürer's monstrous hog. It looked like a cow with a calf thrown across its crest. Down on one side hung two legs like a sack, and on the other side of the neck might be felt the bones beneath the skin which belonged to the rest of the body. When first born, another head stuck out there, the showman said, "but unluckily it rotted off." In other respects, the beast was a well-behaved, decent heifer enough, and not at all proud at being turned into a show.

That cow was not like other visitors to Wildbad, who made themselves a show and were proud of it. How these little puppets used to strut up and down the parade among the cripples, pretending to be ill. They were summer birds, whom the first September frost chased away. "*Maintenant restent les vrais malades,*" said the wife of a Russian general to us as a batch of these nobodies, who thought they were somebodies, drove off in the *Eilwagen*, that monster who was so worked during the summer that it got the gout, and had to be washed every morning with Wildbad water before it could begin its journey. But before they went, these sham cripples afforded us great fun as they sat at the *table d'hôte*, stalked up and down the

parade among the real patients, or flaunted through the walks. Such were the Baroness Spruce and General Zündschwamm, the Marquise Blowsabella, and Fräulein Feineck. Zündschwamm had served all over the world, according to his own account, with immense distinction. In Abyssinia, he had saved the Emperor's life by climbing up into a tree and making faces at an infuriated ox, which was just going to gore that potentate. "As soon as he saw my face sternly gazing at him through the branches, the bullox turned and fled,"—bullox being the General's reading of bullock, out of which he made a regular plural, "bulloxen" or "bulloxes." At another time, the Chief of the Abipones in South America had been scalped and left for dead. The General, who was casually passing through the country in quest of beetles, came upon the wounded chief. He spoke to him in the Abipone tongue, and asked him what he wanted. "My scalp," said the copper-coloured captain. "Where is it?" asked the General. "In yonder cloud of dust. There rides the scalper and his spoil." To catch a prairie-horse was the work of a moment. In an hour, the General himself, riding in a cloud of his own raising, was on the heels of the hostile band. He spurred his wild steed through their ranks, and as he pierced them, clutched the gory

scalp from the saddle-bow of the scalper, turned with a demivolte, and with a graceful salute, rode back to the Abipone warrior. The Indians chased him, but he blew such a cloud from his *meerschaum*, that they could not find him in the smoke. The scalp, still gory and almost warm, was pressed close on the skull whence it had been torn. It was then covered with a mixture of clay and beetles, and in a week the Abipone chief was at the head of his warriors. His scalp grew nicely, and the only inconvenience he felt was that he could never frown with comfort; in adhering to the skull, the scalp had shrunk a little, as was not unlikely, and never quite recovered its original elasticity. In return for his help, the Abipones called him "the pale-faced scalp-healer," "the great hair-doctor," and they wished to tattoo him with a new "*totem*," "a full head of hair." Another time he was in Persia, where for ten years he drilled the army of the Schah, and led them on to victory whenever they gained one. How often this was, his modesty did not permit him to say. "Let others tell of my military deeds, dear Baroness; I am not my own trumpeter. But I must tell you a story which, if you read it in a book, you would scarcely believe. I saw it with my own eyes so plainly that I seem to see it now. You are aware that his Majesty the Schah has jewels of

priceless value. Diamonds and rubies with the name of Solomon engraved on them; an emerald which Aaron brought with him out of Goshen, when his countrymen spoiled the Egyptians. Time would fail me to tell of all these treasures. One day when the Schah was in a good humour he sneezed in my face, which is a sure sign of royal favour in Persia, and said, 'Zündschwamm, would you like to see my opal?' That opal few had ever seen. Alexander the Great found it among the spoils of Darius after the battle of Marathon; Roxana was trying to escape with it in an open boat. The king's galley ran the boat down. Both the queen and the opal were saved. The one the king gave to Clitus, the other he wore on his arm day and night till his dying day. You have heard how with his last breath he sent his ring to Perdiccas. It was no ring at all, but this very opal. Perdiccas got into difficulties; by all accounts he was a sad spendthrift. Antigonus, who was a real Greek, coaxed him out of it for a good round sum. After a time things went wrong with Antigonus, and the opal came to Ptolemy, surnamed "Soter," or the "Saver," because he was a close-fisted fellow. In his family, at Alexandria, it remained till the days of Antony and Cleopatra. What that loving pair really quarrelled about was this stone. Antony wanted to raise money on it to

pay his debts. The queen wouldn't hear of it. It would have been like pawning the Koh-i-noor in England to pay the Duke of York's creditors. In a fit of sulks about the opal, and not at all through dread of Augustus, Antony ripped himself up, and Cleopatra sent for the asp. She first tried to swallow this opal, in order that it might be buried with her, but it was too big. Augustus found it among Cleopatra's baggage, carried it to Rome, and wore it in his triumph. It was valued by the *Pontifex Maximus*, or head of the *Mont de Piété* in Rome, at twenty billions of sesterces. After Augustus, each of the Twelve Cæsars had it in turn. In Caracalla's time, Geta persuaded the *Pontifex Maximus* to let him look at it, and then ran away with it. Caracalla sent the Salaminian and the Paralus, the two Roman guardships in the dockyard at Ostia, to fetch his brother back. His first care was to get the opal, his next to cut Geta's head off. It was then he made use of his famous jingle-jangle. When the *Pontifex Maximus*, out of respect for the family, asked whether Geta might be reckoned among the gods: '*Inter Divos?*' '*Sit Divus,*' playfully answered Caracalla, '*dummodo non sit vivus,*' ('Let him be a god, but don't let him live.') Well, to make this very long story short, my dear Baroness, Constantine carried the opal to his

new city on the Bosporus, and there it remained in the custody of the Patriarch, who had ousted the *Pontifex Maximus*, as head of the *Mont de Piété*, when Christianity came in. The Patriarch kept it in the strong room of the Church of St. Sophia till the time of Alexander Comnenus, who allowed Anna Comnena to carry it with her to the Persian wars, where it was captured by the enemy, and has remained in Persia ever since.

"That was the history of the opal which the Schah asked me to see; and you may believe I was glad to have the chance. The Schah told the Vizier, the Vizier told the Master of the Jewels: 'Bring forth the Schah's opal.' The opal was brought. We all saw at once how Alexander the Great could never have worn it as a ring, how Cleopatra could never have swallowed it, and how right Caracalla was to cut his brother's head off for trying to steal it. It was as big as the egg of the apteryx." "Of the what?" asked Baroness Spruce, who is a little hard of hearing. "Of the apteryx," answered the General; "of the wingless Australian bird; the last descendant of a race that will soon be extinct, but which I have often hunted by night in the fern brakes of New Zealand." "I have heard of fish out of water," muttered the Baroness, "but I never heard of birds without wings."

The General was rather ruffled, but he went on: "Whether you have heard of it or no, it is a fact. The apteryx is a wingless bird; and now for its egg, which you may see in the Zoological Gardens of the Prince Regent in London, though you will not see the bird itself, unless you pay the keeper a shilling. This egg is bigger than that of a swan, though the apteryx is less than a goose, and this opal of the Schah was just the size of the wingless bird's egg. Then said the Schah, 'Zündschwamm, do you wish to see my opal to perfection?' 'Yes, your majesty,' I replied, wallowing before him in the dust, and rubbing my nose against his slipper. 'Well, then, look out;' or rather, to translate the Persian literally, 'Mind your eye; here goes.' As he said this, the Schah snatched up the opal, dashed it, hand and all, into a bowl of water, and then held it up in the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. That was to make it flash more brightly. Alas! to think of the ruin that followed! The opal is a porous stone; it will absorb its own weight of water. That opal had absorbed its own weight. Suddenly exposed to a blazing sun, the water in its pores passed swiftly into steam. We heard a sharp crack as we gazed, and lo! the famous stone split, as the Schah held it, into a thousand pieces, and one of the wonders of the world was lost for ever.

That I saw with my own eyes, and I should like to know who will gainsay my story." "No one, dear General," said the Baroness. "I believe every word you say about the opal, and a very interesting, truthful narrative it is; but you must forgive me for saying that I cannot believe there are birds in New Zealand without wings."

Thus the General went on, who, though we were too polite to say so to his face, we have no hesitation in telling it behind his back, was about the biggest liar we ever met, and whose name ought to have been changed from *Zünd-schwamm* or Tinder, to Cracker or Crammer. How strange that the dear Baroness should have refused to believe the only true part of his story! As for the apteryx, we have seen it and its enormous egg; nor do we think that the race is so scarce as the General seemed to suppose. We remember at the refreshment rooms of the Manchester Exhibition almost every chicken was an apteryx; and over and over again in Paris, when we have ordered a *Mayonnaise de Volaille*, we have remarked that the wing is never forthcoming; from which we infer that there is a race of wingless chickens both in Manchester and Paris. But to return to the General. How delightful it was to draw him out as he sat between the Baroness and the Fräulein, either at the *table d'hôte* or on a bench in the

shade, and hear how he grew bolder and bolder in his stories. When in this mood, he would say anything. There was nothing that he had not either done or could do. The Decimal Notation, the Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, and the Discovery of the North Pole; he had a hand in all of them. "So you were with Sir John Ross, General, when he discovered the North Pole?" "*Ja gewiss!* Yes, of course. I was returning to Labrador from Kamtschatka, and had got well across Behring's Straits, when a great fall of snow came on, and we could no longer walk. One by one we ate the dogs that carried our baggage, till at last they were all gone. Then we began to eat the Indians who were our guides. They did not like it at first; but though a stolid race they are open to conviction, and besides we had got their priest or 'medicine' on our side, who persuaded them that as they must die, they might as well be eaten. Luckily, before we had eaten many, a frost came, and the crust on the snow got so hard that we could use our snow-shoes and hunt. One day we turned aside into Boothia Felix in pursuit of game, and there, to our surprise, we met the gallant Ross. He offered me a passage to England next spring, which I gladly accepted, paying off my guides, and rubbing noses with them before parting. That winter I devoted

myself to science with the intrepid mariner. With him and with no other companions we walked to the North Pole." "*Merkwürdig*," said Fräulein Feineck, "*sehr interessant;* and pray, what was the North Pole like?" "The North Pole," the General went on, "is a truncated cone which projects for about four hundred feet from the level of the plateau which you come to at the world's end. Besides, it is about a mile round, so that it is short and thick. In fact, it is a sort of axle-tree on which the globe turns. Geologically speaking, it is formed of hypersthene, one of the primitive rocks, and I believe it is now settled that a shaft of this rock runs right through the earth from Pole to Pole. At least, I know when I was with Sir James Ross, when we discovered the South Pole, we both remarked that the formation of the projection where the South Pole juts out was precisely similar to that at the North Pole, of which we are now talking." "All very well, I daresay," said the Baroness; "but what do the ends of this shaft rest on?" "Space," boldly answered the General; "Infinite Space; and let me tell you that Space near the Poles, where the air is compressed by the intense friction of the earth's motion, is a very solid thing. You may build castles out of it far better and grander than those in Spain; and one day when it was denser than

usual, and had a very fine grain, we got a block of it cut, and brought it home, and you may see it if you like in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. I remember the fact well, for it was the same day that our fire froze, and we cut off one of the tongues of flame, and kept it in our ice-safe till we got to England, and you may see that too at the Museum if they will show it you; but they always keep it in ice for fear it should melt. But to return to the Pole. We often talk wildly, and speculate about how the world was created. I believe firmly in Genesis; but if you will trust me, this is what happened. At first there was nothing but a huge amorphous meteoric mass shot off into space by the sun in one of his freaks. Well, this mass kept spinning round and round in space, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, and as it spun round it got longer and longer; its molecules became granulated into the ferruginous crystals which you may see in any other block of hypersthene, and thus the shaft was ready; resting, as I have told you, at each end on compressed Space, and so whirling round like a spindle." "Very true, no doubt," said the Baroness; "but pray, how did this round world with all its ups and downs grow out of that spindle?" "That," went on the General, "was in obedience to other laws, as slow and sure as

those of time, space, and gravitation. Bear in mind, then, that in Nature like turns to like, as man to woman. Now between the crystals of the hypersthene and the oxygen of the atmosphere there is a natural affinity. The shaft attracted this gas to it, decomposed it, and thus a slow deposit was formed all along the shaft. For how many millions of years this process of attraction and deposition has been going on, Moses and the Prophets, and the Philosophers only know, but out of it it is certain that the globe has sprung. Its rounded shape is all owing to the circular motion imparted to the new matter by the original twist or spin which the sun gave to the mass when it was projected into space. The world spins round, first, because it was twisted like a *teetotum*, and because before the original motion could wear out, it got so accustomed to spinning, and had made the Space at each of the Poles so hard and dense by continual friction, that it has continued to spin ever since."

"Wonderful, most wonderful!" cried the Fräulein. "But how do you know the North Pole is only a mile round?" "Because," said the unblushing General, "I started a musk ox who was rubbing himself against it, and blessing the Duke of Argyll, and he ran right round the Pole, and I at his heels. When he got back to

the spot whence he started, I shot him with an air-gun which I had just loaded with a bit of Space, and when he fell I pulled out this pedometer, and found the distance was exactly a mile English." "How did we get back? The same way we got there—on our legs. But before we went, we made a hearty meal on the raw marrow of the musk ox, and cut our names, '*John Ross, Commander, R.N.*,' '*Albrecht Zündschwamm, General*,' deep into the face of the rock."

That was how the General used to go on at Wildbad. For a while he was amusing enough; but at last he went, and the Baroness, and Fräulein. Still there was the Professor left. With him we took many a walk, for all this time our knee was getting stronger and stronger. The Professor was amusing also in his way. He was never tired of expatiating on the beauties of what he called this "subterranean valley," "*unterirdische Thal.*" He felt himself drawn to Wildbad "like a child to its mother's breast." Once, almost with tears in his eyes, he broke out, "*Eine tiefe Wehmuth schwebt über diesen Ort.* A deep melancholy hovers over this place. There is something soothing, and at the same time refreshing, to the troubled mind to rest awhile, as it were, upon the great lap of nature, and listen to the pulsations of her mighty heart. Yes! I prefer Wildbad to Gastein. There nature

is more exciting and irritating. Lucky for me that I turned my footsteps to this hallowed spot." The meaning of all which, in plain English, was that the baths had done him good, though he expressed it like a "Philistine." That they had done him good was plain, for he was no longer bent and bowed. We never saw a man so wholly given up to books. He had learned these platitudes about nature's heart out of Herder or Jacobi, and knew really nothing of her secrets. We tried in vain to make him take an interest in, or even to see the speckled trout, as they lay on the yellow sand of the clear Enz, just above a rapid, with their noses turned up-stream. For him the pair of kingfishers flashing and darting about the rocks through the green shade were as nothing. On such a book-worm, the water-ousels, in their livery of black and white, as they skimmed over the water or walked along at the bottom in search of prey, were quite thrown away. Once we enticed him near a wasps' nest, in the hope that he might be stung, and so brought to reason; but it was all in vain. Fish and birds were best in their proper places, and that was the dinner-table; as for the wasps, why heaven sent them he did not know or care. So he ran away, and left us to admire those wonderful masons by ourselves.

At last the fatal day came when we were to leave Wildbad ourselves. The day before, we took respectful leave of the queen, who gave us gracious leave to revisit her court next year. The king we could not see. Poor monarch; he was in bed with the gout. We were sorry for it, for as kings go, he was a good king. Almost all our friends had already gone, and even Marie had intervals of rest. The waiters, those birds of passage, had long been departing in bands, each man with his *trinkgelds* in his pocket. To all parts they went, to Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, Nice. In Germany they are a good, willing sort of men, and deserve all they can get. At last, the rheumatic old *Eilwagen* rattled up to the door; we take a friendly leave of Mr. Klumpp, have a sweet smile and a bouquet from Mrs. Klumpp. Marie wishes us a *glückliche Reise* with a merry ringing laugh, the *Schwager* cracks his whip, and away we crawl down the street. Our visit to Wildbad is over, and well over too. It has done us a world of good, and if we are not the unluckiest fellow in the world, and meet with fresh accidents, we shall soon walk with the best. As a change, we return by Frankfort and the Rhine; but having returned that way, we need only repeat our warning, that only fools either go or return to Wildbad from London by the Rhine.

ENGLAND AND NORWAY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.*

(1865)

THE reign of Edward the Confessor in England was really the rule of Earl Godwin and his sons. The foundations of the fortune of that family had been laid in exile. Already, in the year 1009, in the reign of Ethelred the Unready, Brihtric, the brother of the arch-traitor Edric Streon, had slandered Wulfnoth the "Child," a noble Thane of the South Saxons, to his weak-minded master; and that too at the very moment when a mighty fleet was gathered together to meet a threatened invasion of the Danes. The result was that Wulfnoth went into banishment, with twenty ships, and wasted the south coast as

* 1. "Det Norske Folks Historie." P. A. Munch. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852-55.

2. "Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet." J. J. A. Worsaae. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghhandling, 1863.

3. "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." Edited by Benjamin Thorpe, for the Master of the Rolls. London, Longmans, 1861. 2 vols.

4. "Lives of Edward the Confessor." Edited by H. R. Luard, M.A., for the Master of the Rolls. London, Longmans, 1858.

he went. Brihtric sailed after him with 180 ships, and boasted that he would bring the traitor back quick or dead; but a great storm arose, the ships were dashed against each other, and driven on shore in a shattered state. Then Wulfnoth fell on them, and burned Brihtric's ships. When the news came to the King, he and his "Witan" were reft of counsel. They were all as "unready" as their lord; and the end of that great armament was that every man went to his home, and England was as defenceless as ever, when Thorkell the Tall came with his "huge hostile host," after Lammas-tide, to revenge his brother Sigvald's death, who had fallen in the massacre of St. Brice's Day. But we have to deal with Wulfnoth rather than Ethelred and his evil counsel. The noble "Child" went into exile, and took with him his son Godwin, then probably a boy. We hear little more of the father. His name, which together with those of the false brothers Brihtric and Edric, is before found in Anglo-Saxon charters, appears no more; but it is probable that he threw in his lot with King Sweyn Forkbeard and his mighty son Canute, with whom his son now called Earl Godwin or *Godwinus Dux*, rose to high rank.* As early as the year 1018, we find him

* It is clear, from the unfailing evidence of contemporary deeds, that whatever might have been the father's fate, the son returned and

signing Canute's charters; and the year after, when Canute, having laid all England under his feet, and being firmly seated on the Danish throne by the death of his brother Harold, made an expedition to Jomsborg, on the east coast of the Baltic, Godwin, at the head of a band of English troops, so distinguished himself that the English were ever afterwards held by Canute as good as the Danes, and their young leader was rewarded by the hand of Githa, the King's cousin, and sister of Ulf Jarl, who had married Astritha, the great King's sister. All through Canute's reign his Saxon favourite kept his love,* and at his death, in 1035, we find Godwin

was reconciled to Ethelred, for in the will of Athelstan Atheling occurs the following passage:—"And I grant to Godwin Wulfnoð's son the land at Compton, which his father before had;" and in all likelihood he is the "Godwin minister" who signs several of Ethelred's later charters. But from the very outset of Canute's reign there can be no doubt of Godwin's power.

* The writer of that most interesting contemporary life of Edward the Confessor—first printed by Mr. Luard for the Master of the Rolls—a man who well knew the King, as well as Earl Godwin and his sons and daughter—thus describes Earl Godwin's character and his position in Canute's reign:—"This Godwin, as he was wary in counsel, so also in warlike matters had he been proved by the King as most valiant. Besides, for the evenness of his temper, he was in the greatest favour with every one as well as the King; a man matchless for the constancy with which he girded himself to work, and accessible to all, with a cheerful and ready good-will. But when certain sufficient affairs of state had recalled the King to his own nation—for in his absence some had thrown off his yoke and made them ready to rebellion—Godwin clung to him on his whole journey as his constant companion. Here the King had more opportunity of observing, in the example of this great chief, his foresight, his

and his friends standing by Emma and her son Hardicanute, rather than by Harold Harefoot, Canute's son by a Saxon concubine, and thus espousing the Danish rather than the Saxon side. But when Hardicanute loitered in Denmark,

endurance of toil, and his skill in warfare. He saw also how deep-seated was his gift of speech, and felt, if he could bind such a man to himself more closely by some fitting gift, what a gain it would be to him in governing his newly won kingdom of England. Having proved him, therefore, a little longer, he made him one of his councillors and gave him his cousin to wife. Whence, too, when he returned to England, having set all things on a right footing in his Danish kingdom, he (Godwin) is made by the King an earl (*dux*), and the king's spokesman (*bajulus*), or president of the Council. Nor when he had attained so great a dignity was he puffed up, but to all good men, to the best of his ability, proved himself a father; for he did not throw off that gentleness of spirit which he had learned from his boyhood up, but cultivated it as a natural gift, by continually practising it both to his inferiors and his equals. Whosoever did wrong, from him what was lawful and right was instantly exacted. For which reason he was looked on by all the sons of his country in the light of a father rather than a lord. From such a sire, sons and daughters were born not unworthy of their origin, for they were remarkable as inheriting both their father's and their mother's honesty, and in bringing them up Godwin paid special attention to instructing them in those arts, by which he prepared in these his children, both a bulwark and a delight to the nation. So long as the aforesaid King Canute reigned, he, Godwin, flourished in his Court as first among the great chiefs of the kingdom, and by reason of his fairness, all agreed in thinking, that what he was for writing should be written, what he was for cancelling should be cancelled." There can be no doubt, from the precedence given to Godwin in almost all Canute's charters, that he was in the highest rank. In a very little while after Canute's conquest of the kingdom, we find him signing and continuing to sign next after the King, and that before Earl Eric, and Earl Hacon, the sons of Earl Hacon of Norway, and also before Earl Ulf, the King's cousin and brother-in-law.

and lost time in settling his quarrel with Magnus of Norway, the Danish Thingmannalid—the Varangians of the Danish dynasty in England—had their way. From the first they had sided with Harold, who was on the spot, rather than with his brother, who was abroad. They thought that if a crown was worth having it was worth seeking, and as they went England went. Hardicanute's party lost ground. Emma was banished to Flanders by her rival's son, and Godwin went over to Harold's side.

But before she went, if we may believe one MS. of the Saxon Chronicle,* Godwin had done a deed of blood which was noteworthy even in that bloody age. In the year 1036, "the harmless Atheling" Alfred, Ethelred's eldest son by Emma, tried to make his way to his mother at Winchester, but Earl Godwin, according to this MS., "would not suffer it, nor other men, who had great power in this land; for the voice of the people was then much for Harold, though it was unrightful. But Godwin hindered him and threw him into prison, and his followers he scattered, and some cruelly killed. . . . Never was a bloodier deed done in this land since the Danes came and here took up free

* This is Cotton. Tib. B. i. Cotton. Tib. B. iv. leaves out Godwin's name altogether, and imputes the crime to Harold Harefoot.

quarters."* It is remarkable that this foul deed is laid to Godwin's charge by a single manuscript, and that the same which, when he sickened shortly before his death and afterwards

* Thorpe, in his edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, has here made a ridiculous mistranslation. The Saxon words are, "her friþ namon," which he renders, "here made peace." That the Danes came into England to make peace, or that they made it when here, is startling in itself, and much more so coming after the story of such a deed of blood. But the words mean nothing of the kind. They correspond exactly to "free quarters,"—a place where they could store up their booty in peace, holding it with a strong hand against all comers; where they could, in short, have an asylum. But, alas, there are many mistakes in this edition. We shall find another when we speak of the said Godwin's career. Take another, just before this story of the harmless Atheling. When Canute died, one of the MS. of the Chronicle, Laud. Bodl. 636, says "þa liþsmen on Lunden gecuron Harold," which Mr. Thorpe translates "the lithsmen of London chose Harold," adding, in a note to "lithsmen," "sailors, from *liþ*, a ship." Now it so happens that these "*liþsmen*" do not come from *liþ*, a ship, nor were they sailors, nor were they sailors *of* London. They were the soldiers of the "Thingmannalid," whose quarters were in London. We shall have to speak of them more at length. Again, having thus mistaken the meaning of the word "liþsmen," a little farther on he finds the word "huscarl," in the passage where the same MS. says that Emma-Ælgifu, Canute's widow, sat at Winchester, "mid þæs cynges huscarlum hyra suna," with the king's housecarles, her sons; here Mr. Thorpe has another note to "huscarlum," as follows: "The Danish body-guard, though retained till the time of the Conquest." But here again he is quite wrong. The king's housecarles were the king's private body-guard, the rank and file, as it were, of his "hird," "hired," or comitatus. They were in no sense a national militia or condottieri, as the Thingmannalid were. This is plain from passages in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle itself, but in none more so than the account of the Northumbrian rising against Tostig, where Cott. Tib. B. i. says, "All the thanes in Yorkshire fared to York, and slew there Earl Tostig's housecarles." "Tostiges earles huskarlas þar ofslogon," where the parallel passage in Cott.

recovered,* proceeds to say, with a monkish whine, "but he made too little atonement for those goods of God which he had from many holy places." For three years and a half Godwin stood by Harold Harefoot till the young king died suddenly, March 17, 1040, at Oxford. Then messengers were sent to Emma and Hardicanute at Bruges in Flanders. They lost little time in coming to England. One of Hardicanute's first acts was to have his half-brother's body dug up from the grave, and cast into a marsh by the Thames' side, whence it was taken by his friends and buried in the church of St. Clement Danes, just outside Temple Bar,—the church, no doubt, of the Thingmannalid, crowning the ridge of the Strand, and at the very verge of the city. His next was to lay heavy taxes

Tib. B. iv. runs "ofslogon his (Tostiges earles) hiredmen ealle," where it will be seen that "huskarlas" and "hiredmen" are used as equivalent terms.

* Here again we have a mistranslation, as it seems. The words which we have rendered "recovered" are "eft gewyrpte," which Mr. Thorpe renders "re-embarked;" the whole passage, according to him, being, "Godwin then sickened shortly after he landed and re-embarked." Instead of going back to his ship when he sickened with a sudden attack, the words merely mean that he came back to himself, or recovered. He had in fact a kind of fit or stroke, probably of the same nature as that which carried him off so suddenly a few months afterwards; and it is plain that the monkish chronicler, in what follows, is warning all robbers of holy places, among whom he reckoned Earl Godwin, to take an example by Godwin's fate, who, though once warned by a sudden stroke of sickness, from which he quickly recovered, did not make reparation for the property which he had taken from the Church.

on the people. He recalled his other half-brother Edward, Emma's son, from Normandy, and treacherously slew Eadulf, Earl of Northumbria, having broken the word which he had pledged,—to let him come and go in peace. The vacant earldom was given to a famous man, Sigurd Björn's son, the Earl Siward of Shakspeare. When the people of Worcestershire rose and slew two of his housecarles who demanded the king's taxes, Hardicanute wasted their shire with fire and sword, and finally, having reigned a little less than two years, during which, as the old Chronicle says, "he never did one kingly thing," he fell smitten with a stroke at a drinking bout at Lambeth, and after a dreadful struggle, spoke never a word, but died and departed. "And all the folk then chose Edward, and took him for their king, as was his rightful due."

And now came a great change for England, for Godwin, and for Edward. For England, because the royal race of Canute had died out; because Denmark was claimed by Magnus by virtue of the treaty of the Burnt Isles; because Sweyn, the son of Canute's sister, now openly became a pretender to that crown; and because for years the strife between Denmark and Norway never left those kingdoms a moment's breathing-time to think of England. For Godwin the change was great, because his nephew by marriage,

Sweyn, was now first favourite for the Danish throne; because his foreign lords being now dead and gone, he might hope to be master in England; and because he foresaw from Edward's childish character that he could govern the country as he chose in the king's name. For Edward the change was greatest of all. It is evident from the meek letter which the Confessor sent to Magnus the Good what a life of trouble he had led, ever nearest and ever farthest from the throne; next in right and most distant in deed. Even his own mother seems to have turned against him, and, at any rate, to have been fonder of her children by the second marriage. She preferred the drunken revengeful Hardicanute to the gentle Edward. But the day of retribution soon came, for shortly after Edward was crowned at Winchester; then by the advice of Earl Godwin and Earl Leofric and Earl Siward, he rode unawares on "the Lady," and despoiled her of all the precious things that she owned, which were not to be told; and he did this, "for that she was erst very hard to the king her son, and did less for him than he would before he was king, and afterwards too, and so they left her sitting there." Another MS. of the Chronicle says, that Edward "caused the boundaries of all the land that his mother owned to be ridden as belonging to him, and he took

from her all that she owned in gold and in silver and in unspeakable things; for that she held those things too fast as against him before."

Many suppose that we know naught of the men and women of that distant age. To them the Saxons before the Conquest are as the Patriarchs before the Flood,—mere names and shadows, not at all creatures of flesh and blood. Yet here is the very portrait and counterpart of Edward the Confessor, drawn to the life by one who had often seen him, and who has described both his person and his character with a master's hand:—"And that we may not pass over the form and fashion of the man, his person was most fair, of moderate height, remarkable for the milky whiteness of his hair and beard, with a full face and rosy skin; his hands thin and snow-white, with long transparent fingers. As to all the rest of his body, a kingly man without spot or blemish. He was cheerful, and yet of constant gravity; as he walked, he turned his eyes on the ground; and yet he was most pleasantly affable to every man. If any good reason roused an emotion of the mind, he seemed to be terrible as a lion; but he was not wont to show his wrath by abuse. To all who asked aught of him, he either gave with kindness or refused with kindness; so that his kind refusal often seemed as much as the largest gift. In public he showed

himself thoroughly king and lord; in private he treated his followers as his fellows, though he never forgot what was due to his royal rank. Impressing on his bishops their duty to act in God's cause, and enjoining his worldly judges and the lawyers of his Court to give righteous judgment; plucking up unjust laws and enacting just ones, with wise counsel he gladdened all Britain, over which, by God's grace and by hereditary right, a pious prince ruled paramount." Thus wrote one who knew Edward well; and if he had written no more, we might have thought his praise a mere panegyric. But having sketched the outline of his strength, he throws in shadows which mark the weakness of the Confessor's character. Edward was only strong when he looked up towards heaven; when his eyes were bent on earth he was weak as a child. Strong in word and theory and good resolution, he was feeble and vacillating in deed and practice. Being what the Germans call "a fair soul," and such characters are ever fairest on paper, Edward stood in need of some master-mind ever at his side to keep his footsteps straight. First his mother Emma, then Godwin, then for a little while his Norman priests and relatives, then Godwin again for a moment, lastly Harold,—these were the King's keepers so long as Edward lived. For the rest this

"most gracious king spent his life in rest and quiet, and passed the greatest part of his time among the woods and groves in the sport of hunting; for as soon as he was set free from divine service, to which he heartily turned his attention with daily devotion, he for the most part sported with his hawks, or harked forward his packs of hounds with a cheer. In these things, or in things like them, he sometimes spent the whole day; and in these things alone, by his natural turn, did he seem to take any worldly pleasure." To monks and abbots, especially to those who came from beyond the sea, and who he knew served God more strictly and devoutly than his own ecclesiastics, he was munificent to a fault, and on them his charity flowed in a continual stream during his whole reign. He was ever holding up these foreigners to his own people as a pattern, for he thought monastic rules were not nearly severe enough in the Anglo-Saxon Church. "Often in church he stood upright with lamb-like gentleness, '*agninâ mansuetudine,*' and with tranquil mind was a worshipper of Christ before the eyes of all. Most rarely, unless he was asked a question, did he say a word to any one during service. The pomp of royal apparel with which he was surrounded by the care of the Queen, he used silently and sparingly, with no pleasure of the

heart, nor did he care aught if he were served with less state and cost. Not that he was not grateful for the attention of the Queen when shown in such matters, but often spoke of it with a certain kindliness to some of his intimate friends. To the poor and weak he condescended with much mercy, and spent much in their support, not only day by day at his own Court, but in very many parts of his kingdom." The Queen herself was first and foremost in every good work. A pattern wife, according to this writer, whose meekness and modesty were such, that when, "as by custom and royal right, her seat was ever placed by the King's side, she chose rather, save when in church or at the royal board, to sit at his feet until he perchance stretched out his arm, or by a motion of his hand invited, and even forced her to sit by him."

And now, what was this England of the eleventh century over which Edward was called to rule? It had been wasted by the constant wars in Ethelred's days, but for nearly twenty years the land had peace in Canute's time, and with peace came plenty, which neither Harold Harefoot's wilfulness, nor the sottishness of Hardicanute, had time to destroy. The main features of the country it is impossible to mistake. The land was pretty equally divided between Danes and Saxons. The Danish ele-

ment, which before the time of Ethelred had been firmly established north of the Humber, and which even so early as Alfred's time had taken root in East Anglia, had advanced with rapid strides into Mercia or the Midlands during the "unready" King's reign, and a line which ran through England, nearly at Rugby or Northampton, now marked their furthest settlements. There in the Danelagh, the land of Danish law, the great owners of land and their little courts or followings, claimed to be ruled by Scandinavian laws and customs, while the rest of the kingdom clung to their West Saxon codes. That was pretty much the state of things when Canute made England his own. With him came of course a fresh infusion of foreign blood, and that not only into the old Danelagh, but all over the country, as the King granted to this or that warrior so many hides or manses of land. But Canute did more than conquer England: he gave a new code of laws for Danes and Saxons alike, and these are the bad laws which Edward is described as plucking out to restore the old West Saxon code, which, in after-years, in the time of the stern Norway tyranny, were called the laws of Edward the Confessor. These were the laws, too, on behalf of which the whole north rose against Tostig in the last year of Edward the Confessor. With regard to the

tenure of land, it was divided between the King, the freemen, and the Church. Of course, after the Danish Conquest, the possessions of the King were great as compared with either those of the freemen or the Church. Much that was before owned by both had fallen to the Crown by confiscation, or by failure of heirs, cut off by the sword of war. In all times of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, the King, besides his royal domains, seems to have possessed or exercised the right of granting common lands by charter to individuals. The *Codex Diplomaticus* of Mr. Kemble is filled with such grants, and Canute was not slow to follow the example of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs. He found the Church weak and wasted; stripped of its lands, its dues, and its position; the churches had in many cases been burnt, and their sacred books, furniture, plate, and vestments, sacked and plundered. He left it strong, for he was neither before nor behind his age. He was not half-heathen as his ancestors had been, nor free-thinking as those of later times. Where his father Sweyn and his Viking hordes had destroyed, Canute restored and rebuilt. When he died, England had more ministers than ever, and her Church was richly endowed. Well and worthily then did the great King sleep in his splendid tomb in the "Old Minster" at Winchester, which we

now call the Cathedral, till Cromwell's "Ironsides"—another fashion of men in their faith than that Edmund "Ironside" with whom Canute contended—scattered his bones to the winds. The freemen lived, whether they were Dane or Saxon, throughout the country on their own lands. The lowest owning a thrall or two, the highest imitating the King's example in having a following of armed men at his back; but all, high and low, bound to obey the King's call to serve under his banner by sea or land against a common enemy, to build fortifications where they were wanted, and, though last not least in everyday life, to make and mend roads and build and repair bridges on the King's highway. The Kings themselves lived, so to speak, all over the land. They passed from farm to farm, from grange to grange, of their domains, and when they had eaten up the stores of grain, and herds of cattle garnered and gathered in one, they passed on to another. They seem seldom to have stayed in towns for any length of time. London and Oxford, and above all others, Winchester, the true West Saxon capital, were visited on state occasions; Oxford and London to meet the Witan or Great Council, and Winchester for their coronations, and their burial; but in general, our Saxon forefathers, true to their old German feelings,

were fonder of the woods and fields than of walled towns. For the most part they spent their life in war or hunting; and even the priest-ridden Edward, as we have seen, cared alone of earthly amusements for the excitement of the chase. Most of the towns in these days were overshadowed by a monastery, as Canterbury, Exeter, Winchester, Peterborough; but York, and Lincoln, and Leicester, and Derby, and Stamford, and, above all, London, were looked on, and looked on themselves, pretty much as free cities; the first five being the strongholds of the Danish settlers, while London almost boasted of no nationality at all. Ever since the days of Ethelred it had been the head-quarters of a band of mercenary soldiers, the famous Thingmannalid, whose origin, fortunes, and position we must briefly describe.

Towards the end of the tenth century, probably about the year 980, Björn, from his unruly temper nicknamed Styrbjörn, or "Strifebear," the nephew of Eric "Winfight," King of Sweden, had fled from that country, and founded a free state at Jomsborg, on the east coast of the Baltic, on what was then Wendish or Sclavonic land. The site of this famous asylum of freebooters must be sought near Wollin in Pomerania. For more than half a century this fastness was a thorn in the flesh to every neigh-

bouring country. Styrbjörn and his freebooters were well known in the north and east of Europe, and when the "Strifebear" was cut off in battle in Sweden, the leadership of the company fell to Sigvald, the son of a Scanian earl named Strut-Harold, who shared his command with his two brothers, Thorkell the Tall and Heming. Harold Gormson, indeed, then King of Denmark, the great Canute's grandfather, who had great influence at Jomsborg, seems to have intended the leadership for Thorgils Cracklelegs, Styrbjörn's young son by Harold's sister Thyra, but the election went against him, and Sigvald was chosen chief. That famous company may be best compared to those bodies of condottieri or free lances who in after-times took service under this or that king for the sake of pay or plunder, who were bound to him by the tie of implicit obedience so long as the time of their service lasted, and so long as he fulfilled his bargain, but who among themselves were bound man to man by certain rules as brothers-in-arms; and who, both in garrison and in the field, kept up of their own free will the strictest discipline. The Sagas have handed down to us most of the clauses of the Code by which the Vikings of Jomsborg were governed, and here are some of them: No man could be chosen a member of the com-

pany who was more than fifty or less than eighteen years old. No man was worthy of the brotherhood who yielded in fight to a man his match in strength or in arms. Every man who was admitted swore to revenge all the rest as his brother. No one was to bear tales against or to backbite any of the band. No one was to spread news but the captain himself. Were it ever found that one who had been chosen had aforetime slain the father or brother, or kinsman of any of the band, the blood feud was to drop, and the quarrel to be settled by the captain's award. No woman was to be suffered to be brought into the fastness, nor could any of the band be more than three nights away without the captain's leave. No man could claim as his own any part of the spoil; it was all to be thrown together, and then to be divided into equal shares by the captain. No man was to dare to utter a single word that gave witness of fear, and no man was to flinch for pain. All differences among the brothers-in-arms were to be made up by the captain. Kinship or friendship were to have no voice in choosing the companions. And lastly, if any broke these rules, he was punished without respect of person by instant expulsion from the band.

Such were the chief rules of this famous Free Company. With their fortunes and misfortunes

we have nothing here to do, except to say that their fate was that of all such bands; they fell because their laws were too hard to keep, and because their rules were often infringed. But they are interesting to England, because, when the fortune of Jomsborg began to wane, and when the band, resolved into its original elements, left their fastness to harry other lands, Earl Sigvald, about the year 1001, sailed for England, where he seized the Isle of Wight as free quarters, whence he ravaged the country. The unready Ethelred was only too ready to make a peace, by which he agreed to pay the Danes 24,000 pounds of gold, and supply them with quarters and provisions. The invaders seemed to have reposed in fancied security; for the next year, 1002, came the massacre of St. Brice's Day, November 13, when every Dane in the south of England was butchered, young and old, man and woman alike. There can be no doubt that Earl Sigvald fell with the rest. But though Jomsborg was not what Jomsborg had been, the band still existed under the leadership of Sigvald's brothers, Thorkell the Tall and Heming. To them it was a bounden duty to avenge their brother; and though their vengeance was delayed, it came at last. In August 1009 came Thorkell the Tall with his "huge hostile host," as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle

calls it, which for two years ravaged the land, and at last made peace with Ethelred, after having been paid the enormous sum of 48,000 pounds of gold. But this was not all. True to his condottieri principles, Thorkell not only made peace with Ethelred, but became his man, as it was called. He entered into his service with great part of his host, and was ready to defend the land against all comers, on condition that the force was to be well fed, clothed, and paid. From this agreement, "Gething," these mercenary troops were called "Thingmenn," and the whole band Thingmannalid, that is, the band who had made a solemn bargain with the King, and were now his mercenary soldiers. They became the King of England's Varangians, just as those at Byzantium were the Emperor's. This force had two head-quarters in England, a fortress in the city of London, and another, Slesswick, now Sloswick, in Nottinghamshire, and besides Thorkell, his brother Heming, and Eilif, Thorgils Crackleleg's son, were their leaders. Thus the great body of the free lances of Jomsborg was transplanted to England, there to form the terrible Thingmannalid, which, with little interruption, was kept up by every English king from Ethelred to the Norman Conquest. A few words will suffice to tell their story till Edward the Confessor's accession. They seem

to have served Ethelred faithfully till 1015, when, after King Sweyn Forkbeard's death, Ethelred, with the cunning of incapacity, thought the time was come for getting rid at once of his protectors and of the Danegelt, or sum which was paid to maintain them. He tried, therefore, another massacre, and actually succeeded in falling by treachery on both the quarters of the Thingmenn at one and the same time. Thus Heming was cut off in Slesswick, the head-quarters in the Danelagh, with most of his men. Thorkell and Eilif, more fortunate, fought their way out of London and down the river, and escaped to Denmark. There Thorkell, who arrived with nine ships, offered his services to King Canute, and strongly urged him to conquer England. When the conquest was over, Thorkell remained as captain of the Thingmenn, and after his fall Canute gave them new laws and new captains, among whom was his nephew Björn, the son of Earl Ulf, who again was the son of Thorgils Cracklelegs, thus keeping the succession to the command of these offshoots from Jomsborg in the family of the founder of the Free Company. So the famous band remained through Canute's reign and his sons' reign till the days of Edward; but so long as they remained fast seated in their castle of London, London must have been to all intents and

purposes the city of the Thingmenn, and therefore, as regarded either the King or the rest of the country, virtually independent.

One great blot still remained: a large part of the lowest class were slaves. Every freeman and owner of land seems to have had several, and though the Church, with a perseverance which does it all honour, was incessant in preaching the duty of manumission, and though the wills are full of bequests of freedom on the part of freemen to their thralls, the very frequency of those injunctions and bequests proves how large a class of the community were still unfree. For the rest, except when war wasted them, the people, free and bond alike, were probably happy enough. England was the land of corn and ale, of fine clothes and good arms, of vessels of silver and vessels of gold. There was Church plate in abundance, and many a gold hilted sword, or axe, with haft inlaid with silver, many a golden bowl, and many a massive highly-wrought drinking-horn is bequeathed by the Anglo-Saxon wills. The feeling that remains on the mind after reading the rich store of wills, and deeds and charters that have been spared, is that though the state of society was what we should call rude, it was not nearly so wretched as it must have been in Norman times. The danger of all classes rather was that they should

sink Church and Throne and people alike into sottishness and dulness, for on the whole the Anglo-Saxons were a slow sluggish people in Edward the Confessor's time. The constant Danish wars and actual Danish settlements had greatly shattered their national feeling, the Church was too fond of ease, and thought too little of its duties, the King was weak and childish, and few of the great chiefs were of pure Saxon blood. England in Edward's time was ripe for reform or revolution. Had the lot fallen to Godwin and his sons, it might have been reform, for they were all striving spirits, and their half-Danish blood coursed warmly through their veins; but He who knows best sent revolution instead of reform, and who shall doubt that what He did was best for England?

It was over such a kingdom and such a king that Earl Godwin was now called to rule. He seems to have done his best for both, and to have been a man, in spite of all that has been said against him, who had a strong respect for Edward's hereditary right, and a warm love for all that was English. To say that he had an eye to his own interest, is only to say that he was an ambitious man. Of course he had an eye to his own interest. He would have been blind if he had not. But his interest and that of England were identical. Had he sought his

own interest alone, he might have set aside the childish king, striven to be king himself, and so brought about a convulsion. So long as Edward lived, a strong hand was needed at the helm to keep the vessel of the State straight; to guard it against being invaded by hostile hosts in open warfare, or worse still, from being boarded by stealth by foreign priests. Both these services Godwin rendered at great risk to himself, and so long as his interest only lay in being ambitious enough to wish to be the first Englishman, and most constant enemy of foreign aggression, either by lay or churchmen, no one has a right to say an ill word against Earl Godwin. The success of his policy is best shown by the inveterate hate with which his memory was assailed by Norman scribes, and by the idle stories spread in after-times by ecclesiastics as to his awful end. That hate, and these fables, are best confuted by the praise which contemporary writers bestowed on his character, and by the silence of the same authorities as to the inventions of his posthumous enemies.

In 1043, Godwin married Edward to his daughter Eadgitha, and for more than ten years governed both the kingdom and his son-in-law. Besides his daughter, he had sons who were grown men; in one of Edward's charters of 1044, Godwin and all his sons, except Wulfnoth,

the youngest, are found as witnesses, and after that year one or other of them constantly appears.* As for Godwin himself, it may almost be said that he signed every Saxon charter from 1016, when his name certainly first appears, to the year 1053-4, so close was he at the elbow of every English king on state occasions. Strong in himself, in his daughter, who seems to have had a will of her own,† and in his sons, no man

* Supposing Godwin to have been married to Githa in 1019-20, after Canute's expedition to Jomsborg, Harold and his elder children would have been about twenty years old in 1043. If Harold were born in 1020, he would have been forty-six at the Conquest.

† This appears both from the account of her character given in the Life of Edward the Confessor, referred to above, and also from a charter granted by Edward in 1060. This was a grant confirming the vill of Fiskerton in Lincolnshire to the great Abbey at Burgh, now known as Peterborough. It seems that a lady of London, "fœmina Lundonica," named Leofgyfa, had given the said vill to the Abbey of Burgh after her death. She died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem: "in via Ierosolymæ." As soon as Leofric, the Abbot of Burgh, heard of this, he came before the King and proved his claim by proper witnesses: "per idoneos testes." The gift seems to have been in the form of a nuncupative will—a form of bequest allowed by the Anglo-Saxon law. But now came a hitch. Queen Eadgitha claimed the land as having been intended for her by Leofgyfa, and it was only by using all the influence of the King and her brothers on the Queen, and by paying twenty marks in gold, and by giving up the Church furniture, valued at twenty marks more, that Abbot Leofric got the land; the Queen joining the King in confirming it to the Abbey by this charter. The words of the original are very curious:—"At regina mea Eadgyd cum terram vendicasset, dicendo quod hanc sibi eadem fœmina decrevisset, idem abbas per me et principes meos reginæ fratres Haroldum et Tostinum ipsius potentiam flexit; datisque ei in gratiam xx. marcis auri, et ornamentis ecclesiæ quæ ad alias xx. marcas apportiantur, terram monasterio suo liberrimam et integerrimam restituit."

in England was his match. His property, too, lying on the south and west around Winchester, the centre of West Saxon nationality, gave him a great advantage over his compeers, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward Björn's son of Northumberland, the first of whom had to restrain the headstrong Welsh on the Marches, whilst the other, like an old Viking, and sprung of the true Viking stock, for his grandfather was Thorgils Cracklelegs of Jomsborg, had enough to do to rule the turbulent spirit of his own race in the North, and to chastise Macbeth and Thorfinn in their struggle with the southern Scottish dynasty of Duncan and Malcolm Canmore. While they were doing good service on the outskirts of the realm, Godwin and his sons were busy about the heart of the kingdom. It was easy for them to combine to crush their foes, and they were ever about the King, lest his ear should fall a prey to evil counsel. Nor must it be supposed, though the great flood of Northern invasion had passed away, that England even in Edward's time was always at rest. Her peace was only comparative. We know that Magnus the Good threatened an invasion after the death of Hardicanute, and that Edward actually lay at Sandwich, then the great arsenal of England, on the south-east coast. Whether Magnus would ever have fulfilled his threat, had he not had his

hands full with Sweyn Ulf's son in Denmark, can never be known. But certain it is, that he had made no step towards England before his early death in 1047. When he died, Harold Sigurdson, or Hardrada, inherited his nephew's rights; but even he, bold as he was, was just then in no condition to make them good. He, too, had enough to do with Sweyn; and the struggle between the two kingdoms lasted till 1064, just before the death of Edward the Confessor. But though he could not come, some of his subjects, who thought that a good time for Vikings was coming, steered for England in 1048 under the command of Loðin and Erling.* They had twenty-five ships, and ravaged the south-east coast, carrying off immense booty. Being repulsed on another part of the coast, the Vikings sailed for Flanders, where they sold their booty and returned home. But it did not yet suit the plans

* The first of these seems to have been a son and the other a grandson of the famous Erling Skjalgsson of Sole in Norway. Here Mr. Thorpe makes another egregious blunder, for he turns this Loðin into Olaf Tryggvason's step-father, and Erling into his brother-in-law; but to do this he has to go back at least seventy years, for Olaf Tryggvason fell in the 1,000 at the battle of Svoldr, and his step-father married his mother at least twenty years before that date. Munch's third volume, in which (p. 167) the true explanation of this expedition may be found, was published in 1855, and Mr. Thorpe's edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in 1861. The various MSS. of the Chronicle which mention this event place it in 1046-47.

of Harold Hardrada to invade England. He was afraid lest King Edward, or rather lest Earl Godwin and his sons, should make common cause with his enemy, Sweyn Ulf's son, and send an English force to his help. As politic as he was brave, he sent at once an embassy to Edward offering peace and friendship, which Edward willingly accepted. He was just in time, for at the heels of his messengers came others from King Sweyn praying for help, which he no doubt thought he was sure to get, owing to the ties of kindred which bound the family of Godwin to his own. But he reckoned without his host. Florence of Worcester, whom Munch has followed, and who is a very trustworthy authority, asserts, indeed, that Godwin proposed at a meeting of the "Witan" that England should listen to the prayer of King Sweyn, while old Leofric, the Earl of Mercia, opposed him to the uttermost, and led the whole meeting after him, who, mindful of their ancient grudge against the Danes, would not hear of sending them any help. So far Florence; but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says merely in its dry way, under 1049, "Harold went to Norway when Magnus was dead," "and he sent for peace hither to this land. And Sweyn of Denmark also sent and begged King Edward for aid. That should be at least fifty ships. But all the

folks said nay." Then as now, England was all for neutrality so far as Denmark was concerned. In this case we prefer the Chronicle, and for this reason. Though there was kinship between King Sweyn and Earl Godwin, there was just then a feud as well. The foes of that family were to be found in their own house. Sweyn and Tostig, first one and then the other, shook it to ruin. In the year 1046, that is three years before King Sweyn's messengers came, Sweyn, Godwin's son, had done a shameful deed by the Abbess of Lominster. From the consequence of this crime even his father's mighty influence had been unable to shield him, and he had been outlawed. The exile first turned his steps to his cousin King Sweyn to ask for help. But Sweyn was powerless to help him, and so far from sending ships to England, he was forced to send to England for ships a little while after. His cousin and namesake, who was of a violent temper, left Denmark in a rage, and as he had before thirsted for revenge on those who had outlawed him in England, he now burned to do some deed that might grieve King Sweyn. Whether he went like Tostig in after-years from Denmark to Norway, and stirred up Loðin and Erling to sail on their English cruise we know not, but in 1049 we hear that he was with Baldwin, Count of Flan-

ders, at Bruges, gathering force for revenge. When he had been outlawed, his lands, which were wide, had been given partly to his brother Harold, and partly to Björn Ulf's son, King Sweyn's brother, who, with another brother, Asbjörn or Osborn, had remained in England ever since the days of King Cânute, and were captains in the famous Thingmannalid. So things stood in 1049, when King Sweyn sent his messengers for peace. But that Godwin, who loved his son, resented the treatment which he had met with from King Sweyn is plain, we think, first from the refusal of the aid asked, and secondly by Godwin's conduct afterwards. In a word, we think that Godwin was angry with his royal kinsman at that time, and would not stir to help him. It was not Leofric alone, but Godwin with him, and in all likelihood before him, that led the popular feeling against Denmark. So things stood till the summer of 1049, when the outlaw crossed from Flanders to Bosham in Sussex, the chief seat of the family, with seven ships, to treat, as he said, for the removal of his outlawry. Both Björn and his brother Harold refused to give up the share of his lands which each had, but Björn said he was willing to go with him to the King, at Sandwich, and try to get the ban under which he lay loosed. Four nights' peace were given him

for this, and so the two cousins went to Bosham. But no sooner had they reached Sweyn's squadron than the unhappy Björn was seized by Sweyn's command, and dragged on board; the ships set sail at once west for Axemouth, and there Sweyn basely slew him, and buried him deep on the shore. When this news was spread, Harold and the liðsmen of London, that is the Thingmannalid, of which he was captain, came and took up his body, and bore it to Winchester, and buried it by his uncle, King Canute, in the Old Minster. Thus Sweyn, Godwin's son, took vengeance on King Sweyn. As for himself, he was again outlawed, and fled to Flanders. But though this was the deed of a niddering, it seems not to have raised the popular feeling against Sweyn so much as it ought. The people had long been sick of the overbearing behaviour of the liðsmen, and were weighed down by the Danegeld, or yearly tax which they had to pay for the support of these foreign mercenaries. They heard therefore with little regret that one of the captains had been cut off by the darling son of Godwin; for, like Absalom and other scapegraces, Sweyn seems to have increased in favour by the very infamy of his crimes. Now too was the time for the politic Godwin to strike in. The popular voice was against the Thingmannalid, which were now no longer needed.

By taking a side against the Danes, and doing away at once with the foreign mercenaries, and the tax by which they were paid, he would grow more popular. His plans were crowned with success; by the aid of the Bishop of Worcester, Sweyn's outlawry was removed in 1050. And in the same year the famous Thingmannalid was gradually disbanded, and sent back to Denmark, while Asbjörn, Björn's brother, and almost every Dane of note in England, except Siward of Northumbria, was sent out of the South of England.

But Godwin had no sooner got rid of the Danes than a new enemy stared him in the face. Edward had spent most of his life in Normandy. He loved the customs and language of his mother's country, and, more than all, he loved the obedience of its clergy to the Romish See. To him the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon Church were an abomination. If he cared for anything besides hunting, which was his sole worldly amusement, it was for monks and nuns, for cloisters such as that at Bec, and for castles like that at Rouen. He had always Normans about him, especially as his priests. In 1048, when the See of Canterbury became vacant, he gave it to Robert of Jumièges, whom he had made Bishop of London soon after his coronation, and the See of London he gave to William, his

chaplain, who was also a Norman. An unhappy Saxon, Spearhafoc of Sparrowhawk, before Abbot of Abingdon, had been designated to the see into which William now crept, but the Archbishop had refused to consecrate him, and Sparrowhawk lost both his bishopric and his abbacy, for while the dispute was pending, the King had thrust into the abbacy his kinsman Rudolf, one of Saint Olaf's missionary bishops, who had followed the Saint from Normandy to Norway, and from Norway had been sent to evangelise Iceland, whence, after a stay of nineteen years, he had returned to his native land in time to follow the fortunes of Edward to England.* So, too, Norman barons were granted lands and castles in England. Superior in arms, in dress, in laws, in religion, and even in what was then called civilization, they gave themselves airs, and were hated accordingly by the less polished and freer English. But while these proceedings on the part of Edward were filling the cup of wrath against the strangers, an unlooked-for piece of insolence on the part of

* His original name was Ulf, but, as Hungrvaka tells us (chap. 3), it was lengthened into Rudolf or Rudu-Ulf, because King Olaf brought him with him from Ruda or Rouen. According to Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, i. 176, he remained two years abbot in Abingdon and then died. He was probably advanced in years, unlike some colonial bishops nowadays, before he threw up his see abroad and returned to his native land.

the hated race filled it to overflowing. Count Eustace of Boulogne had married the King's sister, and came over to England in 1053 to settle some matters with the King. On his return home he forced his way armed into Dover. A quarrel arose out of an attempt of one of his followers to quarter himself on one of the townsmen; the townsman slew the Norman; the Normans slew the householder at his own hearth. The freemen flew to arms, and after about twenty had fallen on either side, Eustace had to fly the town, and betook himself to the King with a story in which all the blame was laid on the men of Dover. The story is told in different ways, but by the most trustworthy account it seems that Edward lent a willing ear to the tale of his brother-in-law. Godwin, in whose earldom Dover lay, was ordered to chastise the offenders; but he would not obey. On the contrary, he and his sons gathered a force, marched on Gloucester where the King lay, and demanded the delivery of Eustace and his followers. On his side the King sent for Godwin's rivals, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward of Northumberland, who hastened to his aid with the strength of the Midlands and the North. War seemed inevitable; when, by the good offices of the Witan, a truce was agreed on. It was settled that Godwin and his sons should come and plead

their cause before a solemn meeting of the Witan in London at the autumnal equinox. Edward was one of those "adjective" characters that cannot stand alone. Godwin had long been his "substantive;" but Godwin was no longer by his side, and the weak King fell entirely into the hands of Archbishop Robert and his Norman priests, who were not slow to work Godwin's ruin. The writer of the Confessor's life to which we have so often referred, says outright, that the King, as they were always pouring accusations against Godwin into his ear, "began to prefer bad counsel to good." The father and his sons came at the appointed time, but meanwhile the King's forces had swollen greatly, while those of Godwin little by little lost heart and melted away. At last, from being equals, he and his children stood almost as suppliants. Hostages for his safety, if he came to the meeting, were even denied him, and the end was, that five nights were given him and his children to flee the land. By this time Archbishop Robert had quite persuaded the King that Godwin had been really guilty of his brother Alfred's murder, and when Godwin asked to have the King's "peace," Edward, who like all weak characters, was subject to outbreaks of wrath, answered, at the instigation of his priests, that "he could only hope for the King's peace when he restored

him his brother alive with all his men, and all the goods that had been taken from them either alive or dead." As soon as this message was brought to the great earl by Bishop Stigand, Godwin pushed away the table at which he sat, mounted his horse, and made his sons mount theirs, and rode for Bosham as hard as they could. They were just in time, for the Archbishop had sent horsemen after them to cut them off, but failed in his purpose. "So," says the Chronicle, "Earl Godwin and Earl Sweyn betook them to Bosham, and shoved out their ships and turned them beyond the sea, and sought Baldwin's 'peace,' and stayed there all that winter." "And Earl Harold went west to Ireland, and was there that winter in the King's peace at Dublin. And as soon as this happened, then the King left the lady, her that was hallowed and wedded to him as his Queen, and stripped her of all that she had in land and gold and silver, and of all things, and she was handed over to the care of the King's sister, the Abbess of Wherwell; and Ælfgar, Leofric's son, was set over that earldom that Harold had before." Just at this critical time Edward's cousin, the young Duke William of Normandy, passed over into England with a great train of followers, no doubt to exult over the good time which was come for Normans in England. "The King,"

says the Chronicle, "made him and his fellows welcome, as many as he would, and so they left the realm again."

So fell of a sudden this famous family. "It would have seemed wonderful," says another MS. of the Chronicle, "to every man that was in England, if any man before that had said that it would so happen; for he, Earl Godwin, had been before exalted to that degree as if he ruled the King and all England. And his sons were earls and the King's darlings, and his daughter was married and wedded to the King." But they fell only to rise again. Neither Godwin nor Harold were likely to let the grass grow under their feet while their foes took their lands in England as their own. They were not the men to cry over spilt milk, but just the men to fill the pail afresh. Harold was first afoot. The King who ruled the kingdom which the Northmen still held in Dublin was Margad, as the Scandinavian annals call him, or Cachmargach, as the Irish uttered it. The English called him Jemarch. But, whatever his name, he was a bold and successful Viking. Many a time and oft he had harried England's coast, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with the Norwegians Finn Arni's son, Hacon Ivar's son, and Guthorm of Ringeness. The last was his chosen brother-in-arms; and just at this very time,

between the years 1051-52, Guthorm spent the winter in Dublin, where he met the outlawed Harold. In the summer of 1054 they all set out on a cruise; Harold was bent on joining his father in Flanders; but Margad and Guthorm went out merely to plunder and waste. Their story is so interesting, that we must stop to tell it. They won great store of wealth as they ravaged the shores of England, and at the end of July found themselves in the Menai Straits. Here they resolved to share the spoil, which was mostly in silver. But, like the giants in the Niebelungen Tale, they could not agree; and so high did the war of words run, that Margad challenged Guthorm to settle the matter by the sword. Guthorm had but five ships, while Margad had sixteen. The difference was great, even if we suppose his five to have been taller and stouter than those of the challenger. But here at least was room for prayers to saints, and so the day before the fight, it was St. Olaf's eve, the 28th of July, Guthorm vowed that he would give the saint a tenth of all the booty if he would grant him to win the day. He fought and won, slaying Margad and all his men after a bloody struggle. Those were not the days to break a vow. The eleventh century was not that of Erasmus, nor was Guthorm of Ringeness like the pilgrim to Walsingham. He kept his

word to the saint, and a crucifix of solid silver as tall as Guthorm himself bore silent witness at once to his victory and his faith. There stood the Holy Rood in the Church of St. Olaf at Drontheim, till it was melted in the crucibles of those religious Vikings who laid Romanism waste in Norway, and brought the Reformation into the land in the sixteenth century.

Harold's cruise was quite as successful, and not so bloody. With nine ships he sailed into the Bristol Channel, harrying in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. Then leaving the Land's End he sailed along the coast to Portland, where he joined his forces to those of his father, who had passed over from Bruges some time before, and found all the south-east coast ready to rise. The people at least were not of Edward's opinion. Godwin and his sons were everywhere welcome. It added, perhaps, to the ease of their exploit that the scapegrace Sweyn was no longer with them. Smitten with the Jerusalem fever, so common in that age, he had gone on a pilgrimage to Palestine, only to die at Constantinople on his return. Godwin and Harold steered boldly for the Thames, where the King lay outside London to the west, with his land force and fleet. Forcing their way through the bridge, and hugging the south bank, where their land force was ready to aid them, they were ready

to fall on the King's followers and ships, who clung to the north bank of the Thames; but neither side had any wish to fight with their own countrymen for the sake of foreigners. Godwin was unwilling to fight against his king. The city of London, which was independent even after the Thingmen left it, was rather with Godwin than against him. It was now Edward's turn to yield. By the help of Stigand, Bishop of Winchester, he did so with a good grace. A truce was made, and hostages were given on both sides. Godwin landed and cleared himself and his sons from the charges made against them, and was there and then restored to all his rights and lands. This was the sign for the hated Normans to fly. The Archbishop Robert, and Bishop William, and Ulf, Bishop of Dorchester, who was so ignorant, that when he went to the Synod of Vercelli he only escaped having his crosier broken by paying a heavy fine—they and all the rest of the Normans had to escape as best they might. The Archbishop left his pall behind him, and, with his brothers in affliction, only got over to France from Walton-on-the-Naze by trusting themselves in a crazy bark. As a matter of course the Lady Eadgitha, the Queen, came back to Court and the cold honours of Edward's bed, as soon as her father and brothers were restored to their rights.

So Godwin and his sons, all except the outlaw Sweyn, who ended his days in exile, were stronger than ever. But there is one who is stronger than man, and He had given Godwin a warning at the very moment of his triumph. "'Twas on the Monday after St. Mary's mass, that is on the 14th of September, that Earl Godwin and his ships came to Southwark, and on the Tuesday they were set at one again as here stands before told. Godwin sickened as soon as he set foot on shore, and eftsoons came to himself again." Then follows the passage already mentioned: "But he made all too little atonement for those goods of God which he had taken from many holy places." The monkish chronicler evidently looked upon this first seizure as a warning which Godwin had neglected. Perhaps those ten manses at Polehampton in Hampshire, which Canute had given, as we see from one of his charters, dated 1033, "to my familiar friend and captain Godwin, for his trustworthy obedience by which he faithfully seconds me," but which we know from earlier charters had been given to Holy Church, now raised the wrath of the chronicler. However that may be, Earl Godwin had short space given him for repentance if he needed it. In 1053 according to the Chronicle, but two years later beyond a doubt, that is in 1055, "in this

year, we are told, "the King was at Winchester at Easter, and Earl Godwin with him, and Earl Harold, his son, and Tostig. Then on the second day of Easter, Easter Monday, he sat with the King at meat; then suddenly he sank down by the footstool, reft of speech and of all his strength, and then they brought him into the King's bower, and thought that it would go over, but it was not so, but so he lasted, speechless and strengthless, all down to the Thursday, and then gave up his life, and he lieth there (at Winchester) in the Old Minster." Such is the fullest account contained in the Chronicle of Earl Godwin's death. It is awful enough in its touching brevity, and we have no need, like the Norman scribes who made it their duty after the Conquest, to blacken the character of a man so thoroughly English, by repeating the fictions by which a later age sought to turn his fearful end into a warning against treason and perjury. The only crime which we see laid to his charge was the murder of the Atheling Alfred, but of this, as we have already seen, Harold Harefoot was in all probability really guilty.

After Godwin's death, all his lands and rights passed to Harold, his eldest son; and it seemed as if a double portion of his father's power had fallen on Harold. It was no secret that the King still loved the Normans; but the people

had declared against them, and made common cause with Godwin. If Godwin's character had been open to suspicion, no such charge could be made against his eldest son, who, in spite of his half-Danish blood, was now looked upon by the English as their national champion. Circumstances, too, favoured him much. Both Leofric and Siward, his father's rivals, were on the brink of the grave. The latter died in 1057 and the former 1059, though the Chronicle, with its usual misreckoning, places these events two years earlier. Siward's darling son, Asbjörn, had fallen in battle against Macbeth two years before, and Waltheof, his remaining child, was but a boy. With Leofric's race it was still worse. Even before his father's death Ælfgar had been outlawed on suspicion of treasonable practices with the Welsh, with whom he was on friendly terms. Against him, too, and his sons Eadwine and Morcar, Harold could always assert a superiority, as the champion of Englishmen, against those who had leagued themselves with foreigners and barbarians. The fortune of his family was filled to the brim when, on Siward's death,* the great earldom of Northumbria became

* His death is thus recorded by Henry of Huntingdon, who has no doubt faithfully preserved the thoroughly Norse features of the stern old Viking's character. The next year, 1055, "Siward," his real name was Sigurd—"that stoutest of captains, felt death hanging over him from a flux. 'What a shame,' he said, 'that I should

vacant, and room was found for Tostig to display his powers of government. Neither the Northumbrians, nor King Malcolm, Earl Siward's brother-in-arms, welcomed Tostig very warmly, but the Danish population beyond the Humber were forced to receive him; and as for Malcolm, though he invaded Northumbria, he seems to have been defeated by Tostig, who was a valiant captain, and forced to make peace with Edward at York in 1059. At the same time he became Tostig's brother-in-arms; but, as if to show how little this holy tie availed, the Scottish King took the first opportunity of Tostig's absence, when, after the example of the age, he went on a pilgrimage to Rome in 1061, to fall again on Northumbria with fire and sword, not sparing in his fury even St. Cuthbert's shrine at Lindisfarne.

And now Edward was growing old; that is to say, he might have been about sixty years of

not have been able to die in so many wars, but that I should have been reserved for the disgrace of a death fit only for kine! But at least clothe me with my impenetrable byrnie, gird me with my sword, set my helm on my head; let me have my shield on my left arm, put my golden-hafted axe in my right hand, that I, a brave warrior, may die at least as a warrior ought.' It was done as he said, and he breathed his last armed to the teeth." He was buried at Galmanbo, in the church which he had built in honour of St. Olaf; but no heathen warrior could have been more particular in the directions thus given for laying out his body in a way worthy of a worshipper of Odin.

age.* His, luckily, was not a nature nor a frame that could reproduce itself. He had no children by Eadgitha; who then was to be his heir? So long as a branch of the old West Saxon line existed, his eyes were naturally turned towards it; and he sent to Hungary for Edward, Edmund Ironside's son, who had been sent to Sweden by Canute to get him out of the way.

From Sweden he was sent to Russia, and from Russia he made his way to Hungary, where he married Agatha, a kinswoman of the Emperor Henry the Second. Edward came to England, but died almost as soon as he arrived, in 1057. The MS. of the Chronicle, and that the one which seems rather hostile to the House of Godwin, implies that the Atheling met with foul play. The others merely mention his sudden death.† He left behind what the

* Real cases of old age were very rare in those times: Canute was called old "hinn gamli," but he was little past forty when he died. Siward was called old, but he left a son quite a boy. Life began soon with them. They married soon, led a life of toil and trouble, and if they escaped the sword, were soon worn out. Even the clergy were not long-lived.

† Here are the words of Cott. Tib. B. iv.:—"In this year came Eadward Atheling to England; he was King Edward's brother's son, King Eadmund, who was called Ironside for his bravery. This Atheling had King Canute sent away to Hungary to be betrayed; but he there throve into a good man, as him God granted and him well became; so that he got the Emperor's kinswoman to wife, and by whom a fair offspring he begot; she was hight Agatha. We know not for what cause it was done that he might not see his kinsman King Edward. Alas! that was a rueful hap, and a baleful

Chronicle calls a "fair offspring,"—a son, Edgar Atheling, and a daughter, Margaret. But, like Siward's son Waltheof, Edgar was a boy, and strong neither in body nor mind. At such a time there could be little doubt that he, for a while at least, would be out of the succession. Failing him, the Norman annalists declare that Edward had resolved to make his cousin William, their Duke, his heir, and it is they that have spread the story of Edgar's physical and mental unfitness. In all probability Edward never grappled fairly with the question of the succession. He sent for his nephew from Hungary, with the view of making him his heir, but when he was cut off he adjourned the question; for we must remember that Edward was one of those characters who, if they think themselves sure of heaven, are willing to let the world fare as it lists. The creatures of circumstance, they can scarcely be said to have a will of their own in affairs of state. His sole worldly care seems to have been his hawks and dogs. To hunt with them was his great delight. Waiting for the millennium, and eager to make his peace with God before it came, wondering and rather vexed that it had overstayed its time by ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and at last sixty

for all this nation, that he so speedily his life ended, after he came to England, to the unhappiness of this poor nation."

years. Edward's great care was to endow his abbey at Westminster, and all other holy places, with as many lands as he could grasp. Let him and his only be sure of their inheritance in heaven, for the rest, such a mere mortal matter as the succession to the throne of England might be left to chance; in God's good time it would take care of itself. But though he did not care, others did. In all England there was no one who could compete with Harold, in the very vigour of his manhood, a bold and fortunate warrior, the tamer of the Welsh, the owner of enormous possessions as his own private property, and stronger still in the offices which he held under the King; without a rival, and almost without an enemy, all England were ready to wait till Edward's death to hail Harold as their King. That was pretty much the state of feeling in England after the death of Edward Atheling. But across the Channel there was another who cared about England, a prince also in the prime of manhood, born in 1027, and who had hitherto overcome all obstacles, not only by his indomitable energy and bravery, but by the skill and subtlety with which he knew how to work out his plans by guile, if force failed. In William we see the improved Norman type. Just as his subjects, the descendants of Rollo, the Norse Viking, had been wonderfully bettered

by their cross with the Romance stock, so William himself and his barons were again an improvement on the mass of the population. He and his Normans were not only ready to do anything, but able to do it. They were the best warriors, not the bravest, but the most disciplined and tactical of the age. They had better arms, better horses, better mail than any other race. They were like an army furnished with the Enfield rifle warring against another whose only weapon was poor old Brown Bess. They were better lawyers, for they had grafted the formularies and traditions of Scandinavian custom on the majestic trunk of the old Roman law, and the vitality of the stock showed itself in a refinement of legislation against which no ruder system could prevail. They scorned houses of wattle and churches of wood, and at their bidding strong towers and tall minsters of stone rose like magic from the earth. They were logical in their attachment to the Roman See. The Pope owned no more faithful children in the world than the Normans of the eleventh century; and they had their reward, for the Pope blessed their banners, and sent them relics, dead men's bones—things now to laugh at and lecture on, but then awful realities, for men believed that where the saint's bones lay, there the saint's spirit also rested, mighty to save his

votaries. That was the faith and feeling of the age, and the Normans at once acknowledged and acted on it. Their system was already at work before the surrounding nations had thought of following it. They were like England in the nineteenth century: fifty years before all the rest of the world with her manufactories, and five-and-twenty years before them with her railways. They were foremost in the race of civilisation and progress; well started before all the rest had thought of running. No wonder, then, that both won.

But fortune proverbially favours the brave. To him that hath she giveth, and from him that hath not she taketh even that he hath. So it was here. Already, in 1051-2, we have seen that William, then scarcely twenty-five years old, crossed over to England to see his cousin after Edward had broken with Godwin. Ingulph, the secretary of William, indeed denies that at that visit his master exerted any undue influence on Edward to extort a promise from him; but who can tell, no, not even in after-times the hired scribe of William, what passed between the cousins. Certain it is that soon after that visit Edward sent Harold's brother Wulfnoth, and his nephew, Sweyn's son Hacon, who had been given by Godwin as hostages, over to William for safe keeping. When

Edward died, William asserted they had been sent to him as pledges that the succession to the English throne was his. That was the first gift that fortune sent him from England. It was but an earnest of a greater windfall. In 1064 Harold went to Normandy. Various reasons are given for this journey. He went out for a sail and was driven by stress of weather to the Norman coast. He was on his way to Flanders. He went to work out his brother's release. He was sent, most unlikely of all, by Edward to bring William tidings that Edward had made him his heir. However that might be, Harold found himself in France, first a prisoner in the hands of the Count of Ponthieu, and afterwards set free by William, and treated with high favour at his Court. That whole winter, 1064-5, the Saxon earl passed in Normandy, the honoured guest, but still the prized prisoner, of his host. William was not the man to reject the advantage which fortune had thrown in his way. Before he would let Harold go, he made him swear on some of those relics in which the age set such great faith, that he would help William to win the throne of England, that he would cede him the strong castle of Dover, and other fastnesses, pledge his word to marry William's little daughter; after which he was to have half England as his fief. When this

solemn oath was sworn, the Saxon earl was let go with every mark of honour and splendid gifts. He took his nephew Hacon with him, but Wulfnoth remained behind, a pledge of Harold's faith. The whole story of this visit, and the oath upon the relics, is not found in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The Normans recount it at length, and the Scandinavian records mention it. We may be certain that the journey took place. The fact is there, but as we look upon it it wears a Norman face. The visit, the oath, and the return to England are alone to be relied on. Yet it strikes us as strange that if Edward really was bent on making William his heir, that the two, the one a lover of Normans, and the other a Norman born, should not have agreed upon some written document, of which that age affords hundreds still extant, by which the kingdom should have been formally made over to William. No such charter has ever been hinted at, and failing it, we incline to believe that Edward's mind was not made up as to his succession till the very day of his death.

We have said before that the enemies of Godwin's house sprang from its own bosom. Sweyn had been the beginning of evil. His conduct first gave Edward an excuse for his breach with the family. Sweyn was now dead, but a worse foe to the family remained behind. This was

Tostig, a man capable of great things, a brave warrior, a faithful ally, and of a generous nature. But he was restless and ambitious, always scheming to be greater than he was; a man who could bear adversity like a hero, but one whose prosperity was his bane; for he could never be content, so long as one step in life's ladder remained to mount. The characters of the two brothers are well drawn by the Anglo-Saxon writer, to whom we have been already so much indebted. He knew them well, calls them his "dear lords," and grieved for the loss of both alike. On the death of Godwin, he says the people were plunged in grief, mourning for him as the foster-father (*nutricium*) both of themselves and the kingdom; "but to his earldom was raised by the royal favour his elder son Harold, who was the elder also in wisdom, at which the whole host of England drew a deep breath of consolation: For he excelled in vigour both of mind and body, and stood above all the people as another Judas Maccabæus; yea, he proved himself even a greater friend of his country than his father had been, and trod in his footsteps by showing long-suffering and mercy and condescension to well-doers. But as for the unruly and thieves and robbers, like a champion of justice, he threatened them with the terror of a lion's heart and countenance.....

And now that an opportunity offers itself, we wish to say something after the measure of our puny intellect about the lives and characters of these two brothers, which we think we do well to write, as well for the purpose of this work, as for the sake of an example to be followed by those of their posterity who are still to come. Both of them grew up strong, with a very fair and beauteous body, and, as we imagine, with equal vigour and equal boldness. But Harold the elder was of taller stature, and was more like his sire in his endless toil, watching, and endurance of hunger,—a man of great smoothness of temper, and with a readier wit than his brother. He was great in bearing reproaches—no easy thing; and never, as I think, revenged himself on any of his countrymen. Sometimes he would take counsel with any one whom he thought trustworthy; and sometimes he would delay taking counsel till it seemed to some as though his course were less advantageous to his interest than it might have been. But who shall accuse either the one brother or the other, or any one, in short, sprung from such a father as Godwin, and trained in his school and by his care, of the fault of levity or haste?* But Earl

* Some sentences of Harold's character are very corrupt, through the carelessness of the copyist, but there can be no doubt of their general sense.

Tostig was also a man of grave and wise self-restraint, though he was a little too bitter in following up an injury; a man endowed with a manly and unfailing firmness of mind. It was his wont to weigh the plans he had in his mind for the most part by himself, and to settle their order, surveying them to their very end by due consideration of the subject; and such plans it was not easy to get him to impart to any one. Sometimes too he was so wary before he acted, that his deed seemed to precede his plan, and this habit on the stage of life often stood him in good stead. When he gave gifts he poured out his bounty with prodigal munificence. . . . In word and deed he was well known for his adamantine steadfastness. . . . Both brothers were very constant in carrying out their undertakings, but this one, Tostig, fulfilled his purpose by main force; the other, Harold, by wisdom. The first in his deeds thought only of working out his will; the second tried to carry fortune with him as well. Both of them were sometimes so successful in dissembling their designs, that those who did not know them must have thought them the most uncertain of men. But to sum up all in one sentence, for those who read of their characters, no age and no country has ever reared two mortals of such worth at one and the same time."

From this account, which, we may be sure, was as favourable to Tostig as the writer, who evidently loved him, could make it, it is plain that while Tostig's was the strong will, often sunk in itself, moody and plotting, and then rushing to fulfil it, Harold's was the wise mind, and more open cheerful temper, which made him the favourite of the King and the darling of the nation. This fact was enough in itself to hurt Tostig's pride. Why was he too not England's darling? Why was he not Godwin's first-born? Why was he to be for ever doomed to stand after and not before his brother? So it was that when Siward's death made room for him in Northumbria, his thoughts were distracted by the preference which both King and people showed for his brother Harold. His government too was severe, even when compared with his predecessor's stern rule, and while he punished ill-doers and exterminated robbers, it is hinted by the writer most friendly to him that he was sometimes led to hunt them down by the desire to spoil their goods. Tostig was in fact an Anglo-Saxon Catiline, "alieni appetens, sui profusus." At last, in spite of his half-Danish blood, the Northumbrians, Northmen and English alike, rose against him in his absence with the King, and marched upon York, where his chief strength lay. His housecarles

and body-guard were slain wherever they could be found, whether Danes or English, and all his treasures, gold, silver, arms, fell a spoil to the rebels. He was formally outlawed by the Thanes, who sent for Morcar, Ælfgar's son, as their earl. With him at their head, the whole North began to march South; Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Lincolnshire swelling their ranks as they went. All the old Danelagh, in short, was up in arms, and lest it should come to war between North and South, Edward sent Harold to meet the rebels at Northampton, to listen to their grievances, and make the best terms he could. We have no reason to believe that Harold had any grudge against his brother, who seems, as far as we can judge from the charters, to have been constantly at his side about the Court. But Tostig was furious, and openly accused Harold of having stirred up the insurrection against him; a charge which Harold, as the writer of the Confessor's life says, with a sad allusion to his oath in Normandy over the relics, *ad sacramenta nimis prodigus*, answered at once, by an oath at the altar. Perhaps Tostig, by following the Court, and looking after the succession, while he left the government of his province to underlings, provoked the Northern Thanes, and made them demand a change of earl. But Harold, however much

he may have loved Tostig, was a statesman, which his brother was not; he soon saw that nothing would satisfy the North but a change. The King therefore yielded. The laws of Canute were renewed, which we may therefore conclude had been broken by Tostig. Morcar was appointed Earl of Northumbria, and Tostig, who, unluckily for England, was with the King at Britford in Wilts when the outbreak took place, and so escaped the fury of his people, had to leave England with his wife Judith, Earl Baldwin's daughter, and betake himself to Flanders, to his father-in-law, with the few followers who still clung to him.

This happened in the summer and autumn of the year 1065. On the 5th of January, 1066, the event happened for which so many were waiting, and for which some were so well prepared. After having at Christmas consecrated the new Abbey at Westminster, which he had built in honour of St. Peter and richly endowed, the meek Edward sickened and died on the eve of Twelfth-day, and was buried on Twelfth-day in the Abbey. "And," says one MS. of the Chronicle, "Earl Harold got all the kingdom of England just as the King granted it him, and also as men chose him thereto, and he was blessed as King on Twelfth-day." The national records, therefore, say that Edward granted Harold the

kingdom. The Scandinavian authorities go a step farther.* Some of them relate that when Edward felt his end approaching, he told those around him that William was to be his heir. "But," they go on, "when the sickness began to press him hard, Harold Godwin's son was foremost in all service on the King, as he had been before; and the King had given him the keeping of all his treasures. . . . It is the story of some men that when Edward was nearly come to his last gasp, and when Harold and few men besides were by, Harold bowed himself over the King and said, 'I call ye all to witness that King Edward just now gave me the kingdom and all sway in England;' and straightway after that the King was lifted dead out of the bed." Snorro Sturluson with his critical taste has cut out the passage about William, but he has kept the rest. These accounts both tell rather against Harold; but it must be borne in mind that the Norwegian story was derived in all probability from Tostig's descendants, who took root and throve famously in Norway. Our own opinion is that Edward, like a weak man, put off the question till it was too late to settle it, and though with his last breath he may, very like Elizabeth, have been forced to say something, that something was of little worth. But, besides

* Harold Hardrada's Saga, ch. 112. Snorro Sturluson, ch. 80.

Edward's wish, there remained the will of the people, and that seems unanimously to have set aside the rightful heir, Edgar Atheling, and to have chosen Harold as the only man fit to govern the country.

The writer of the Life—who, it seems likely, was present, and certainly had heard the Queen tell the story of her husband's death—gives a most touching account of Edward's last moments. After having been speechless for two days, the Confessor suddenly revived, and prayed for strength to relate a vision. It was granted. Then he said that two monks, long since dead, whom he had known in youth, had appeared to him, and told him of the wrath of God which was about to fall on England. The chiefs in Church and State, earls, bishops, abbots, and all the clergy, were not what they seemed, God's ministers, but the servants of Satan; wherefore the whole kingdom was to be wasted by devils with fire and sword. In vain he had said, "I will show these things, by God's will, to the people, and they will repent, and God will have mercy and forgive." "Nay," was the reply, "they will not repent, nor will God's mercy reach them." "When, then, will the end of all this misery be?" "When," was the stern answer, "a green tree is hewn asunder in the midst, and the part hewn off is carried three

acres from the trunk, and when it comes back without the help of human hand, and grows again as before, and bears leaves and fruit, then first will the end of these evils be."

A doleful dream indeed, and shocking to all but one who heard it. There was the Queen sitting on the ground and warming the King's cold feet in her lap, and Harold was by, and his Constable Earl Robert, his cousin, and Stigand, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and a few more. The one was least shocked who ought to have felt it most. Stigand, while all were speechless and aghast at the vision, whispered into Harold's ear, "The King is worn out with age and illness; he drivels and knows not what he says." Evidently a man of sense, and speaking very much as we imagine an English archbishop would now speak; but in those days quite before his time, for even the writer inveighs against him in no measured terms—complains of the wickedness of all orders in England, and declares that the archbishop, who was evidently still alive when he wrote, "will be very late in repenting, and perhaps never repent at all, when he could dare to think that the sainted King, when filled with a prophetic spirit as the reward of his blessed life, should have merely been raving and wandering through age or disease when he told his dream." After relating his

vision, the King, seeing that all stood round weeping, said, "Do not weep for me, but pray God for my soul, and get me leave to go to Him. He will not be reconciled with me unless I die, who could not be reconciled with Himself unless He first died." Then, turning to the Queen, who was sitting at his feet, he spoke to her for the last time: "May God thank this my bride, according to the careful tenderness of her service to me; for she has followed me faithfully, and has ever sat close to my side in the place of a dearest daughter; for which may she obtain from a merciful God a change to bliss eternal." Next stretching out his hand to his "foster-brother" Harold, "To thee I commend this woman, to take care of, with the whole realm, that thou mayst serve and honour her as thy mistress and sister with a faithful service; so that so long as she lives she may not lose her proper honour when I am taken away. I also confide to thy care those who have left their native soil for my love's sake, and have hitherto served me faithfully, that thou mayst, having taken them into thy service, if they wish it, defend and keep them; if they do not wish it, let them return to their own land, with all their possessions. Bury me in the monastery hard by, and do not hide my death, but tell it everywhere, that all the faithful may pray for me, a sinner."

Then came more last words to the weeping Queen: "Be not afraid; I shall not die at all, but soon be quite well by God's mercy." And then the pious mystic passed away. After death his face was "ruddy as a rose, while his snow-white beard shone beneath it like a lily. His hands, stretched out, were lean and fair and white, and his whole frame seemed as though it lay composed in sleep." So died Edward the Confessor, according to the account of a contemporary, and in all likelihood of an eye-witness, of one who was besides the devoted friend of the Queen and all her family. It is remarkable that in this account no mention is made of Harold as England's future King. The most that can be made out of Edward's last words is that the Queen and kingdom were confided to his brother-in-law as protector and regent. Was it that Harold was only to rule the land till the true heir of the West Saxon line, the young and weak-minded Edgar Atheling, was of years and discretion to ascend the throne? However that may be, Harold as regent was *de facto* King of England, and so long as he could defy all foreign claimants, might look upon the kingdom as his own.

And now the base part of Tostig's character came out. He only saw his brother on the throne; that throne for which in his pride he

thought himself fully fit. If he could only hurl him from it, no matter how, no matter at what cost of misery to England, the dearest wish of his heart would be gratified. It is probable that when smarting under his exile in the winter of 1065, he may have gone from St. Omer to visit his brother-in-law, William, and to arrange plans for the ultimate success of William's scheme. But the death of Edward showed them that no time was to be lost if England was to be won, for Harold's energy soon gained him the confidence of the people, and his power increased from day to day. One of his first steps seems to have been the re-establishment of the Thingmannalid, and this time as a pure band of mercenary soldiers mounted at the King's cost, and serving at his expense. Besides this, he gave order at once for fitting out a powerful fleet to lie at Sandwich, and watch the south-east coast. As soon as William heard of Edward's death and Harold's accession, he sent messengers to England to remind Harold of his promises and oath, and to demand their fulfilment. But Harold refused to be bound by a forced oath, and answered boldly that he would hold England as his own. William then resolved on an expedition, and summoned his barons to a meeting at Lillebonne, where he told them his plan. They made remonstrances, founded

on the adventurous nature of the undertaking against a leader so powerful as Harold, and a country so rich and so strong in men and ships. But the Seneschal William Fitzosborn, at first pretending to be on the barons' side, got them to agree to let him answer for all, and then boldly went before William and said his barons were ready to support him with twice the lawful number of men and ships. Though they one and all protested against this answer, yet William by his subtle management succeeded in persuading them to fit out a fleet of seven hundred ships. Up to this time Tostig was with him, active in his interest; but now he was to take a more open part. William sent to many lands to beg for assistance in his enterprise, and amongst the rest he sent an embassy to Sweyn Ulfson. Who so fit to bear the message as Tostig, the Danish King's first cousin; and who so ready to invade England as the King of that land whose warriors were so renowned, and who had so often steered to victory in England? Tostig then went to Denmark; but though he went to further William's, he really pleaded his own cause. As he had promised William to stand by him, so he was prodigal of his promises to Sweyn. It mattered little to him how many foreign hosts he brought on England, so his brother Harold was overthrown; when that hap-

pened let the foreigners fight it out among themselves. In the turmoil between them the chapter of accidents might give him what he thought his right, the crown of England. As soon as he saw Sweyn he told his story, and asked for ships and men to win back his honour and power in England. Sweyn answered by asking him to stay there with him. He would give him a lordship there in Denmark, where he would rule in honour and might. "My heart is set," was Tostig's answer, "on faring back to my own lands in England; but if I can get no help from you for this, then I will make you another offer; and that is, to bring all the force that I can raise in England to join you, if ye will fare thither with the whole Danish host, as King Canute did, your mother's brother." That was a tempting offer, and we see already how rapidly William's ambassador was melting away in the wrathful earl. What he was now promising to Sweyn was just what he had offered a month before to William. But Sweyn Ulf's son was a wise man. He knew his own power. He had just ended his seventeen years' struggle with Norway. His land had lost thousands of men and hundreds of ships. His Denmark was not the Denmark of his uncle, nor was he the warrior that "Old" Canute had been. "Kinsman mine," was his answer, "by so much the more am I a less man than King Canute,

that I can hardly hold Denmark against the Norsemen. But Old Canute owned Denmark by inheritance, and England by war and conquest, and yet after all it was for a while not at all unlikely that he would have lost his life fighting there. As for Norway, he got it without a battle. But as for me, I know the measure of my strength, and I reckon it more after my own weakness than by Canute's valour." "Well then," said Tostig, "my errand hither is less weighty than I thought you, my kinsman, would make it for my troubles' sake. Now I must look for friendship in a less likely quarter; and yet perhaps after all I may find a leader in whose eyes a deed of derring-do looks not so big as it doth to yours, O King." So they parted not very good friends.

Tostig lost no time in seeking Harold Hardrada, whom he found not far off in "the Bay." To him he made the same offer that he first made to Sweyn—he asked for help to win back his own in England. "As for that," answered Harold, "we Norwegians care very little about warring in England, if we are to have an English leader over us; and to tell you the truth," he added, "men say you English are not always faithful." "Is it true," asked Tostig, "as I have heard men say in England, that King Magnus, your kinsman, sent men to King Edward, with

a message to say that King Magnus claimed England as well as Denmark as his inheritance, after Hardicanute, as was laid down in their treaty?" "If that were so," rejoined the King, "why did King Magnus never get the kingdom that he claimed in England?" "And why," was Tostig's taunting answer, "have you not won the realm of Denmark, which Magnus held before your day?" "Ye Danes," burst out Harold, "have no need to boast against us Norsemen. Many houses and homesteads have we burnt belonging to those kinsmen of yours." "Well," said the Earl, "if you will not answer my question, I will answer it for you. King Magnus held Denmark as his own, because all the leaders of the land stood by him; but you could not hold it, because all were against you. King Magnus never fought to win England, because the whole people would have Edward as their king. But if you will win England, I will so bring it to pass that most of the nobles will aid you. I lack naught when matched with my brother Harold but the name of king. But all here know there hath never been born in these Northern lands a warrior such as thou; and methinks 'tis passing strange that thou shouldst have fought fifteen years for Denmark, and now wilt not stoop to pick up England when it lies at thy feet." If Tostig really made this

speech, it proves that he was a subtle speaker as well as a bold warrior, for he seems first to have taunted Harold into a rage, then to have flattered his vanity, and at last to have convinced him that, with his help, the conquest of England was an easy task. The Saga tells us, that when Harold came to think the matter over, he saw that much that Tostig said was true, and in a little while the king was eager to invade England. Tostig and he had many meetings and much talk. The end was, that Tostig acknowledged Harold as his lord and superior, on condition that he was to have half England as a fief. Nor did the tempter leave him till it was a settled thing that King Harold was to come west across the sea next summer, with a great fleet. In those days journeys were long and wearisome; there were no posts, no letters, no newspapers, no telegrams; news was news indeed, even if it were long coming. As soon as Tostig had made sure of Harold, he hastened back to Flanders, no doubt saw William, and told him that he might continue his armaments with good heart, for a diversion would be made from Norway on the north of England, about the same time that his preparations for falling on the south were complete. Whether he told William the whole truth must for ever remain a mystery. William looked only for an auxiliary,

not a rival, from the north. Just as Harold Hardrada might not have stirred had he known that, after defeating Harold, he would have to fight it out with William. They were both, in fact, in Tostig's hands, and he played them against each other as puppets. But Tostig was himself a puppet in the hands of God, who had decreed death to the puppet-master and one of his dolls, while the victory was reserved for the other.

But our interest at present is rather with Harold Hardrada than with Tostig or William; we therefore follow his fortunes till he and Tostig met in England. As soon as Tostig was gone, and perhaps before, the secret oozed out that the raven banner was again to flap its wings, and that the cry all over Norway would soon be, "Westward ho, for England!" When the spring came, Harold sent round to every district and called out half the levies both of men and ships; half of the force of the country being all that was bound to follow the king to foreign warfare. As time wore on, there were many guesses and doubts as to how the fleet would fare; many talked of Harold's doughty deeds, and thought there was nothing that he could not do. Others, again, said that England was a land hard to win,—powerful and populous. In that land, too, were that band called the

Thingmannalid, picked warriors from all lands, but most speaking the Northern tongue; men so bold, that one of them was of more good in a fight than two of the best Norsemen who were about King Harold. Even these birds of ill omen might have remembered the proverb of their race, which says, "An apple does not fall far from the tree." If these chosen men came from the North, why should not the North, the mother of warriors, send out others as good from her loins? When the veteran Ulf, Harold's companion at Constantinople, who had striven with him against the scaly crocodile in the dark and dismal dungeon, his most faithful friend, and now his "Constable," heard such talk, he burst out into song:—

> "What is this, O lady pale!
> Young, I heard another tale;
> When we Thingmen meet in fray
> Two from one must run away?
> Sure such fainthearts are unfit
> First in Harold's ship to sit."

But this was the last effort either in deed or verse of the brave old man. His bones were not fated to whiten the field near Stamford Bridge. He died in the spring, and as Harold stood over his grave, he uttered this touching epitaph as he turned away, "Here lies one who was of all men most brave and faithful to his liege lord." The expedition was to set sail from

the Solund Isles, for thence the passage to Shetland was shortest. By little and little the mighty fleet gathered itself together at the place of rendezvous; and never, say the Norwegian authorities, was such a fleet sent forth from Norway either before or since, except, perhaps, the armament which King Hacon, Hacon's son, carried with him to Scotland two hundred years afterwards. First and foremost of Harold's captains was Eystein the Gorcock of Giske, the trustiest of all his liegemen, to whom he had promised the hand of his daughter Maria. Besides him are named Styrkar the new Constable, Frederick the king's banner-bearer, and a bold Icelander, Brand, the son of Gunsteinn, who had fled from the north of the island before the insolence of Eyjulf, the son of Gudmund the Powerful. The great chief, Step-Thorir or Thorir of Steig, the last of the strong generation to whom Kalf and Finn, Arni's son, Einer Paunchshaker, and others whom Harold had slain or banished belonged, refused to come at the King's command, his excuse being that he was scared by a bad dream. To one who knows what names there had been and still were in Norway, it seems that the list of chiefs who went with Harold was rather meagre; but this is the way with tyranny; it can kill, but it cannot make live again. It may banish, but it

cannot always restore. One hour of the valorous Hacon Ivar's son, or of his kinsman Eindridi Einar's son, would have been worth a king's ransom at Stamford Bridge; but Eindridi was festering in his early grave, and Hacon a thriving earl in Sweden. Still we cannot but believe that the flower of the land, both high and low—all that the Danish wars and the King's red hand had spared—went with Harold, for when the whole fleet was mustered at the Solund Isles, it numbered two hundred and forty fighting ships, besides small cutters and transports. Of these one hundred and fifty were furnished by the freemen's levies, or "almenning," the rest belonged either to the King or his Thanes. The amount of land force and sailors could not have been less than twenty thousand—a most imposing armament for an expedition by sea from any country in any age. During the King's absence, his eldest son Magnus was to rule the land, and before he went the men of Drontheim acknowledged him as king. The second son Olaf went with his father, and so did his old queen Elizabeth, who it seems in later years had returned to his Court. Her two daughters, Maria and Ingigerda, also went. Thora, Harold's second queen, the mare for whom he fought so stoutly at Nizza, was left behind. A bishop, of whose name we are ignorant, also went on

board; and then the freight, doomed for the most part to speedy destruction, was full. When all was ready for sea, the king performed a solemn ceremony, quite in keeping with the age, and a fitting parallel to William's wretched relics, on which he had made Harold swear. Harold went to the shrine of his brother St. Olaf, unlocked it, and clipped the hair and nails of the royal martyr. This pious but somewhat needless process had been begun by Magnus, who kept the key of the shrine himself, and was in the habit of performing it every year. Whether Harold followed his example with the same regularity is not known. In all likelihood he now did it once for all, having seen quite enough of his brother's remains; for when the ceremony was over, he locked up the shrine and coffin, and cast the keys either into the river or into the sea; by which Munch reasonably thinks he meant to show that he thought the shrine had been opened quite often enough. What he saw of the body, no doubt, convinced him that the reputation of the saint might suffer as the Patron of Norway, if every one saw and knew that he was not able to preserve his own remains from corruption.

Harold now steered with the ships which made up his own suite from Drontheim to the place of muster, where he had still to wait some

time before the whole fleet was ready. And now, as was natural, while men waited in idleness, and the bustle of preparation was over, not a few began to reflect on the magnitude and risk of the venture on which they were about to embark. The faint-hearted began to mutter and whisper, and as that was an age in which dreams and visions had their votaries, many a shadow of evil to come passed across the sleeping warriors' minds. There was no ill-feeling against Harold. It was a feeling of despair, not of mutiny; they felt that they were doomed by day, and by night they dreamt that they were doomed. So on board the King's own ship there was a man named Gurth, and he dreamed a dream. He thought he was standing on the King's ship, and looked towards an isle, and there he saw a huge giantess; in one hand she held a hatchet, and in the other a trough, and he thought he could see every ship in the fleet at once, and lo! on every ship's prow was perched a raven. Then the giantess chanted:—

"Westward Ho with noise and rattle
Rushes on the King to battle;
Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry,
'Tis for me they waste and worry!
Soon my ravens' darling brood
Will batten on their dainty food,
Titbits torn from sailors stricken;
Where I am disasters thicken:
Where I am disasters thicken."

Then there was another man, named Thord, and as he lay in that ship that was next the King's, he too dreamed a dream. He thought he saw Harold's fleet make the English coast, and there drawn up on the shore he saw a mighty host, and each side made ready for battle, and there were many banners aloft; but before the host of the enemy rode a huge giantess; her steed was a wolf, and that wolf had a man's corse in his maw, and blood streamed from his jaws; but as soon as the wolf had swallowed the man, the giantess threw him another and another and another, and he gulped them all down; and that giantess also chanted:—

"The Ogre bride that scatters ruin
Kens the King's misfortunes brewing:
What avails his fame in field,
If she shows her blood-red shield!
Lo! she plies the monster's maw,
Piling flesh 'twixt either jaw,
Till from out her loathsome store
All his fangs are red with gore:
All his fangs are red with gore."

Nay, the King himself began to dream, and his vision was that he was north at Drontheim, and he thought his brother St. Olaf came to him and chanted these verses:—

"I, the King so stout in story,
Famous for all time to come,
Battles won and fell with glory,
Fell a Saint, and died at home.

But this fleet to ruin wending,
Rends my soul with grief unending,
Doomed to death and heaven-hated;
Ogre-steeds* will soon be sated."

When an army begins to dream and do nothing, the sooner it is up and doing the better. Harold was too good a soldier to stay a day longer than was needful under such circumstances; and we cannot but admire the constancy and courage of men who, believing in such portents, and firmly convinced that glimpses of the future were often granted in sleep, could still, in the face of such ill-boding visions, steadily carry out their purpose and sail for England, to what they must have felt sure would be their common grave. A Roman army and a Roman general would have returned to Drontheim under such a warning of evil to come.

Now let us return to Tostig and briefly describe his doings in the interval between the winter when he saw Harold in Norway, and September when they met in England. In England, too, the public feeling was ill at ease. It was well known that Tostig was hovering about the coast eager to do harm; that William was fitting out an enormous expedition; and we can scarcely doubt that some intelligence of what was to be looked for from Norway, had reached Eng-

* Wolves.

land. No doubt there were dreams and warnings there as well as in Norway, and to crown the superstitions of the people there appeared a comet as an omen of misfortune, on the 24th of April. Soon after it was first seen Tostig began hostilities by crossing over with all the ships he could collect to the Isle of Wight, and exacting money and provisions from the inhabitants. From the Isle of Wight he sailed along the coast to Sandwich, harrying as he went. But Harold, whose fleet was hardly ready, now hastened with it to Sandwich, to give his brother battle. Tostig was not strong enough to put the issue to the sword. He fled before Harold, having pressed as many of the ships and their crews, the so-called "Butsekarle" or "Busscarles," that is to say, the sailors who served in the "Busses" or ships of burthen, into his service, and carried them off whether they would or no. With this force he made for the east coast, and showed himself off Yorkshire, sailing up the Humber and ravaging the Lincolnshire shore. But Edwin and Morcar were on the watch for him, and drove him off. Then the sailors whom he had pressed availed themselves of the strait in which he was, and made off with their ships, so that he was left with only twelve snakes or war-galleys, with which he betook himself to King Malcolm, who of old

had become his brother-in-arms, but who in spite of that had cruelly wasted his earldom when he was away on his Roman pilgrimage. Now, however, he received Tostig kindly, gave him free quarters and provisions for himself and his men. Munch seeks the reason of this change of feeling in the fact that Malcolm had just married Earl Thorfin of Orkney's widow, the famous Ingeborg, Kalf Arni's son's sister, by which alliance the Scottish King may have become Northern in feeling; but in all likelihood the reason of Malcolm's kindness may be found in the fact that Tostig, now an exile, was England's enemy, and at that time all the enemies of England were welcome in Scotland. After this rather weak attempt to hamper Harold, Tostig refrained from acting any longer alone. He had wrought mischief enough, and he might wait for others to fulfil the wickedness which he had devised. He found perhaps, too, that he was not so strong in England as in his pride he had weened. At any rate he could do nothing till his allies landed either south or north. But at this time, whatever dealings he may have had with William in the spring, he seems to have made up his mind to throw in his lot altogether with Harold Hardrada, and to make common cause with him as soon as he landed. As for his brother Harold, as soon as

his fleet assembled he went with it to the Isle of Wight, where it lay the whole summer, and guarded the south-east coast in combination with the land-force of the district. But in those days it was difficult to feed a host after getting it together. After remaining till September the provisions began to run short, and it was no longer possible to keep the sea. Harold then sent the land-force to their homes, and ordered the ships to sail for London, whither they arrived, though some were lost in a storm. All this while William was waiting for a wind, and thinking perhaps that Heaven had abandoned him; but Providence was helping him though he was upbraiding it, for when a fair wind came at last, and he was able to sail, he found the English coast unguarded. He was weatherbound three weeks. Had he come three weeks sooner, Harold's fleet might have met him, given him battle, and defeated him.

We left Harold Hardrada at the Solund Isles on the eve of sailing. At last, about the 1st of September, all was ready. So long had the laggards delayed him. A rattling breeze bore him over to Shetland, and, without making any stay there, he pushed on for the Orkneys, whither a portion of his fleet had already arrived. Hence he took with him the joint Earls Paul and

Erlend, and a large force gathered not only from Orkney and Shetland, but from Man and the Western Isles. One of the kings in Ireland is also said to have followed Harold, whose combined fleet, when it sailed from Orkney, is reckoned at three hundred and sixty fighting ships, besides transports, which swelled his force in ships to little less than a thousand, and in men to at least thirty thousand men. In Orkney were left Queen Elizabeth and her daughters, and now the fleet steered for Northumberland. Off the Tyne, Tostig joined it, and did homage to Harold as his liege lord. Sailing along the Yorkshire coast, they landed in Cleveland, or more properly Cliffland, and took hostages from the people; next they made for Scarborough, where the burghers tried to defend the town, but the Northmen climbed the steep scar on which the Norman castle now stands, and, looking down into the burgh, threw lighted faggots into it, which soon set the houses in a blaze. Then the townsmen yielded, and swore fealty to Hardrada. In like manner all the sea-coast was subdued to the Humber's mouth. Sailing up the Humber with little opposition, he passed up the Ouse as far as Riccal, a place about eight English miles below York. Here he landed, and left his ships, and marched towards York along the river-bank. The Earls Edwin and

Morcar, who had gathered an imposing force, were not slow to meet him, and the two armies met at Fulford, a village not two miles from the city. Harold, like a skilful tactician, drew up his forces so that his left, which was also the strongest wing, leant on the river, and the other, which was weakest, on a swamp which lay on the right, along which ran a deep dyke filled with water. The Earls came down along the river-bank with all their force. Harold's banner, the famous Landeyda, or "waster of lands," fluttered on the left wing, and the earls threw themselves on both wings. The result of their first onslaught was a success. The Saxons under Earl Morcar attacked Harold's right with such fury, that the Northmen, who leant on the dyke, gave way, and the English pressed on after them, for they thought that the foe had made up their minds to fly. But when Harold saw his men yielding their ground along the dyke, he caused the trumpets to sound for an onslaught, and made a charge with all the left wing upon the English in his front; for while Morcar threw himself on the right, Edwin and young Waltheof had advanced against the left. The charge was made with a vigour that nothing could withstand. Edwin's division was routed with great slaughter, and fled up the river-bank towards York, leaving ghastly tokens of

the fight behind them on the field, in heaps of slain and rills of blood.

> "Far and wide upon the plain,
> Food of wolf and bloody rain,
> Mingled all at once were found,
> While the Vikings cleared the ground."

Having thus made short work of Edwin and Waltheof, Harold faced half about, and threw himself upon Morcar's flank, who, in his pursuit of the right wing, soon found himself between the Norwegians and the dyke. His fate was worse than that of his brother. If the English had before fallen by tens, they now fell by hundreds. Those who escaped the sword were driven across the dyke into the morass, which was so glutted with slain, that the Norwegians walked over it dryshod in pursuit of the English. Among those that perished the Norwegians reckoned Morcar himself, but this was a mistake, as we know from other accounts that he was saved, and fled. As is recorded in Haroldsstikka :—

> "Fallen they lay
> Deep down in fen,
> Waltheof's followers,
> Weapon y-smitten,
> So that Norwegians,
> War-loving wights,
> Waded the water
> On corses alone."

This signal defeat took place on Wednesday the

20th of September. The pursuit lasted till the remnants of the earl's army got safe into York; but they were slain in numbers close under the walls. Marianus Scotus, a contemporary authority, reckons the number of slain at a thousand laymen and one hundred clergy. According to Bromton,* the site of this battle was well known three hundred years afterwards. York itself, with its Roman walls, was too strong to be taken at a rush. Harold therefore reduced the country round, and pitched his camp at a strong position near Stamford Bridge, which lies about seven English miles east of York, on the river Derwent. Here Tostig's help came into play. He knew the country well, and the leading men in each district, and it was no doubt by his advice that it was settled that deputies from the whole shire should meet at Stamford Bridge on a given day, to give hostages for their good conduct to Harold, and thus secure his goodwill and protection. The burghers inside the city soon heard of this, and, not to be behindhand, sent messengers to the King's camp to treat for a capitulation. Harold, who was now in high spirits, and who thought that his power had taken fast hold of England, was willing enough, and Sunday the 24th of September was agreed on as the day on which the terms of the sur-

* Bromton in Twysden, p. 959.

render were to be settled. On that day, therefore, Harold, either with the whole or part of his army, marched under the city walls, and held a meeting outside the city with the burghers. At this meeting the townspeople bound themselves to find food for his army, and to give five hundred hostages as a pledge for good behaviour. These Tostig chose, and we may be sure he selected those whose rank and position best fitted them to bind the rest. At the same time, as Edwin and Morcar seem to have withdrawn from the city, and the Saxon cause in Yorkshire was now at the lowest ebb, many waverers came in and joined the army of Harold of their own free will. These are the men so common in every age who are ever ready to swell the ranks of the winning side, and to whom fortune, with all their after-sight, sometimes brings stunning lessons.

And now everything smiled on Harold. He and Tostig were certainly within the walls of York on that Sunday, and we may conjecture took it formally into their possession, though it does not appear that the great body of the host ever entered the city. But next day, on the Monday, there was to be another solemn "Thing" or meeting, this time inside the walls, when Harold was to appoint new governors of the city, and deal out honours and rewards to those

who, with Tostig at his elbow, he knew would be most likely to do him good service. At the same time, his full peace and love was announced to all the men of Northumbria, if they would make common cause with Harold and Tostig, and follow them to the conquest of the South. That night Harold would not spend in York—a further proof, if any were needed, that as yet the city was only formally his own. In the afternoon he withdrew, as was his wont, to his ships, proud and happy no doubt at the ease with which he had hitherto fulfilled his purpose. He and his men could sleep with light hearts, for was not York and all Northumbria their own?

Yet beneath this seeming good-will in York lurked guile and treachery. We know not what dreams Harold may have had that Sunday night. Perhaps he was too weary and excited to have any. But now was the time for the "Fylgia," the guardian spirit of his race, to have warned him; if dreams were ever any good. But Harold was "fey," and "fey men nothing can further," says the proverb. Yet Tostig, wary as he was, might have warned him that Harold Godwin's son was a dangerous foe, and that he was not likely to lose Northumbria without a struggle. Though they had not lost much time since they landed on the Wednesday, they had been off the Yorkshire coast for days.

Those landings in Cleveland, and that blaze which they had lighted in Scarborough, had been a warning and a beacon to his brother, who, now that his fleet could no longer hold the sea, and William had not come, was ready for any enterprise. As soon as he heard that his Norwegian namesake was off the English coast, he marched night and day with seven bands of troops* to meet him, and bring him to battle.

* There can be no doubt of this. Marianus Scotus, born in Ireland in 1028 and who died a monk at Maintz in 1082-3, has this entry in his contemporary Chronicle, of which a splendid edition by Waitz, founded on a MS. partly in the autograph of Marianus, at present in the Vatican, is to be found in Pertz. Collection, vol. v. "1066.—Hetbartus rex Anglorum plus 30 annis regnans, obiit in natale Domini. Araldus sibi successit. Araldus autem, qui et Arbach (Harfagr) vocabatur, rex Nordmannorum minus mille navibus venit mense Septembri, Anglicam terram regnaturus. Qui Eburaci in autumno plus quam mille laicorum centosque presbiterorum bello occidit de Anglis. Araldus vero rex Anglorum cum septem acibus (aciebus) belli statim pervenit, et cum Araldum *imparatum absque loricis et ceteris ejusdem rei invenisset, bello occidit,* mense Octobri. Willihelmus vero qui et Bastart cum Francis intrat interim Anglos; qui cum statim bello occidisset Araldum regem Anglorum regit Anglos. Hoc anno cometæ stella visa est." With regard to the large force raised on these occasions, it must be remembered that military service "fyrð" was the bounden duty of every freeman. It formed the third of those inevitable duties for which no commutation was allowed, and from which no class, not even the clergy, were exempt. The two others were the building and repairing of bridges, and the construction of fortifications. All together, they were called "communis labor," "generale incommodum," or "trinoda necessitas." Whenever the King called, the owners of land were bound to follow him against the common enemy, and thus even if Harold had only left London with his own body-guard and housecarles, together with the Thingmannalid, and raised the country as he went, he must

With him came that redoubtable Thingmannalid, which was now at least a mounted body, and with them came also the King's body-guard, and gathering strength as he went, he was followed by the flower of the midland levies. It is not likely that the force on the south-east coast which had been out so long to no purpose during the summer, was called out again to march north. Thus it was that what with his own body-guard, the Thingmannalid, and the levies of the counties through which he passed, Harold Godwin's son reached Tadcaster with great speed on Sunday morning, while his namesake and his brother were still in York. Here he halted to muster his force, and set it in array, and no doubt in the course of that day his adherents in York—where probably the remembrance of Tostig's tyranny was not yet worn out, and where if he had one follower Harold had thousands—were well aware that their king was ready to relieve them with a mighty host. However that might be, Harold Hardrada and Tostig had scarcely left the city when King Harold Godwin's son entered it and lay there that night, keeping strict

have had a great force at his back by the time he reached York. In the same way, after defeating the Danes, and while he marched south again to meet William, he would not only have started from York with a large force, but as he marched from London to Hastings he would have raised Surrey, Kent, and Sussex as he went.

watch and ward over the gates lest any inkling of his arrival should be borne to the enemy's ships. This scheme seems to have been completely successful, and it speaks strongly for the ill-will borne by the people to the invader, that the fact of the march of a body of troops, amounting to tens of thousands, should have been kept a secret even for one night, when two mighty hosts lay within a few miles of each other.

And now the fatal morning dawned. Early on Monday the 25th of September, Harold Hardrada was up and stirring. Before he went to York he had to go to Stamford Bridge to secure the hostages, which were to meet him there from the whole province. It has been asked why the hostages were not delivered in York, and why he went at least a round of fifteen miles before entering the city. But it must be remembered that the arrangements as to the hostages had been made before York made signs of surrender. In distant parts of Northumbria it could not be known that York had yielded; all that was known was, that all who wished for the Norwegian King's peace, and the terrible Tostig's peace, were to send hostages to Stamford Bridge. Perhaps, in our ignorance of many particulars of those times, the bridge over the Derwent, where the Romans

had built a strong "station" on the great northern road, might have been a well-known solemn place of meeting, and hostages would hardly have been hostages unless they had been formally delivered at that venerable spot. It is not unlikely also that Harold, as the right bank of the Ouse was in the hands of his enemies, had sent his ships lower down the stream to the junction of Ouse and Derwent, in which case he would not have had to make so great a round; but wherever his ships were, and for whatever reason, it is certain that he marched from his ships that Monday morning to Stamford Bridge.

But, as though he were going to triumph and not to battle, he went with only two-thirds of his force, one-third being left behind under his son Olaf, the Earls of Orkney, and Eystein the Gorcock, on the last of whom the command really rested. It was a lovely autumn day, and the sun, as it can be sometimes in England, was blazing hot. The Norwegians, King and all, all "twice fey," as they were going on a peaceful errand, would not take their defensive armour. Even the King left his darling "Emma," his supple byrnie, which clung to him like a "nurse," behind him, and like the rest went merrily on his way with shield and helm and sword, or axe or spear or bow. So they

marched without the least thought of danger till they reached Stamford Bridge. We hear nothing of the hostages, and perhaps Harold saw nothing of them. But whether they came or not, we know that Harold and his host had crossed the bridge, and got a little way beyond it, when all at once they saw the dust whirling in the wind some way off, and among the dun eddy the blink of glistening shields and byrnies gleamed out. What could this be? Harold halted his men at once, sent for Tostig and asked what this body of men might be who rode to meet them. "If I must speak my mind," said the earl, "I think them likeliest to be foes, but still maybe they are some of my kinsfolk and friends, who are coming to seek your friendship and favour, and to yield instead faith and following." "Let us wait awhile," answered the King; "we shall soon see what they are."

They had not to wait long, as the nearer they came the greater their number seemed to grow, and when one looked at them their spears were as "a mass of bristling icicles, that glistened in the sunbeams." When there was no longer any doubt, Tostig said, "Lord King, now take good counsel and wise counsel, for there is no hiding it any longer. These are foes; and take my word for it, the King himself leads yonder host." "And what counsel hast thou to

give?" was Harold's answer. "First and foremost," answered Tostig, "let us turn about with all speed and make for our ships, to reach our arms and friends, and let us then withstand them with all our might and main; and if we cannot rout them, let our ships be our shield, for in them these horsemen will have no hold on us." This was sound and good counsel, and had Harold not been "fey," he might have listened to it; but his bold spirit was unused to turn, and he could not brook the thought that his foemen should tell that Harold Sigurd's son had fled for fear from before them. But says the Saga, "All men say that was the best and readiest counsel that Earl Tostig first gave, when they saw the hostile host, to turn back to their ships; but because none can further a man that is fey, they got skathe from the rashness of the King." "Not so," was Harold's reply to Tostig's good counsel. "I will try another plan. I will set our fleetest steeds under three of our bold fellows, and they shall ride as hard as they can, and tell our men what is about to befall us; they will soon come to our help; for these Englishmen will still have a hard tussle ere they bring our heads low." "Have your own way, lord," said Tostig, "in this as in all else. I am not so much more eager to fly than any other man, because I felt

bound when I was asked for it to say what I thought best to do." First Harold made them set up his banner, the Waster of Lands, borne by the faithful Frederick, and then he set his host in array. First he drew them up in a long but not deep line, and then he bowed back the ends till they touched, so that the shape of his array was a large close ring, with an even front on all sides, shield locked against shield, with a bit of the rim lapping over to the left. He knew that cavalry were wont to run a tilt at their enemy, and then to fall back again, time after time, and that was why he chose that array. Had he lived in our days, he could not have thrown his infantry—for he had few horsemen in his host—into a hollow square with greater judgment. The King's body-guard, all picked men, were to take their stand under his banner within the hollow ring, and there, too, were to be the bowmen. Inside it, too, but apart, under a banner of his own, stood Tostig and his body-guard. He was to watch the ring, and throw himself wherever it might be hard pressed. But those who stood outside in the array must fix the butts of their spears into the ground, and turn the heads towards the breasts of each horseman who charged; those who stood in the next rank must aim their spear-heads at the breasts of their horses, and mind

and keep their points so straight that the onslaught might fail. Above all things, they were to be steady, and take heed that the ring and the array were not broken.

Meantime the Saxon host drew nearer and nearer. It was, indeed, King Harold Godwin's son, with a force reckoned at twofold that of Hardrada; a gallant army both of horse and foot. When they were still a little way off, but when all that passed between the hosts could well be seen, Harold Hardrada rode round his array to scan whether it was drawn up to his mind. He was mounted on a black horse with a white blaze on his forehead; and as he rode, his charger stumbled and fell under his huge rider, throwing him off forwards. That was a bad omen, but he had wit enough to turn it off by quoting a well-known proverb, which says, "A fall is luck, if men are on a journey." Harold, Godwin's son, saw what had befallen the tall man on the black horse, and asked one of the Norsemen, of which there were many in his army, "Know any of you that tall man yonder, with the blue mantle and the gallant helm, who just now fell from his horse?" "'Tis the Northmen's King," was the answer. "A tall man and a proper man indeed," said Harold; "but yet 'tis likeliest that his luck hath now left him."

Soon after, twenty horsemen, who were clad in byrnies, and whose horses' chests were also covered with armour, dashed out from the Saxon ranks, and rode up to the Norwegian army. Then one of them called out, "Is Earl Tostig in this host?" "There is no denying it," was Tostig's answer; "here he is, if you wish to find him." Then the horseman went on: "Harold, thy brother, sends thee his greeting and this message: Thou shalt have peace and safety, and own Northumberland as thine own; nay, rather than that thou shouldst not cleave to him, he will give thee a third of all this kingdom." "This is another kind of offer," said Tostig, "than that warfare and insult which I had last winter. Had this been offered then, many a man would now be alive who is dead and gone, and it would stand better with the might of England's King. But now, if I take this bidding, what will my brother Harold offer to the King of Norway for his pains?" "He has said something about that too," answers the horseman; "and what he will grant to King Harold, Sigurd's son, of English earth is the space of seven feet, and even a little more, as he is said to be taller than most other men." "Go back," said Tostig, "and bid my brother King Harold busk him to battle; the Norwegians shall have another tale to tell than that Earl

Tostig parted from Norway's King when he rushed into the thick of battle and warred in England. No! we will all rather take one and the same counsel: to die with glory, or to win England with victory."

So the horsemen turned about, and rode back to the Saxon host. Then King Harold said to the earl, "Who was this glib-tongued man?" "'Twas Harold, Godwin's son, my brother," answered the earl. "Too long hath this been hidden from us," burst out the King. "They had come so nigh our company, that yon Harold ought never to have been able to boast of our men's death!"

"You speak sooth," was Tostig's noble retort. "It was an unwary step of such a leader, and I saw well enough that it might have been as you say. Then we had been two very different princes; he came to offer me peace and great power, and I should have been his baneman, had I told whom he was. But I did as I did, because I would sooner suffer death at my brother's hands than deal him his death-blow, if it must come to that." Harold Hardrada spoke no more to Tostig, but turned away, and said to his followers, "That was a nimble little man, and he stood well up in his stirrups." With these words, he went inside his array of shields, and as he went he sang—

"Onward we go
In battle-array,
Byrnieless meeting
Blue steel to-day:
Bright helms are blinking,
But Emma I lack;
Our war-weeds lie wasted
Down by the sea-wrack."

But Harold was a most critical skald, as we have seen, and these verses, in the old simple metre, were not to his mind. "No," he said, "that was a badly-made song; I must sing another better," and with that he sang—

"Come! each warrior to the field;
Never creep behind your shield!
Where the onslaught rageth highest
Odin's arm is ever nighest:
She, the maid that winneth battles,*
Bade me bear my head on high,
Where on brainpan sword-blade rattles,
There to win the day or die."

When Harold ceased, Thiodolf, his skald, took up the strain, and chanted—

"Though the King himself should fall—
God forfend—but God knows all—
Never flying with disgrace
Will I leave his royal race;
For the sun in upper air
Never shone on fairer pair;
Noble eaglets, breathing ire,
Worthy to avenge their sire."

Just before the battle began, Brand Gunsteinn's

* The Valkyrie.

son, the Icelander, who alone of all the King's body-guard had not left his byrnie behind him, pulled off his shirt of mail and offered it to the king. But Harold would not hear of it. "Thou art a brave fellow," he said, "but keep thy byrnie for thyself."

And now the battle began with a charge of the Saxon cavalry on the serried ranks of the Norwegians. But, brave as they were, they could do nothing against that bristling array of spears. Round and round they rode to spy out a weak spot in that ring of close-locked shields. They could not even reach the Norwegians with their weapons, while horses fell and threw their riders, and many a saddle was emptied by the bitter shafts launched at them by the bowmen within the ring. At last they gave up the attack, and rode sullenly back. Thus far Harold's tactics had served him well, the issue of the first onslaught was all on his side; and so little harm had been done to him and his men, that even if the charge had been renewed, he might have kept his enemy at bay till the reserve had come up from the ships. But this battle, accepted in the rashness of the leader, was lost by the foolhardiness of his men. Harold's tactics, in fact, were before his age. They were too good for the discipline of his troops. As soon as the Norwegians saw the

Saxon horse riding away, without waiting to see whether it was a retreat or a feint, they broke the rule which of all others they had been ordered to keep. They broke their ranks, unloosed the magic ring which had hitherto been their safety, and rushed in pursuit of their foemen. Harold Godwin's son now saw that the game was in his hands; he charged at once with all his cavalry on the confused mass of the enemy, and rode them down man by man. Nor were the footmen idle, for they showered darts and arrows on their antagonists, who were overwhelmed on all sides. But when Harold Hardrada saw his men fall fast, he rushed into the very thickest of the fray, and tried with his huge strength to restore by prodigies of valour the fortunes of the day. Gathering a few chosen followers around him under his banner, he stood foremost in the front of battle, cutting his way onward through the Saxon combatants by swift strokes on either hand, against which neither helm nor hauberk were of any avail. Death or ghastly wounds were the lot of all whom Harold's sword could reach, and to use the graphic words of the Saga, "He strode through his enemies as though he were wafted on the wind." All about him thought the English could never abide such a fearful onslaught —that they must turn and fly. But now came

the wretched end of so much life and energy. As he stood thus bravely fighting, a stray arrow smote the Norwegian King in the throat under the chin. The gigantic frame tottered, a rush of blood spurted out of his mouth, and Harold, Sigurd's son, fell dead to earth. He had got his seven feet of English earth sooner than he thought, and to him who only an hour or two ago would not have been satisfied with aught else than all England, these few feet were more than enough.

Most of those who had followed him in the charge fell round about him, among the rest the brave Brand, whose byrnie thus stood him in little stead. The rest retired beneath the banner Landeyda, which still flapped its raven wings aloft though its lord and master was dead. But the battle did not die with Harold. The loss of their King only maddened the Norwegians, and the battle raged with the wildest fury. Tostig, whose conduct this day might have redeemed the sins of a whole life, as soon as he heard that Harold was slain, and saw his banner still fluttering, flew to where it was, stood under it, and egged on the warriors to revenge their King.

But flesh and blood are only capable of a certain amount of exertion, and as the battle had lasted long, both sides began to flag, and at

last the fight died away altogether, each host holding its ground, and taking breath for a fresh struggle, grimly eyeing the foe. This breathing-time Harold Godwin's son used in trying to put an end to the conflict, by offering the Norwegians, as well as Tostig, peace and safety. But it was too late. Though they knew their hopeless state, the Norwegians one and all shouted out that they would sooner fall all dead, one across the other, than make any terms with Englishmen. With that they raised their battle-cry afresh, and fell on the foe for the second time. Tostig still led them bravely on, but at last he too fell in the thickest of the fight, and all seemed over.

Not so; just at the last moment, up came the long-looked-for relief from the ships, under Eystein the Gorcock. Both he and his men wore their byrnies, but the haste with which they had marched along that hot afternoon made them scarce fit for battle. However, at it they went with a will. Eystein seized Landeyda, and bore it bravely on. At first their eagerness to revenge their King and companions made them forget the toil of their march: and their first onslaught in this third battle was so violent that they well-nigh put the Saxons to flight. This was known in after-times as "the Gorcock's Bout," after their valiant leader. But at last toil

and heat, and the superior numbers of the Saxons, who much overmatched them, told terribly on the thin ranks of the Norwegians. Many too fell and died without a blow, slain by sheer wrath and weariness. And so the valiant Eystein was cut off, with most of his men, and Harold Godwin's son could call the day his own. The battle had lasted from the forenoon till late in the afternoon, and then what was left of Harold Hardrada's host turned and fled for the ships, hotly pursued by the Saxons, who, even before they crossed the bridge, overtook them, and drove many to meet their death by drowning in the Derwent. Yet at the bridge they seem to have made a stand, where a few brave men held it against the Saxon host till their flying companions had got a fair start for the fleet. When all had got over, it was held, to his immortal honour, by a nameless Norwegian, who, standing there on the narrow bridge, kept it against the whole Saxon host, more than forty of whom fell by his hand. Against his good byrnie neither javelins nor arrows availed anything, and at last, in admiration at his prowess, the Saxons offered him peace; but he only smiled disdainfully, and continued his defence till three o'clock in the afternoon. Then one of the Saxons launched a boat, and slipped down the stream under the bridge,

and there, through the chinks in the planks, he thrust up a spear under the gallant man's coat of mail into his entrails, and so slew him. That man saved many lives, but his own name is lost.

After the leaders were slain, and the array thoroughly broken, all that was left for those who were still alive was to make the best of their way to their ships. One by one they stole back in the dusk of that September day to find a fleet with scarce a man to guard it. Among the few chiefs who outlived that bloody day was Styrkar the Constable, a brave and ready man. He had the luck to catch a horse, on which he rode towards the fleet, sword in hand and helm on head, but with no clothing save his shirt and drawers; for in the heat of battle he had thrown away the rest of his attire. But as the sun fell the evening grew cold, and it got colder still when a strong breeze began to blow. Styrkar was in a fair way to freeze when he met a peasant driving a cart, who was clad in a long and well-stuffed coat of sheep-skin. "Wilt thou sell me thy skin-coat, husbandman?" asked Styrkar. "Not to thee, if I know it," was the answer; "thou art a Norwegian, I know thee by thy tongue." "Well," answered Styrkar, "if I am a Norwegian, what wilt thou do?" "I will kill thee," was the clown's reply; "what a pity, now, that I haven't a weapon at hand." "Oh!" said Styr-

kar, "but if thou canst not kill me, let us see if I can kill thee," and with that he brandished his sword, and gave him such a stroke across his neck that off spun his head. Then Styrkar stripped him of his coat of skin, put it on, jumped on his horse, and rode down to the strand.

So triumphed Harold Godwin's son over his foes. His victory was complete. By far the greatest part of the Norwegian host, their king, and almost every one of his great chiefs, and though last, not least, that unruly spirit, his brother Tostig, had fallen that day. For generations after, the field of battle was white with unburied bones. The victory was dearly bought, for many Saxons, high and low, had fallen; but what matter—it was a brilliant victory, and such victories are not won without blood.

Nor were the Saxons satisfied with having driven the enemy off the field. They followed them hotly to their ships, and destroyed so many of them that there were few left. The writer of the Life of Edward the Confessor, who cannot bring himself to write fully of the struggle between his two Lords Harold and Tostig for fear of hurting the feelings of their sister, his patroness, only alludes to the battle at Stamford Bridge; but he does so in words full of meaning as to the utter defeat of the foe. "Who shall sing," he says, "of vast Humber swelling like a

raging sea as the namesake kings met; or how the waves of the sea were red with barbarian blood for many a mile, while the North wept at the direful deed?" Who shall describe "the Ouse forbidden to flow by corpses?"* So also one text of the Saxon Chronicle: "On that day there was very stout fighting on both sides. There was slain Harold Harfager [Hardrada], and Earl Tostig also; and the Northmen, those of them that were left, took to flight, and the English behind them hotly slew them, until some of them came to their ships; some were drowned and some were burned, and so perished in divers ways that there was little of them left; and the English were masters of the field of carnage. Then the King gave 'peace' to Olaf the son of the Northmen's King, and to their Bishop, and to the Earl of Orkney, and to all those who were left on board the ships; and then they fared up to our King, and swore oaths that they would ever keep peace and friendship toward this land, and the King let them fare home with twenty-

* Here are the original lines, for sometimes the writer of this interesting Life breaks into verse:

"Quis canet æquoreo vastam fervore tumentem
Humbram congressum regibus æquivocis?
Sanguine barbarico per milia multa marinos
Tinxisse fluctus, flente Polo facinus."

And a little further on—

"Vel Vusam vetitam corporibus fluere,"—

where the corrupt MS. has "busam vetitum," and where the ignorant scribe has mistaken the Anglo-Saxon þ or *v* for a *b*.

four ships." They came with almost a thousand ships great and small, and they left with twenty-four. Too truly had the dismal visions of the night been fulfilled. The wolf and raven had gotten a banquet such as few kings had ever spread for them. Could any lesson be more striking than that taught to all intending Vikings in Norway by the sight of these twenty-four ships sailing into the port which they had so lately left, then a little squadron, but now the last remnant of a mighty armada? Even the body of their King they left behind them, and there it lay in English earth till some time after, when King Olaf sent Skuli, the son of Tostig, to beg his father's body from William the Conqueror.

After chasing the fugitives to their ships, Harold returned to York to celebrate his triumph. The battle of Stamford Bridge had been fought on a Monday, three clear days before Michaelmas-day; and while he was busy burying his dead and counting his spoil, among which was that huge weight of gold which Harold Hardrada brought with him from the East, — a treasure so weighty that twelve strong men could scarcely lift it,—a messenger, who had spurred in hot haste from Sussex, brought Harold word that on Michaelmas-eve, September 28th, William of Normandy had landed at Pevensea with 60,000 valiant men. What follows is best told in the simple words of the

Anglo-Saxon Chronicle:—"Then came Earl William of Normandy into Pevensea on Michaelmas-eve, and as soon as ever they got over, they built a castle at the port of Hastings. Then this was told to King Harold, and then he gathered a great host, and came against him at the hoar apple-tree, and William came upon him unaware, ere his men were set in array. But the King for all that fought stiffly against him, with those men who would stand by him, and there was great slaughter on either side. There was slain King Harold and Earl Leofwin, his brother, and Earl Gurth his brother, and many other good men, and the French were masters of the battle-field, as God granted them for the sins of the people."* So fell, on the day of St. Calixtus, October 14th, King Harold Godwin's son, and there no doubt fell with him the flower of the Anglo-Saxon soldiery. No nation could have withstood such slaughter of its bravest sons, as befell England twice within three weeks in that fatal autumn of 1066. The English loss in those two battles, the first at Stamford Bridge on the 25th of September, and the last at Hastings, on the 14th of October, cannot be reckoned at less than fifty thousand men; but even then the nation might have

* This is the text of the Chronicle, as given in Cotton. Tib. B. iv. The "hoar apple-tree," where Harold mustered his men, was evidently some venerable tree, grey with years, and well known as a landmark.

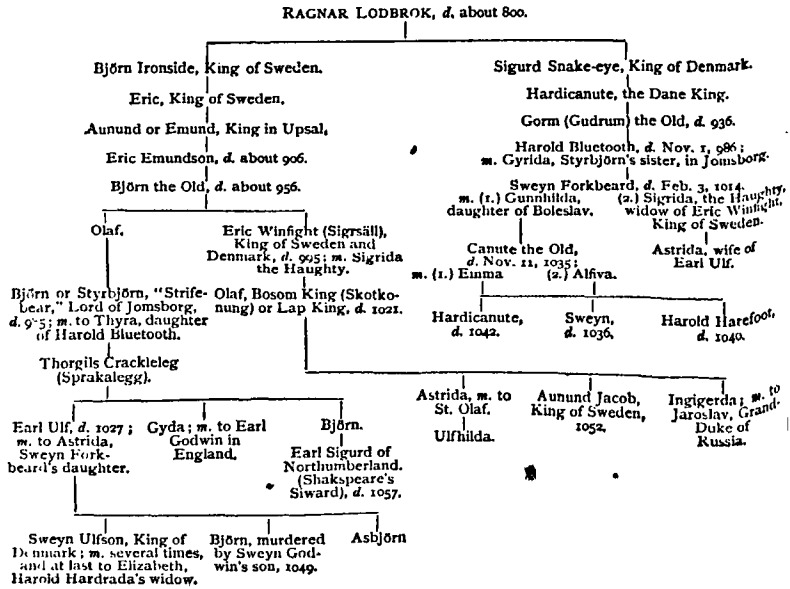
rallied had it not been for that unlucky arrow which smote our Harold in the eye, just as his gigantic namesake had fallen by a stray shaft in the throat. As it was, they had no leader; they were as sheep without a shepherd, and after waiting in vain for a chief, they sulkily submitted to the Conqueror, who was too wise to drive them to desperation till he had them more completely in his power. On the contrary, he swore on Midwinter Day, when Archbishop Ealdred crowned and consecrated him in Westminster Abbey, that he would be a kind lord to them, and "govern this nation as well as any king before him had best done, if they would be faithful to him."*

* The following Genealogical Tables, which are for the most part taken from Munch, will serve to show the alliances and kinships which existed between the ruling families of the three Scandinavian nations. It will also be seen that they often intermarried with Russian and English princes and princesses. It is curious to see how Tostig's son Skuli founded a great family in Norway; while Harold Godwin's son's daughter Gytha became the ancestress of Russian Grand-Dukes. We are also justified in supposing that Wulfnoð the "Child" was of Royal descent; for that title, like *Enfant de France*, was only bestowed on those who claimed kinship with the ruling race in England. It is to this title "Child" to which Edward the Confessor alludes in his letter to Magnus the Good, when he says that his only title was "that of a swain of noble birth." This letter is only known to us from the Scandinavian Sagas, and the writer has evidently translated the Saxon "*cild*" by its Norse equivalent, "*swein*." But if Godwin could claim kinship with the Kings of Wessex, his sons were doubly royal. Their mother Gytha's grandfather, Styrbjörn, was a Swedish prince, and her grandmother Thyra was sister of Harold Bluetooth, King of Denmark. Though they were not legitimate heirs to the English crown so long as Edgar Atheling was alive, they were still

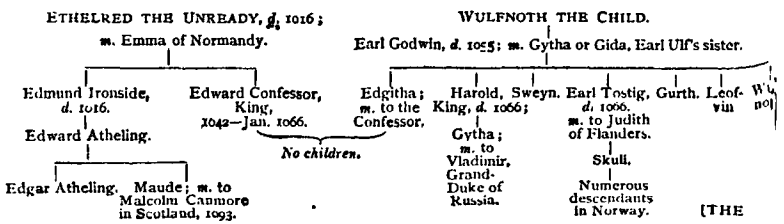
But our purpose here has been to write not so much of Harold Godwin's son, or his enemy

of the blood-royal of England on their father's side, while on their mother's they were akin to the kings both of Sweden and Denmark. An additional proof of what modern German jurists would call them, *ebenbürtigkeit*, may be found in the fact that a Grand-Duke of Russia chose his wife from their family, when its fortune was at the lowest ebb :—

RAGNAR LODBROK'S TREE IN SWEDEN AND DENMARK.


RAGNAR LODBROK, d. about 800.
Björn Ironside, King of Sweden.
Eric, King of Sweden.
Aunund or Emund, King in Upsal.
Eric Emundson, d. about 906.
Björn the Old, d. about 956.
Olaf.
Eric Winfight (Sigrsäll), King of Sweden and Denmark, d. 995; m. Sigrida the Haughty.
Björn or Styrbjörn, "Strife-bear," Lord of Jomsborg, d. 995; m. to Thyra, daughter of Harold Bluetooth.
Olaf, Bosom King (Skotkonung) or Lap King, d. 1021.
Thorgils Crackleleg (Sprakalegg).
Earl Ulf, d. 1027; m. to Astrida, Sweyn Forkbeard's daughter.
Gyda; m. to Earl Godwin in England.
Björn.
Earl Sigurd of Northumberland. (Shakspeare's Siward), d. 1057.
Sweyn Ulfson, King of Denmark; m. several times, and at last to Elizabeth, Harold Hardrada's widow.
Björn, murdered by Sweyn Godwin's son, 1049.
Asbjörn
Sigurd Snake-eye, King of Denmark.
Hardicanute, the Dane King.
Gorm (Gudrum) the Old, d. 936.
Harold Bluetooth, d. Nov. 1, 986; m. Gyrida, Styrbjörn's sister, in Jomsborg.
Sweyn Forkbeard, d. Feb. 3, 1014. m. (1.) Gunnhilda, daughter of Boleslav. (2.) Sigrida, the Haughty, widow of Eric Winfight, King of Sweden.
Canute the Old, d. Nov. 12, 1035; m. (1.) Emma (2.) Alfiva.
Astrida, wife of Earl Ulf.
Hardicanute, d. 1042.
Sweyn, d. 1036.
Harold Harefoot, d. 1040.
Astrida, m. to St. Olaf.
Ulfhilda.
Aunund Jacob, King of Sweden, 1052.
Ingigerda; m. to Jaroslav, Grand-Duke of Russia.

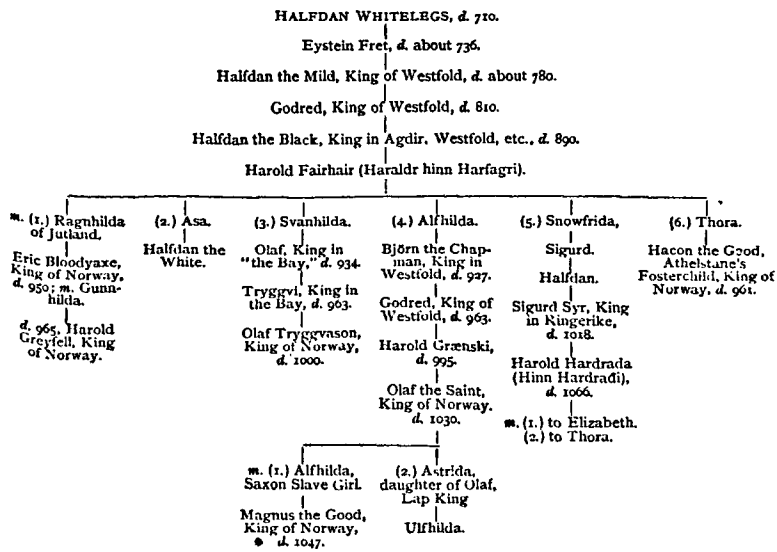
THE ANGLO-SAXON TREE.


ETHELRED THE UNREADY, d. 1016; m. Emma of Normandy.
WULFNOTH THE CHILD.
Earl Godwin, d. 1055; m. Gytha or Gida, Earl Ulf's sister.
Edmund Ironside, d. 1016.
Edward Atheling.
Edgar Atheling.
Maude; m. to Malcolm Canmore in Scotland, 1093.
Edward Confessor, King, 1042—Jan. 1066.
No children.
Edgitha; m. to the Confessor.
Harold, King, d. 1066; Gytha; m. to Vladimir, Grand-Duke of Russia.
Sweyn.
Earl Tostig, d. 1066. m. to Judith of Flanders.
Skull.
Numerous descendants in Norway.
Gurth.
Leofvin
Wo
no

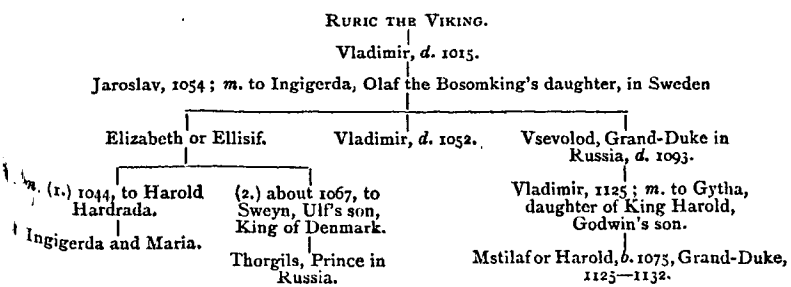
[THE

William, as of Harold Hardrada and his invasion. Luckier than his namesake, he left his kingdom to his children, and the Norway which he had wooed and won so sternly, enjoyed after

THE YOUNGLING TREE IN NORWAY.


HALFDAN WHITELEGS, d. 710.
Eystein Fret, d. about 736.
Halfdan the Mild, King of Westfold, d. about 780.
Godred, King of Westfold, d. 810.
Halfdan the Black, King in Agdir, Westfold, etc., d. 890.
Harold Fairhair (Haraldr hinn Harfagri).
m. (1.) Ragnhilda of Jutland.
Eric Bloodyaxe, King of Norway, d. 950; m. Gunnhilda.
d. 965. Harold Greyfell, King of Norway.
(2.) Asa.
Halfdan the White.
(3.) Svanhilda.
Olaf, King in "the Bay," d. 934.
Tryggvi, King in the Bay, d. 963.
Olaf Tryggvason, King of Norway, d. 1000.
(4.) Alfhilda.
Björn the Chapman, King in Westfold, d. 927.
Godred, King of Westfold, d. 963.
Harold Grænski, d. 995.
Olaf the Saint, King of Norway. d. 1030.
m. (1.) Alfhilda, Saxon Slave Girl.
Magnus the Good, King of Norway, d. 1047.
(2.) Astrida, daughter of Olaf, Lap King
Ulfhilda.
(5.) Snowfrida,
Sigurd.
Halfdan.
Sigurd Syr, King in Kingerike, d. 1018.
Harold Hardrada (Hinn Hardradi), d. 1066.
m. (1.) to Elizabeth. (2.) to Thora.
(6.) Thora.
Hacon the Good, Athelstane's Fosterchild, King of Norway, d. 961.

THE RUSSIAN TREE.


RURIC THE VIKING.
Vladimir, d. 1015.
Jaroslav, 1054; m. to Ingigerda, Olaf the Bosomking's daughter, in Sweden
Elizabeth or Ellisif.
m. (1.) 1044, to Harold Hardrada.
Ingigerda and Maria.
(2.) about 1067, to Sweyn, Ulf's son, King of Denmark.
Thorgils, Prince in Russia.
Vladimir, d. 1052.
Vsevolod, Grand-Duke in Russia, d. 1093.
Vladimir, 1125; m. to Gytha, daughter of King Harold, Godwin's son.
Mstilaf or Harold, b. 1075, Grand-Duke, 1125—1132.

his death unwonted peace. In securing her that blessing, Harold Hardrada had the greatest share. He completed what Saint Olaf had only begun, and he succeeded where his half-brother failed. He broke the haughty spirit of the chiefs by his iron will, and stamped out the sparks of that unbridled liberty, which, if uncontrolled, would have made all government impossible. Though called "The Stern" in his lifetime, and though that title still clings to his name in history, his people acknowledged after his death the greatness and firmness of his character, which procured them the peace for which Norway was famous in the days of his son Olaf the Quiet. Some time after the battle of Stamford Bridge, most probably in the year 1069, when William was more firmly seated on his new throne, and the peaceful policy of King Olaf was well ascertained, messages of friendship passed between England and Norway, and then it was that Skuli, the son of Tostig, who was called King Olaf's foster-child, was sent from Norway to ask the Conqueror for Harold Hardrada's body. The prayer was granted, and then all that was left of that bold and politic prince was disinterred, put on board ship at Grimsby, borne to Norway, and at last buried at Drontheim. But if his heart was with his treasure after death, his spirit must have lingered in

England, for it is expressly said that all that huge hoard of gold for which he had toiled so hard became the spoil of the Conqueror. Harold Hardrada was fifty-one years old when he fell. He was still fair of face and strong of body, of most majestic mien, to which his enormous stature contributed not a little. His hair and beard were light brown; his hands and feet, though large, were well made. He, too, like his nephew Magnus, and like the meek Confessor, was "a royal man," and, like his nephew, he had but one blemish, in that one of his eyebrows was higher upon his brow than the other. So there at Drontheim those tall bones were laid by the side of St. Olaf, and Norway had rest for seven-and-twenty years.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

(1856.)

"*English Past and Present*," * and "*The Study of Words*;" in other words, the English language from the earliest to the latest times; a short text, but one which will require much breath to divide and expound. For what is the English language? To some it is a gorgeous Mosaic—a pattern of rare stones, delicately arranged and adjusted; to others a monstrous patchwork, which the nation, as it has hurried along the path of time, has snatched up and pieced together in no order and after no law or rule. It is the glory of far-sighted philologists and the confusion and despair of purists and precisians. There can be no doubt, however, that the language of a nation will be

* "English Past and Present," and "The Study of Words." By the Dean of Westminster. John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

always a reflex and representation of the nation itself. The history of the one will be in some sort the history of the other. No country has received so many foreigners into her bosom as England; no spot on the earth's surface has ever seen such a succession of races and masters as this island—now, it is true, all fused into one harmonious whole, and welded by time and trouble into a distinct nationality, but once at internecine feud the one with the other, each striving to secure for itself what was destined to remain their common inheritance. What wonder, then, that the English is, as the dictionaries and grammarians tell us, "a composite language." First came that primæval pro-historic race whose traces we detect all over Europe in their massive sepultures of unhewn slabs and their implements of stone and bone—nomads, fishers, hunters, thinly spread over the British Isles, and here, as elsewhere, clinging mostly to the seashore; European Esquimaux, in short, a race ignorant of any metals, and akin, physiologists tell us, to the Lapps and Finns and Basques; and if so, a branch of the Great Mongolian race, which lingers in holes and corners of Europe, and which, pushed aside by the great Sclavonic wave of the Aryan race, is found in the rear rank of Russian barbarism, fringing the shores of Europe, Asia, and America from Hammerfest in a circuit

round to Greenland. To these, who have left no appreciable trace on our language, succeeded the Celts. With them English—or to speak more correctly, and at the same time to please our Scotch cousins by a piece of thistle-worship—British history begins. We find a poor account of them in *Cæsar*, who probably describes them as worse than they were, lower in civilization, and more barbarous in manners. By Tacitus they are more fully described, though his loathing for the corruption of Imperial Rome made him paint all semi-barbarians, such as the Celts and Germans of his time, in too flattering colours. As we thus see them emerging from that obscure barbarism which covers the cradle of all nationalities with a common cloak, we find the Celts possessed of a few virtues and many vices and superstitions; of the latter, indeed, they possessed a larger stock than other branches of the same family. The religion of the German and the Sclavonian was less systematically superstitious, less theocratic, less dogmatic, less ecclesiastical, less bloody than that of the Celts, for a parallel to whose doctrines and rites we must turn to Mexico and those blood-stained altars and horrid sacrifices which the Spaniards described ere the Aztec dynasty crumbled to the dust. In what may be called an economical point of view the Celt was far in

advance of the race whom he found in the British Isles when he arrived on these shores from Gaul. He possessed a religion, a polity in which devotion to chiefs and kings of certain families formed a great feature; he was no longer nomadic, he tilled the earth, though a great portion of his substance was still in flocks and herds. He worked the metals; iron in small quantities, tin and copper abundantly; his coins were gold or silver; his personal ornaments often of gold, at once massive in substance and exquisite in design and workmanship. A race like this, and which passed on a high tide of emigration bringing all these elements of civilization with it into the great islands of the West, soon made short work of that nameless pre-historic race, which vanished before it as the mist before the rising summer sun. Our Esquimaux are never so much as mentioned in history; they have passed away like the great Saurians their cotemporaries, and it is only after thousands of years that archæology and comparative anatomy have restored them to the dignity of existence. But, as the nomadic savage, with his implements and weapons of bone and stone, was no match for the semi-barbarous Celt, who, with his sword of brass, fell upon his foeman with something of the weight of a civil and religious body politic; so the Celt, in his turn, was doomed to feel how weak a thing

is a sword of brass, compared with a blade of steel; how feeble an engine of national defence was even the fury of religious enthusiasm and clannish devotion against the deliberate valour of the Roman legionaries, who advanced against their adversaries, inured to victory by the training of the most perfect military system which the world has known, led by the fortune and genius of the greatest general that any age has seen, and backed by the overwhelming power of the mightiest empire either of ancient or modern times.

After a short struggle, lasting about a century, the fire of Celtic patriotism dies out in Britain. At first they swarmed as bees in rebellion round the Roman generals; at last, their fury is extinct, "even as the fire among the thorns." Celtic Britain is a Roman province; even in the time of Tacitus the Roman eagles are planted at Perth and overawe Carnarvon. Later still we find indelible marks of this stubborn soldiery, who never halted for a night without entrenching a camp which seemed made to last a century, on the shores of the Moray Firth, and in spite of the boastings of those patriotic Gaelic and Cambrian antiquaries who assert that the Gael and the Cymry never bowed their neck to the Roman yoke, we may feel quite sure, on the authority of monuments which cannot lie or

flatter, that from the time of Titus down to the decline of the Empire the rule of Rome, with the exception of a few tribes in the extreme north, was absolute and supreme in Britain. How those tribes, who owed their independence to their insignificance, were coerced when they became unruly, is best shown by the mighty walls and camps the remains of which still exist north of the Tweed.

But now the time had come when the wings of the Roman eagle were clipped, when the Imperial bird no longer sought his prey in wide swoops on the outskirts of the known world—on the other side Danube, in Persia and Parthia, or in Thule of the West, but was forced to hover over his own eyrie to protect his offspring from the ruin he had so often brought on others. In those days Providence began to cut Rome short, and after a time the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain. When they entered it under Cæsar they found a semi-barbarous but valiant race, whose rude enclosures in the woods excited the contempt of the great Julius when he heard that they were dignified by the name of towns; they left behind them a civilized but effeminate herd of serfs, who lived in cities which their masters had taught them to build, in which were theatres, baths, splendid houses, and even Christian churches. But besides this race of sheep, fit

only for the slaughter, they left behind them another race of wolves, whom the power of the Empire had trained and taught to protect the sheep. These were large bodies of Germans which the Romans had transported from their own country either as legionaries or colonists, true to that tradition and secret of power which consists in making one nationality watch another. It is probable, indeed, that there were Germans in Britain even before the time of Cæsar; if so, these had merged their nationality with the Celts, and do not appear separately; but these later Germans were of another stamp, they lived in Britain under the later Emperors distinct, Germans among Celts, in districts of their own, one of which was called "the Saxon Shore." Shall we wonder, then, that when the Romans abandoned Britain to fly to the defence of Rome, when the shepherd deserted the flock, that the wolves whom he had employed as dogs reverted to their nature and began to worry the silly sheep? We need wonder at it the less because, as the fame of Rome waned, the terrors of the German name waxed more and more. Various causes may have led to this; the allurement held out by rich and helpless provinces to a greedy and ambitious race may have been one, but the great cause we imagine to have been over-population at home. This alone, and consequent

famine, is the only cause which will account for that gradual and unceasing movement from east to west which is called the invasion of the Empire by the barbarians. In earlier times the Celts had filled Spain and Gaul and Britain under a similar impulse; they tried to fill Italy, and partially succeeded under the first Brennus; they swarmed over Macedonia and Thessaly; they sacked Delphi, and even crossed the Bosporus and formed settlements in Asia Minor. Later still they reappeared in Italy, this time, perhaps, in company with German tribes, and, after carrying all before them, were only baffled by the consummate strategy of Marius. With the failure of this furious effort their impulse onward was stopped, and under Cæsar Rome assumed an attitude of aggression, which his genius converted into permanent conquests over the whole Celtic race. It was now the turn of the Germans, whose lot was cast in times when the failing fortunes of the Empire set no such barrier to their progress as the stern discipline of the late Republic and early Empire had erected against the Celts. We hear of Germans on every frontier —Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Heruli, Burgundians, Franks, tribes often at feud with each other, but agreeing in the desire to hew for themselves with the sword an inheritance out of the ruins of the Roman dominion. Britain fell to the

Saxons, a Low German race, colonies of whom, as we have said, had been long settled as Roman auxiliaries in the island. The fictions of later Welsh tradition, the fables of Vortigern and Rowena, the romances of Arthur and his daring champions, embellished to incredibility, if not purely invented by later Welsh and Breton bards, have shed a ray of glory round the national struggle which is supposed to have ensued between the Celts on one side, led by their native kings, and the Saxon auxiliaries, under the mythical Hengist and Horsa, who came to help their allies against the Picts, and remained to rule. Saxon auxiliaries they were, no doubt, and brought in to help against the wild tribes of the North, who, as far as we can ascertain, were Teutons like themselves, but brought in as Roman colonists by Rome herself, and who, on the departure of the legions, only recruited themselves in greater numbers from their native shores. The period which intervenes between the withdrawal of the legions by Honorius, A.D. 428, down to the year 597, when Augustine is supposed to have landed in Kent, is the darkest portion of our annals. It is the total eclipse of history, nor is there much more light between Augustine and Bede, who died in 733. All that we know is that the Romans left Britain Celtic or Romano-British, and that in Bede's

time it was Saxon, though large tracts of the country, and those not merely the mountainous parts, even then remained in the hands of the Celts. If we may guess at what happened before the time of Bede by what we know to have taken place after him, we shall see reason to think that the Saxon conquest of Britain was at first much more gradual, much less sudden and systematic than popular tradition has induced the world to believe. The curse which attended Roman civilization was the rural depopulation which followed on its footsteps; large estates tilled by miserable gangs of slaves covered the face of the country, with here and there a splendid villa on the line of the great military roads. This was their country life. For the rest, the bulk of the population, and all that could be called polite and civilised, thronged into the towns, on which, in Britain as elsewhere, peculiar rights of citizenship connected with municipal institutions were from time to time conferred. Such was Britain when Honorius abandoned it. The country a waste, in which agriculture, already declining with the misfortunes of the State, went rapidly to decay with the cessation of the system which had called it into life; the towns, as Colchester, Anderida, York, and London, great and strong, but with a population greatly reduced and im-

poverished from the same causes which ruined the rural districts.

Now, let us consider the character and habits of the tribes who are said suddenly to have succeeded the Romans, to have carried fire and sword over the country, and to have exterminated the Celts, so that in a few years what had been Romano-British became thoroughly Saxon. The leading feature of their character as contrasted with the Celts was their love of agriculture, and their hatred to town life. The woods and fields were their delight, they loved to live in temporary huts, by the side of woods or in forest glades, and they abhorred the confinement of streets, and houses, and cities. But here, in Britain, at that moment was just a country made to their hands, a land reclaimed in great part from a state of nature, rich in pastures and cornfields, in woods and rivers, comparatively void of population, and over which a few great and strong towns were scattered. With regard to these towns, on their first arrival at least, the Saxons were much in the position of the Israelites on their entry into the Promised Land. That, too, was a "land of corn and wine, of vineyards and olive-yards, flowing with milk and honey." These the invaders rapidly took into their own keeping. But it was also full of cities, "great and fenced up to heaven," whither the old in-

habitants fled, and whence for many years they defied the "Lord's people." We hear occasionally of the capture of one of these strong places by some gallant captain in Israel, just as we hear of the sack and burning of Anderida by the sons of Cerdic; but for a long time such a capture was an exception, and for ages it remained a reproach of the Jews that they had neglected the commands of the Lord, and not entered fully into the inheritance assigned to them by exterminating the heathen. Britain was destined to become the inheritance of the Saxons, but no injunction had been laid on them by Woden, or Thor to extirpate the Celts, and, though those rude heathen would have swept the Celts from off the land had they crossed their path without waiting for any such command from the Lord of Valhalla, in our opinion all evidence goes to show that they suffered them to exist side by side with themselves, and only at last forced them into the inaccessible fastnesses of the country when they had spread over the whole country during the lapse of hundreds of years—only, in short, when the kingdoms of what is called the Heptarchy, with more convenience than truth, were fused together, and England became one Saxon kingdom in the time of Egbert. No doubt there were many conflicts between the races, which turned more

and more to the advantage of the Saxons; but at first the Saxons, who were established on various parts of the coast, seem to have had room enough and to spare, without troubling themselves with, or being troubled by, the Celts. We are so wont to regard other times by the light of our own days; we are so accustomed to what we call "national efforts," "expressions of public opinion," and "the spirit of the people," that we can scarcely realize—we are incapable of recalling—the blind and ignorant way in which the Jutes in Kent, the Angles north of the Humber, and the Saxons in Sussex or Norfolk would each go on after their own fashion occupying the open country, blockading a town, and, after many failures, sometimes taking it by storm, if it came in their way, extending their borders as their numbers increased, but all without any national purpose or system, until, as they ate into the heart of the country after years of quiet possession, they came upon the territory of some Celtic chief, some head of a family which had risen to importance and power in a limited district during the period that had passed since the Romans departed. Sometimes it was not Celts that met Saxons, but Saxons Saxons. In either case a fierce and obstinate struggle would occur; nor perhaps in the first was it always the Celt who had the worst. It is enough

for us to know, that in the long run, he had the worst, until he was either pushed on one side away into the rugged districts of Cumberland and Northumberland, into Devon or Cornwall, driven into the down country in the centre of England, or thrust into the rocky fastnesses of Wales. If he remained in his old haunts he was sometimes extirpated, but more often held in bondage, and so at last absorbed into the nationality of his old opponents.

Well! but some one will exclaim, what has all this to do with the Dean of Westminster's little books on the English language? A great deal. Though Mr. Trench takes the language as it is, or, at any rate, does not philologically go back further than the age of Chaucer, one of his positions is that the English is a "composite language," formed out of the fusion of various elements, "in the same way as we are a people made up of Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans, with not a few accessions from other quarters besides." In commenting on this text we have merely begun from the beginning, and attempted to show how long before the time of Chaucer, and long before the Normans came into the land, England was a country in which separate nationalities existed side by side, and in which the language spoken by the one was inevitably influenced and modified by the language spoken

by the other. It cannot have escaped the observation of any thoughtful student of history, who has heard that the Saxons completely conquered the Celts about the middle of the fifth century, to find in the eighth century the Celts not only existing in large bodies in England, but inhabiting great districts governed by their own kings, who entered into alliances with this or that Saxon prince, as their interest or inclination may suggest; aiding them in battles; marrying their daughters; standing sponsors for their children, to whom they give pure Celtic names, and, in fact, co-existing on terms of perfect equality with the descendants of the chiefs who were supposed to have subdued, nay extirpated their ancestors three centuries before. When the princes of either race stood in these relations to each other, we may be sure that their subjects followed their example. Thus it was that an interchange of many words took place between the languages, and that many Celtic words were adopted by the Saxons. The extent of this Celtic infusion has never been accurately ascertained, but there is reason to believe that it was far greater than is commonly supposed, and that many words supposed to be Saxon, but which seem now to stand alone in the language, may be traced and explained by turning to a Celtic dictionary, where they will

be found to be members of a numerous family connected by meaning and derivation. In names of places and persons, at any rate, the Celts have left their mark behind them, and that in surprising number, considering the manner in which their race ultimately dwindled and faded away as the Saxons grew stronger and stronger.

So, then, we have had, firstly, the pre-historic race; secondly, the Celts; thirdly, the Romans, who, we may remark, exerted considerable influence on the Celtic language; fourthly, the Saxons. The name and nation of the first has perished utterly, nothing remains but their bones and weapons; the fourth still forms the bone and body of our language, influenced in some considerable respects by the second and third. These, of themselves, would form a sufficient number of elements of composition; but two more remain to be considered, each of them far more important than either the Roman or the Celtic. The first of these was the Scandinavian or Norse, brought in by those hardy sea-rovers who flocked to England almost before the Saxons had fairly got the Celts under their feet, and whom we find, in fact, availing themselves of the assistance of the Celts in their incursions into the Anglo-Saxon kingdom. The language spoken by these invaders possessed an affinity

to the Saxon far closer than that common relationship which existed between the Saxon and Celtic as branches of the old Aryan stock. It has been reserved for modern philology to detect and trace that relationship, but the affinity between his own language and that of his Norse foeman could scarcely have escaped the ear of the dullest Anglo-Saxon. When heathen, both worshipped the same gods, looked for the same future, celebrated the same heroes in their songs and traditions. There was no greater difference between them in all probability than there had been between the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, as they originally settled themselves in the country, and though the one as heathen and greedy of conquest and plunder persecuted the others with unrelenting severity as wealthy and degenerate apostates from the old religion of their forefathers, yet, as soon as the Northmen ceased from sea-roving, and firmly established themselves in East Anglia and Northumbria as regular settlers, they adopted the Christian religion, and, as far as language was concerned, their differences became in a short time simply dialectic. Many Norse words and phrases were now taken up by the Anglo-Saxon, and the names of numberless places were changed in those districts of England over which the Norsemen were supreme. In this way the pure Norse

termination *by*, which is hardly heard farther south than Rugby, became widespread from Northumbria to the very heart of England. By this time, that is to say, after the days of Athelstane and Edmund, the Anglo-Saxon monarchy began to sink rapidly. The Norse element in the nation was always a thorn in its side, and as the Royal power declined in England the rise of absolute monarchies in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden brought powerful foes into the field against it. In older times the expeditions which issued from the Baltic and the Sound had been comparatively weak, led by the younger sons of petty kings, driven by hunger from home, who were followed by the chosen youth of the district in which their fathers' power lay; but in the time of Sweyn and Canute, it was the whole power of the North which, arrayed for no desultory effort or petty purpose, poured down on the devoted coasts of England. These kings left Denmark for conquest in England, and they conquered her as completely as William the Bastard repeated the attempt a century later. It is true that the immediate decline of the Danish dynasty at home enabled the Saxons to shake off the fetters which, in fact, roughly forged, were about to fall off of themselves; it is true, too, that the energy of Harold and the ancient bravery of the race, largely recruited as

it was by the Northmen who now owned half the island, caused the sun of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom to set in a sea of glory after the battles of Stamford Bridge and Hastings; but these were expiring efforts which could not hide the rottenness of system revealed by such reigns as those of Ethelred the Unready and Edward the Confessor, of whom it may be said that the good which he did not do lived after him, while the evil which he did was interred with his bones. Like Prince, like people—easy, irresolute, and incapable; with excellent qualities for subjects, but no capacity to fit them to reign—they fell, Prince and people alike, a welcome prey to the superior energy and genius of William and his Normans.

With the Conquest the infusion of races into England ceases, and no element of our language came into it after 1066 by force of arms. Other elements we have indeed received, but they have come in by a more peaceful way, by trade, by literature, by emigration; but the Normans were the last who imposed themselves, their laws, their customs, and their language on this island at the point of the sword. The great features of the Normans was their flexibility of character, their capacity for instruction, and their inventive genius. Compared with them the Anglo-Saxons were a dull and sluggish race. Scarce a century

and a half had elapsed since the Norsemen, led by their great chief, Hrolf Ganger, Rollo the Walker, so called because he was too tall and stout for any horse to carry him, settled himself in Neustria, as others of his countrymen had settled themselves in Northumbria, in Apulia, and in Sicily. They landed in France, heathen in religion and barbarous in speech to the degenerate Franks. At the Conquest we find them Christians, speaking a dialect in which the Romance element had got the better of their ancient tongue, chivalrous, dexterous, and polished. They stand first in Western Europe in law, literature, religion, and arms. The greatest conquerors, the greatest lawyers, the greatest theologians, the greatest architects are Normans. Born to command, they take a natural lead in all great enterprises. To such a temper was the old Norse iron brought by being dipped into the dull and stagnant stream of Roman civilization, which ages of hot persecution had never quite dried up in France. They brought with them from their homes in the North that capacity for learning which rapidly educates itself if the elements of instruction are placed before it. Their countrymen in other places continued brave, bold, and free, but, not being thrown into contact with a race which could instruct them, they remained undeveloped

in mind. There was no difference in manners, religion, or equipments between Rollo and Hastings at the end of the ninth century, when the one steered for the mouth of the Seine and the other to the Humber, except that perhaps Rollo was the more savage and heathen of the two; nor was there much difference between the Northmen of Northumbria, who fought for Harold at Stamford Bridge, and their Norwegian kinsmen, who fought against him under the banner of his stern namesake and his brother Tostig. On both sides during that bloody day the old sea-rovers Rollo and Hastings would have recognised many a tall warrior worthy of being chosen by the Valkyries for the feast in Odin's hall, but neither of them would have known Hrolf's descendants had they seen them when they landed, four days after the battle of Stamford Bridge, on the south-east coast, near Hastings. What! these heavily-armed, mail-clad knights, these gaily-caparisoned war-steeds, each one strong enough and tall enough to bear Hrolf Ganger himself, these different tactics, this strategy: how different from the sturdy foot-men of the North, their crowd of champions, their single-combats, their promiscuous rush, these steeds how unlike the small breed of horses which they had used of old for transport, but not for war! Yes! to this pitch of perfection the

civilization of the age, such as it was, had brought one fraction of a valiant race, which had in itself all the elements of progress only waiting for development, and which, thrown into a rotten soil made to receive it, had shot up in a century and a half to such a stately tree of chivalry as this, while the Anglo-Saxons, the Norsemen, and the other warriors of the Teutonic race had either stood still or degenerated.

The reader who has had patience to follow us so far will be prepared in the case of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans for a repetition of the phenomenon which we have described as occurring in the case of the Saxons and Celts. Common report, ever prone to describe the slow work of centuries in a breath, eager to express results and impatient of the process which accounts for them, has asserted that when the Normans brought their language in the Saxon tongue died out, overwhelmed by a deluge of French words. This opinion was boldly advanced for centuries, and ignorance supported popular belief so long as Chaucer was the earliest authority which English philology loved to quote. It is only within the course of the last few years that the publication of a series of early English works has enabled us to judge of the relative positions in which the Norman and Anglo-Saxon dialects stood to each other during the centuries which

immediately succeeded the Conquest. The traveller who stands in autumn on the river bank above Mayntz and watches the confluence of Rhine and Main, who sees the latter stream, swollen with rain, rushing through the red sandstone districts of Franconia in a ruddy flood, and who marks how the united rivers flow for miles, the green waters of the Rhine on the left hand and the red current of the Main on the right—two rivals in one bed—will have before him an exact counterpart of the way in which the Norman and Anglo-Saxon nationalities in England existed side by side in England for nearly two centuries after the Conquest. The right, the upper, hand is usurped by the smaller but more impetuous tide of men which poured into England under William, and ran its blood-stained course apart from the old inhabitants. The left, the lower, hand is the lot of the larger but less energetic race, which, thrust on one side by its adversary, continues its course alone. So things remained for a century and a half—that is to say, through the reigns of the Conqueror, of William Rufus, of Henry I., of Maude and Stephen, of the Second Henry, and of Richard Lionheart. So long did the red stream of Norman power pour unceasingly into England; so long were the Duchy and their large foreign fiefs paramount in the minds of the Kings of Eng-

land; so long did the conquering race keep itself unmixed with its subjects in manners, customs, and language. But with the reign of John, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the loss of the greater portion of their foreign possessions cut off the stream of Norman blood which had set so long into England; the alien race, deprived of the recruits who had kept up its numbers to a constant level, was left to struggle against the opposing nationality as it best could; the kings began to look at home, and no longer lived in England with their thoughts in Normandy; now the rival streams began to mix more and more in manners, customs, and language; the red line of division grows fainter and fainter—a little longer and the river is in very deed one mighty united stream, in which you cannot tell which is Anglo-Saxon or which is Norman, for all are English; and thus, at last, but not till three centuries after the Conquest, we have an English nation and an English language.

Let us consider this a little more closely with regard to language. It must never be forgotten that languages, so long as they are living and not dead, are always in a state of change and progression. Changes of position to other races by conquest or emigration, mutual relations such as trade or alliance—all changes, in fact, in the position of a nation itself will produce cor-

responding alterations in a greater or less degree in its speech; but, besides all these accidental causes, there inheres in all languages an instinct of progression and simplification which in the course of centuries will inevitably produce mighty changes. It is invariably found that the language of a nation in early times shows a natural liveliness, and affects a fulness of inflexion and a variety of forms which in its mature age it is forced to abandon. In its youth it spells its words slowly and utters them gravely, in after-life it scarcely spells them at all, and it clips them in pronunciation. It starts on its appointed course rejoicing like a giant in the weight it carries, it revels in its superfluous forms, in its dual numbers, its redundant tenses and moods, its multiplicity of inflexion and conjugation. This is in the cool morning of its existence, when, conscious of its strength, the whole day before it, it takes no heed of time; but as the day wears on it finds life more serious, it finds the race warm work, the weight begins to tell, it bends beneath its inflexions, its lengthy forms hamper and trip it up, it feels the want of expressions for abstract ideas, for philosophic and scientific terms, it has to make them for itself, or adopt them from other tongues. To make itself lighter it throws away first one redundant form, then another; now this inflexion, or de-

clension, or conjugation, now that, until it has thrown them all away as the pace increases and the rush down the racecourse of time grows hotter and hotter, and so at last it arrives at the destined goal, naked, but not out of breath; less bulky, but in better condition—a modern language, which in its way has cast off many things which it wore at the starting, but on the whole is much improved in wind and power of expression.

This process of progression and simplification had been going on in the Anglo-Saxon language ever since the tribes which spoke it settled in Britain. At first the various forms of speech spoken by Saxons, Jutes, and Angles were merely so many kindred dialects in different parts of the island contending for the mastery. When the various kingdoms of the Heptarchy merged into one kingdom of England, and the supreme power was consolidated in the hands of the Princes of the West Saxons, the dialect of that tribe became the language of the Court and country, while its rivals remained in their old position as dialects. Of this West Saxon language we have sufficient remains left to see that between the times of Alfred and Edward the Confessor it had undergone considerable change from the internal law of progression which we have mentioned, and, in addition to this, the

predilection of the Confessor—that thoroughly English King of whom we hear so much evil before and so much good after the Conquest—for Normans and Norman manners had brought, even before the invasion of William, many French words into the Anglo-Saxon language. That the Conquest itself exercised very small direct influence on the Anglo-Saxon may be proved from a comparison of the language used in Layamon's *Brut*, a semi-Saxon poem containing more than thirty thousand lines, written at the beginning of the thirteenth century, with the language used in the time of King Edward the Confessor. In all Layamon's poem there are, we believe, but ninety words of French extraction, and of these at least fifty were in use before the Conquest. Forty words in a century and a half is not a very alarming French infusion, while the fact that an ecclesiastic could take the trouble to write a poem of this length in pure semi-Saxon, and in the old alliterative metre, is a pretty good proof that Saxon, and not Norman, was the language of the common people down to the reign of King John. An examination of the language of the *Ormulum*, a semi-Saxon paraphrase of a portion of the Bible of about the same date, and of the *Ancren Riewle, or Rule of Anchorites*, a little later, will furnish further proof of the same fact. Indirectly, indeed,

by hurling the Anglo-Saxon down from high to low estate, by making Norman French the language of the Court, by introducing stricter hierarchical and ultramontane regulations into religion, the chief of which was the performance of the services of religion in Latin, and no longer as of old in the vernacular; by vulgarising and degrading it, in fact, in every way, the Conquest exercised a great influence on the Anglo-Saxon, but directly it had very little. Until the time of King John and the loss of Normandy the two forms of speech continued to exist sulkily separate, though side by side, the one the language of the few, the other the dialect of the many; and, indeed, it is probable that during this period the Norman borrowed more from the Saxon than the Saxon from the Norman.

We have called the speech of England in the time of John semi-Saxon. Why not call it Anglo-Saxon? Because during that century and a half the internal law of simplification and progression had continued to exert its influence on the language at an increased ratio of speed. This speed was no doubt much increased by the Conquest, which by banishing the Saxon from Court to the huts of the peasant, by discontinuing it in laws and ordinances, and religious services and ceremonies, deprived it at once of its dignity and its standards of purity. In its vocabulary

the language of Layamon, as we have seen, was still pure Saxon, but in its form and construction it had changed materially. Much that was Saxon had already been abandoned, without, however, any approach in these respects to the syntax of the conquering race. Thus many genders, inflexions, and terminations were abandoned; out of many cases, persons, and numbers which in the old Saxon were distinct, one or the other was picked out to do double duty, and thus to prepare the way ultimately for that complete simplicity, for that barrenness of gender, declension, and conjugation, which is one great characteristic of modern English. Still we maintain that this, though accidentally accelerated by the Conquest, was by no means caused by it. It was rather the result of the simplifying process mentioned before; and as a proof of this we need only turn to kindred dialects in countries which were never subjected to a conquering race, and where the language has developed itself free from interruption in this respect. Take the Swedish, or Danish, or Norwegian languages, spoken by people never conquered though often conquering, and we shall find that, though descended from the old Norse or Icelandic, a language at least as rich in forms, inflexions, and conjugations as the Anglo-Saxon, there is the same simplicity that we meet in modern English;

with them, as with us, almost every vestige of gender, declension, and conjugation has been thrown away. The case is the same, though in a less degree, with the German, which we may remark, about the thirteenth century, had a greater infusion of French words than our semi-Saxon of the same period, and, at the same time, nearly as great a confusion of forms. It, too, in its progress towards a modern language, has undergone many alterations and sustained many losses, but if we are to seek a reason why it has kept so many declensions, and conjugations, and forms, and genders, and inflexions, while all the nations around it have lost or modified their speech in these respects, we may, perhaps, account for it by pointing to the stagnant state in which Germany has always remained in a political point of view—an inert body without a heart, a mere congeries of States, content to balance each other, but without any principle of national progress. It is better for a nation to lose or modify its language than to retain it comparatively pure, and yet sink into political insignificance.

But while the Anglo-Saxon language was passing into semi-Saxon by undergoing this great internal change in its construction in common with other languages in Europe, and at the same time receiving a very slight admixture

of words from the language of the conquering race, an event happened which at once produced an enormous change in it. This was the loss by King John of almost all the foreign possessions of his ancestors. Cut off from the continent, the monarchs felt themselves now, for the first time, Kings of England; the nobles, for the same reason, lived more among their English serfs; the King and his great vassals began to quarrel, each in turn sought help among the English, and boasted of granting charters and protecting English towns; for it must never be forgotten that among the burghers in these towns English liberty was bred, and born, and cherished, until she grew strong enough to spread her wings over the "villains" of the rural districts; the rival nationalities now began to mix, the Anglo-Norman language approximated and, as it were, gave pledges to the semi-Saxon, which stoutly retained its construction, though after a time it admitted the enemies' hostages to the rights of citizenship. In a little time the two forms of speech meet no longer as enemies, but friends; peace is proclaimed. Many more French words are treated, no longer as aliens, but as natives. The dialects cease to be called Anglo-Norman on one side, or semi-Saxon on the other. The common term Early English includes them both, and this Early English, written

or spoken with a greater or less mingling of French words as the writer or speaker stood nearer or further from the Court, becomes the parent and progenitor of our modern English. This was the first great admixture of French into English, about two centuries after the Conquest; and so far was it from being a direct consequence of that invasion that it was only, as we have seen, when the conquerors ceased to be regarded in that light, and began to be looked upon as English, that the sullen Saxons, sure of the ultimate predominance which awaited them, would consent to receive any but a very few of their masters' words into their own form of speech. Through the reigns of Henry III., of Edward I., and his degenerate son, the mutual relations of the two great elements which together formed the Early English language, remained pretty much the same, the construction and formation of the language continued Saxon as before, and though it admitted French words and phrases in a greater or less proportion at various times, it subjected them more and more to a lubricating process, which licked the foreigners into an English shape before it allowed them to pass current in English mouths. With the glories of the third Edward, and the triumph of the English arms in France under his leadership and that of his valiant son—triumphs

which to the English at large were eminently national, and looked upon as retributive for the Conquest three centuries before—are associated the rise of an English literature, and, oddly enough, a great influx of French words into the English vocabulary.

It is worth while to consider for a moment the influence which French literature has always exerted over our own. One of the results of the Conquest, and another way in which it indirectly affected the English language, was the introduction of a new cycle of traditional fiction into the country. In Saxon times the songs in which the great deeds of the race were praised clustered round the heroes of the Niebelungen Tale. Sigurd and Brynhilda, Chriemhilt and Gunther, Gudrun and Atli, Hagen and Völker—mighty shadows of history, distorted by the flickering light of national tradition, flit across the stage in a never-ending procession, linked together by a common curse—the possession of ill-gotten gold—which drags them all down to destruction, after a struggle which reveals the tenderest and the sternest traits of human nature. In this cycle woman's love for man, her strife and jealousy against woman; man's most constant love, his unshaken bravery, his noblest deeds, his truest friendship, and his foulest treachery,—all form an epos which, for its combinations of joy and

woe, has never been surpassed in the history of mankind. All this went out as a literature with the Conquest. It had probably been waning before the days of Norman rule, but its place, at any rate, had not been supplied by any other cycle. The Normans not only banished it from Court, and so debased it from its position as a literary standard, but brought something in with them in its stead. Whatever may be the worth of Arthur Pendragon as an historical character, there is no mistake about his power and proportions as a hero of romance. Whatever he was—whether he never existed at all, as many, and not without justice, suppose—whether from some petty Welsh prince cursed with a frail wife and followers devoted as much to their mistress as to their master, who sought relief from domestic sorrow by rushing furiously at the Saxon chieftains in his neighbourhood, he rose to be a king—certain it is that he had been magnified by Celtic patriotism at the time of the Conquest into a mighty prince, who had once avenged, by anticipation, upon the accursed Sassenach the woes which, after his time, the whole Celtic race had experienced at the hand of their national enemy. These tales of the great King were also current in Brittany—a province which always kept up an intercourse with Wales; and at the time of the Conquest the adventures of King

Arthur and his "Table Round," his peers and his wife, his victories and misfortunes, had been moulded into a cycle of romance destined to world-wide fame. In French literature these traditions succeeded to an older cycle, the "Chansons de Geste," as they are called, which, recounting the great deeds of his twelve peers, revolve round Charlemagne as the sun and centre of the system. It is another proof of the flexibility of the Norman mind that at the Conquest they seem almost entirely to have abandoned the old Niebelungen epos which was common to them with the Saxons, and to have adopted the cycles of Charlemagne from the Franks, and of Arthur from their next neighbours the Bretons. The former, indeed, never became popular in England, but Arthur, to the great consolation of the Welsh, who saw in the Normans the avengers of their name and nation, stepped in to fill the void caused at Court and in knightly halls—in what was then polite society—by the banishment and degradation of the old Saxon songs. By their intrinsic beauty these Breton songs were well worthy the distinction they thus obtained. Their merit is proved by their universal acceptance as the exponents of all that was brave and strong in man, and tender and alluring and fascinating in woman. In all chivalry there was no braver or more noble king

than Arthur, no fairer or more faithless queen than Guiniver, no truer pair of lovers than Tristan and Isault, no knight more faithful than Kaye, none so brave and amorous as Lancelot, none so virtuous as Gahahad. In England, as we have seen, they extirpated, assisted by accidental circumstances, the national epos, but even in Germany, with no conquest to help them, their victory over the national literature was little less complete. Though the old epos existed side by side with the new cycle, the finest and most perfect poem of Gottfried of Strasburg, the greatest master of German mediæval literature, is devoted to the loves of Tristan and Isault, while almost every branch of the cycle has been treated by a German hand. Nor was the extension of this cycle confined to Germany. It is found in Denmark, in Sweden, in Norway, nay, even in Iceland. It exerted an influence on the early Sclavonic poetry, Spain and Italy were open to its charms, so that if there ever was a tradition which may be said to have made the circuit of the world, it is this of Arthur and his Table Round. In England, as elsewhere, it remained from the Conquest till the fourteenth century the great storehouse from which were drawn the tales of knightly prowess so gladly heard by gallant knights and lovely women in baronial halls; but written at first in

French, and afterwards in English so laced and larded with French words as to be almost unintelligible, these tales were never popular with the English people, they never descended till a later period from the castle to the cabin, and down to the end of the fourteenth century at least cannot be considered as forming a part of English literature.

The early English metrical romances, such as *Hornchild and William, and the Werewolf*, the rhyming chronicles of Robert of Gloucester and Robert de Brunne, the various metrical paraphrases of portions of the Bible, the few uncouth ballads and songs of the time which have come down to us in their original shape,—all these, though they serve to illustrate the history of the language during the interval between King John and Edward III., cannot aspire to the dignity of an English literature. Such a literature first appears about the middle of the fourteenth century in *The Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman*, the translations of the Bible by Wiclif and his followers, *The Travels of Sir John Maundeville*, and in the works of Chaucer. A comparison of the works which bear the name of the Ploughman with those of the great poet of the gay Richard's Court will show at once how English the one is and how French the other in respect to its vocabulary. It was an old accusation against the father

of English poetry, that "he was a great mingler of French with English," and another early critic has charged him with importing "whole waggon-loads of words" into English. The learned and ingenious Tyrrwhitt—who, to the shame of this century, is our last critical editor of Chaucer, though he lived three-quarters of a century ago—defends his author from this charge, and shows, as he thinks, that most of the French innovations attributed to Chaucer were owing to the Conquest. In Tyrrwhitt's time, the period between Chaucer and the Conquest was a literary waste, and therefore it is no wonder that, with his imperfect light, his account contains many mistakes. We have already seen what effect the Conquest really had, what effect the separation from Normandy in the reign of John had, and we have now to see what effect Edward III.'s conquests had on the English language and Chaucer in particular. Though the English conquered France, they were conquered in turn by an enemy of another kind.

> "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
> Intulit agresti Latio."

Without a literature themselves, they found one flourishing in France. The æra of the metrical romances had passed away in that kingdom, and had been succeeded by a different kind of compo-

sitions. That was the age of allegorical poems, such as the *Romance of the Rose*, to which Chaucer has given an English garb, and of which Gower's *Confessio Amantis* is another specimen, —poems which owe their origin to that semi-Platonic school that sprung up in Italy with the revival of classical literature under Petrarch and Boccachio—a monstrous compound of mediæval mysticism and classical severity; a style which has deservedly perished with the half-consciousness of the age which gave it birth. But, besides this style, which found many imitators in England, the English who visited France under the victorious banner of Edward found another which was destined to become more popular and enduring because it was more natural. These were the *Fabliaux*, moral, quaint, or facetious tales in verse, of which one at least, *January and May*, is well known to English readers all over the world. The origin of these tales is, in all probability, to be directly traced to Italy, though most of them were only new adaptations of old world-wide stories, brought in a gray antiquity by wandering tribes from the East. It is this kind of literature which we now find invading England; though there is little trace of it in the first half of the fourteenth century, it is in full flower with Chaucer at the end of that period. Much has been made of Chaucer's acquaintance with Italian,

and because some of his tales are found in Petrarch or Boccachio it is asserted that we must look to Italy rather than France for the source of his inspirations. We believe that this view is entirely false, and, though it would take too much space to enter into the proof here, we have no doubt that his *Canterbury Tales*, almost without exception, may be traced to some French fabliau or moral tale. That he was an original poet, so far as his plots were concerned, cannot be admitted for a moment; his originality consisted in his happiness of adaptation, in the freshness and thoroughly English spirit and feeling which he threw into stories which in the originals are often tedious or disgusting, in his exquisite sense of humour, and the hearty love of nature which pervades his poetry. Like Shakspeare, he found his plots filth, and left them gold. This is the alchymy common to all great poets, with which by a touch of the wand they convert things trivial and vile and worthless in themselves into brilliant creations of fancy. But along with his plots he imported words wholesale from France; they are sown broadcast in his works, and many of them remain to the present hour. In this respect his language cannot be said to be popular; his language was certainly not what Spenser—"who," as Ben Jonson says, "himself wrote no language"—has described it, "a well of English

undefiled," for it was filled with attempts to introduce many new words which, whatever may be the case now, could certainly not have been understood by the mass of English readers in his own time.

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